MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL

#367

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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

TOP 10

For what it's worth, here're some of the MRR reviewers' current Top 10 (or so) things we've reviewed this month.

MARIAM BASTANI
VARIX-I Can't Get Out!-EP
HYSTERIA WARD-From Breakfast to Madness-LP
INNOXIA CORPORA/TELEFON-split LP
CLOSET CASE-It Doesn't Get Better-EP
REDNECKS-Keepsake-EP
DIVINE RIGHT-LP
THE MANUAL AND THE MACHINE-demo
GAG/NEEDLES/RITUAL CONTROL-live
DEATHGRAVE/CONQUEST FOR DEATH/live
SATAN PANONSKI-Hard Blood Shock-LP

WILL BLOMQUIST
"Silence, Sea and Sky"

MITCH CARWELL
SATAN PANONSKI-Hard Blood Shock-LP
COSMIC PSYCHOS-all
TV GHOST-The Amputee/The Mold-45
FOTTUTISSIMA PELLICCERIA ELSA-LP
LAMPS-live
STIV BATORS-both EPs
THE PINK NOISE-Greedy Heart-LP
THE SHIRKS-Action Men-EP
THE GAGGERS-Rip You Off-LP
BUCK BILOXI AND THE FUCKS-live

ROBERT COLLINS
INNOXIA CORPORA/TELEFON-split LP
AGOWILT-Clocks Made of Their Own Bones-LP
STILLSUIT-LP / ANTEATER-Oxygen-12"
V/A-Hardcore '013-2xLP
PSYCHIC LIMB-LP
HUNGER-Dying Is Ordinary-EP
BAD ENERGY/BAD SIDE-split EP
SICK/TIRED-Manufractured-EP
THE MANUAL AND THE MACHINE-demo
MERCENARY-demo / NERV-demo / PLATES-demo

LAYLA GIBBON
FOTTUTISSIMA PELLICCERIA ELSA-LP
STILLSUIT-LP
SATAN PANONSKI-Hard Blood Shock-LP
THE PINK NOISE-Greedy Heart-LP
GENERACION SUICIDA-Con la Muerte a tu...-12"
VARIX-I Can't Get Out!-EP
PRIESTS-demo
NO CODE-demo
THE COLTRANES-Never Sleep Again-LP
SAFEWORDS-LP

DAN GOETZ
GAG-live
NUDES-live
REDNECKS-Keepsake-EP
DIVINE RIGHT-LP
STIV BATORS' DEAD BOYS-EP / BEAVER-LP
BAD PEOPLE-EP / STILLSUIT-LP
TERVEET KÄDET-Piinaavanautinto-EP
FRUSTROS-EP / VARIX-I Can't Get Out!-EP
KNOW SECRETS-LP
THE SHIRKS-Action Men-EP

GREG HARVESTER
Putting studs on an apple cider donut.

KENNY KAOS
CRAZY SQUEEZE-Younger Girl/Terminal Love-45
KYLE KAOS-Negi Zonin'-EP
ANCIENT SLANG-Fake Future-EP
THE SHANGRI BLAHS-Trouble on the Line-EP
LOS CULITOS-Estoy Aqui Por Error-EP
THE STITCHES-Unzip My Baby…All 7 Inches-LP
THE SHIRKS-Action Men-EP
THE GAGGERS/THE STITCHES-split EP
BRUISER QUEEN-45 / THE GAGGERS-LP
PUOLAN LAKOT-Mäntyharju-EP

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BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE: 186, 188, 195, 197, 202, 203, 206, 234, 236, 238-247, 249, 251, 254-274, 277-295, 297-306, 308-313, 315, 316, 318, 319, 322-328, 330, 332-339, 340-354, 357, 358, 361-365. See page 4 for pricing and other info.

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TOP 10

Please send two copies of vinyl, CD-only, or demo releases to the address on the previous page

CAROLYN KEDDY

LOS CULITOS-Estoy Aquí Por Error-EP	STIV BATORS AND DAVID QUINTRON-45
GENERACION SUICIDA-Con La Muerte A Tu Lado-LP	FIRE EXIT-Timewall-45
BRUISER QUEEN-In Your Room-45	THE RAYDIOS-No Expectation-EP
LOS PEPES-No SOS-EP	THE SHIRKS-Action Men-EP
CLOSET CASE-It Doesn't Get Better-EP	BEAVER-LP / ANIMALS AND MEN-10"

RAY LUJAN

CRAZY SQUEEZE-Younger Girl/Terminal Love-45	RADIATOR HOSPITAL-Something Wild-EP
COSMIC PSYCHOS-all	THE SHANGRI BLAHS-EP / THE SHIRKS-EP
DALAPLAN-CD	V/A-Dangerhouse Complete Singles...-CD
THE FLATLINERS-Dead Language-CD	THE EVENS/FUCKED UP/THE ONYAS-live
H.D.Q.-Lost in Translation-CD / THE LAST-CD	PAUL COLLINS BEAT-live

KEVIN MANION

HYSTERIA WARD-From Breakfast to Madness-LP	TERRIBLE FEELINGS-Backwoods-EP
THEE NODES-All Day Every Day!-EP	SHORT DAYS-both EPs
REDNECKS-Keepsake-EP	GENERACION SUICIDA-both 12"
DIVINE RIGHT-LP	CLOSET CASE-It Doesn't Get Better-EP
VARIX-I Can't Get Out!-EP	BAD ENERGY-Numbed-EP

ARI PEREZDIEZ

HYSTERIA WARD-From Breakfast to Madness-LP	CLOSET CASE-It Doesn't Get Better-EP
SAFEWORDS-LP	VARIX-I Can't Get Out!-EP
FOTTUTISSIMA PELLICCERIA ELSA-LP	SACRIDOSE-EP
AGOWILT-Clocks Made of Their Own Bones-LP	GENERACION SUICIDA-both 12"
HUNGER-EP	GAG/LIFEFORM /MONGOLOID-live

LYDIA PHELPS

SATAN PANONSKI-Hard Blood Shock-LP	INNOXIA CORPORA/TELEFON-split LP
VARIX-I Can't Get Out!-EP	SHORT DAYS-both EPs
CLOSET CASE-It Doesn't Get Better-EP	THE SHIRKS-Action Men-EP
THE COLTRANES-Never Sleep Again-LP	BAD PEOPLE-Pearls Before Swine-EP
HYSTERIA WARD-From Breakfast to Madness-LP	THEE NODES-All Day Every Day!-EP

FRED SCHRUNK

VARIX-I Can't Get Out!-EP	STILLSUIT-LP
FOTTUTISSIMA PELLICCERIA ELSA-LP	DIVINE RIGHT-LP
GENERACION SUICIDA-Con la Muerte a tu..,-12"	ROTTIES-Pacific NorthWaste-LP
HYSTERIA WARD-From Breakfast to Madness-LP	SAFEWORDS-LP
ABJECT OBJECT-Romance-LP	BOILERMAN-Loss Leaders-12"

MARTIN SORRONDEGUY

REDNECKS-Keepsake-EP	BORN WRONG-Holding Cell-EP
RAVAGE FIX-Disorder-EP	VARIX-I Can't Get Out!-EP
FUTURE BINDS-Notion-EP	CLOSET CASE-It Doesn't Get Better-EP
R.T.S.-File Under Punk-EP	TERVEET KÄDET-Piinaavanautinto-EP
THEE NODES-All Day Every Day!-EP	BAD PEOPLE-Pearls Before Swine-EP

ZINE TOP TEN

As You Were #2	*Punk on the Inside #4*
Night Reader More Than Fight #2	*The Match #112*
Piltdownlad #6	*Gad #2*
Positive Creed #19 + #20	*Yama Arashi #1*
The Reverse Cougar Years #5	*Amigo Blas*

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#186/November '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#188/January '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/February '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/March '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#195/August '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres.

#197/October '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs.

#202/March '00. KTMWQ, Real Estate Fraud, Strike Out, Broken Rekids, the Haggard, GC5, GOre Gore Girls, the Catheters.

#206/July '00. Drunk, ESL, Ambition Mission, Lord High Fixers, Cripple Bastards, Dig Dug, Federation X, Amulet, Valentine Killers.

#234/Novovmber '02. Snobs, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour, The Oath, Radio 4, Feederz, Charm City Suicides, Selfish, Riot 99, End On End, Peawees, Born/Dead.

#235 December '02. Anti-war Special Issue. Anti-war guest columns. Anti-war Scene Reports. Articles: "Reading for Democracy," "War on iraq?" "Unfinished American Revolution," Resource Guide, "US Involvement in IRaq," "Axis of Empire." Long Island DIY Scene, Smalltown, Kylesa, Crash & Burn.

#236/January '03. Mr. California & State Police, Iron Lung, Riff Randells, Chainsaw, Artcore, Latterman, Travis Cut, Phenomenauts, Pretty Little Flower, X-Cretas.

#238/March '03. World Burns To Death, Chronics, Vilently Ill, Dystopia, Pilger, Exotic Fever, Brezhnev, R.A.M.B.O., Blown To Bits, Put To Shame, Deconditioned, This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb, Monsters.

#239/April '03. Romanian D-beat, Meconium Records, Amazombies, Abandoned Hearts Club, Mike V. & the Rats, Nicki Sicki, Bigamists, Bolivia article, Negatives, Kuolema, Defiance.

#240/May '03. I Quit, Apers, Headless Horsemen, Lesser of Two, Barse, Nightmare, Music Zine Roundtable, Exploding Hearts, Flesh Packs, Blacklist Brigade.

#241/June '03. Tyrades, Lumbergh, The Stand By Me, New Mexican Disaster Squad, Cut the Shit, Libertinagem, 17th Class, the Ends, He Who Corrupts, Deathbag, Cria Cuervos.

#242/July '03. Pensacola & San Francisco punk protest reports, John Wilkes Booze, Anfo, Bob Suren, Migra Violenta, Jackson 8, Snakepit zine , Krigshot, the Rites, Deadfall.

#243/Aug '03. "Media Alliance and the FCC," Striking Distance, Malcontents, Invisible City, Books Lie, Charm City Art Space, Hopeless Dregs of Humanity, I Shot Cyrus, Sunday Morning Einsteins, What the Kids Want, Onion Flavored Rings.

#244/Sept '03. None More Black, Deadline, Rai Ko Ris, Boxed In, Exploding Hearts, Raving Mojos, Blackout Terror, Morticia's Lovers, Thee Fine Lines, Trust zine.

#245/Oct '03. No Time Left, Riistetyt, Intense Youth, The Gimmies, Ass End Offend, Artimus Pyle, La Fraction, Kung Fu Rick, The Horror.

#246/Nov '03. Punk & Resistance in Israel, Letters from Palestine, No Choice, FM Knives, Bury the Living, Marked Men, The Dirty Burds, Provoked.

#247/Dec '03. DSB, The Boils, Popular Shapes, Phoenix Foundation, Bathtub Shitter, Meet the Virus, Cropknox, "Punk Babies on Tour" Article.

#249/Feb '04. From Ashes Rise, Hagar the Womb, This Is My Fist, Skip Jensen, Gride, Katy Otto/Mike Taylor Dialogue, John Yates, Pointing Finger.

#251/April '04. The Fuse!, Väkivaltaa, Modern Machines, Microcosm, Migra Violenta Euro tour diary, Allegiance, Neurotic Swingers, Xavier Lepaige Photos, Le Scrawl,Vrah.

#253/June '04. Sweet J.A.P., Gorilla Angreb, Vöetsek, Minority Blues Band, Scruvy Dogs, Molotov Cocktail, Kidnappers, Schifosi, King Ly Chee, YDI.

#254/July '04. No Hope For The Kids, Dropdead, Diskords, Breakfast, Asschapel, I Excuse, Strung Up, To Hell & Back, Four Eyes, Lamant, Gammits MW, Portland, Boston & Germany Scene Reports.

#255/Aug '04. "Punk's Not Dead, Reagan Is" Special Issue. Leatherface, Get It Away, The Hatepinks, Keen Monkey Work, New York City, South Dakota, Czech Republic, Philippines, Russia.

#256/Sep '04. Observers, Witchhunt, Annihilation Time, Zann, Eskapo, FxPxO, Haymarket Riot, Fourth Rotor, Les Georges Lenigrad, Texas scene, Newfoundland, Indiana, England.

#257/Oct '04. The Election Issue, Jesse Townley, Matt Gonzalez, Rattus, Fighting Dogs, Hero Dishonest, Kickz, Boss Martians, Reactionary 3, Slovakia, Australia, South Wales, South East Asia.

#258/Nov '04. Career Suicide, Cathy Wilkerson of the Weather Underground, No Fucker, The Repos, Dominatrix, Ashtray, Deadstop, Midnight Creeps, Michale Graves, The Diffs, Shemps, Abi Yo Yo's.

#259/Dec '04. Bad Business, Penelope Houston, Rambo, AI, Ass, I Attack, The Krunchies, A-Lines, Insurgence Records, The Hates, Accidents, Massgrav, The Critics, Merciless Game, SF Hotel Workers Strike, photos from Japan, SoCal & the Bay Area.

#260/Jan '05. Technocracy, The Total End, Only Crime, True North, Partisans, For The Worst, Dick Spikie, Straight to Hell, Black Cross, Action, Ergs, Rusty Nails, Queer Activism in London, Greg Shaw tribute, John Peel tribute, Andrew "Stig" Sewell tribute, Beijing punk photos.

#261/Feb '05. Year End Top Tens, Riistetyt, Lost Cherrees, Complete Control, Cheap Sex, Gasoline Please, Beerzone, Greyskull, MOTO, Water Into Beer Fanzine, Swe-Punk scumpit, Japan punk photos, Bay Area punk photos, Texas, Russia, and Malaysia scene reports.

#262/March '05. Kärnvapen Attack, Neo Boys, Catholic Boys, Dead Moon, Wreckage, Frantix, Armitage Shanks, Wendy Kroys, To What End?, Cell Block 5, Bent Outta Shape, Ah-Nah Tron, Slovakia, Indonesia, and Illinois scenes.

#263/April '05. All Crusties Spending Loud Night 2004, Bombenalarm, Battleship, APA, The Black Lips, Words That Burn, Flamingo 50, The Low Budgets, Mellakka, I Object, Antisect, Bay Area scene report, South Coast UK scene report.

#264/May '05. Crime, Love Songs, Bruce Banner, Intent, The Holy Mountain, Have Heart, The Bill Bondsmen, The Real Losers, archive photos, Bay Area scene photos, Taiwan and Rochester scene reports.

#265/June '05. Endless Nightmare, Hard Skin, Kolokol, Amebix, Transistor Transistor, The Safes, The Detonators, Finland scene report, France scene report, SoCal scene report.

#266/July '05. The Carbonas, MDC, Destrux, Unkind, Hiretsukan, Giant Haystacks, Ohuzaru, Teenage Harlets, Michigan scene report, San Diego scene report, Eugene, OR scene report.

#267/August '05. Knugen Faller, Sleeper Cell, Motorama, Gulcher Records history, Army of Jesus, The Slicks, Thee Merry Widows, Rotten Sound, The Faction (UK), Czech and New Zealand scene reports.

#268/Sept. '05. Signal Lost, Gulcher Records history part two, Teenage Bottlerocket, Mattilda (aka Matt Bernstein Sycamore), The Spectacle, Bang Sugar Bang, Chumbawamba, Reason of Insanity, Forward To Death, Flyer art, Florida Scene Report, Bay Area scene report, photos.

#269/October '05. Hammer, Desastre, Human Eye, Les Bellas, Gasmask Terror, Randy "Biscuit" Turner tribute, Stalag 17 (UK), Stepbrothers, Retching Red, Weaving the Deathbag, Gather, Chicago and SoCal scene reports.

#270/November '05. Clorox Girls European Tour, Czolgosz, Regulations, Time Flys, Taxi, No More Lies, Oil!, Paddy Costello of the Dillinger Four, Smartpils, Revenge of Mongoloid, Pisschrist, Scene reports: Puerto Rico, UK, Russia.

#271/December '05. Besthöven, Abductee SD, Tractor Sex Fatality, George Harrison, Deathtoll, Photos by icki, Ice & The Iced, the Ulcers, Chimps Eat Bananas, Deranged / Criminal IQ / Kick'n'Punch Records. Scene reports: Iowa, Maine, Illinois.

#272/January '06. Conga Fury, Let's Grow, Frustration, Bastardass, Icons of Filth, Burial, Hrydjuverk, Cranked Up!, Urrke T & the Midlife Crisis, Tropezio, Baboon of Sickness zine. Scene reports: Austin, France, Michigan, Larry Wolfley photos.

#273/February '06. Fuses, Endstand, Out Cold, Pedestrians, Acts of Sedition, BadEatingHabits, Western Addiction, Jesus Fucking Christ, Toxic Waste, Punk photo spread, St. Louis, USA & Brighton, UK scene reports.

#274/March '06. Best of 2005, Formaldehyde Junkies, Brutal Knights, Kansan Uutiset, Hatred Surge, A-Heads, Manikin, Upinatem, Hips, Boston scene report, Punk photo spread.

#277/June '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part Two), Imperial Leather, Boom Boom Kid, Vitamin X Asian Pacific Tour (part two), "How to Make It Big!" by the Phantom Surfers, Magrudergrind, Poland.

#278/July '06. Billy Childish, Death Token, The First Step, Ramsey Kanaan of AK Press, Headache City, Deconditioned, Under Pressure, Insuiciety, Instigators, Malaysia Scene, Bay Area Scene Pics.

#279/August '06. Mika Miko, The Fall, Cardiac Arrest, Digger & the Pussycats, Massmord, Insect Warfare, The Astronauts, Canary Islands Photo Spread, Four Sticks, The Fallout, PAWNS, Tajikistan, Uzbekistan, & Umeå, Sweden scenes.

#280/September '06. Hjertestop, Grupo Sub-1, Desperate Bicycles, Bill Daniel interview and photo spread, APF Brigade, Disconvenience, Southkore Fest photo spread, Rosenbombs, Up the Voltage, Euro photo spread, Svartenbrandt, Asheville, NC & world wide punk scene reports.

#281/October '06. Out With a Bang, Redd Kross, Derek Lyn Plastic, We March, Alan Milman, Rat Traps, Blood Robots, The Scarred, Gilbert Switzer, Japan & US photo spreads, Sweden & UK scene reports.

#282/November '06. The Feelers, PESD, Toxic Ephex, Auktion, Bruise Violet, Trust fanzine, The Homosexuals, The Effigies, Rat City Riot, New York City & North Carolina scene reports.

#283/December '06. Jay Reatard interview & photos, Crimes Against Humanity Records, A Touch of Hysteria, Doris Fanzine, Kvoteringen, '90s Punk Scumpit Part II, Black Chrome, The Dirty Water Club, photos, Tokyo scene report.

#284/January '07. Margaret Thrasher, 924 Gilman at 20 Years, Order of the White Rose, Regress, Subhumans (UK) Part One, Blank Its, Condenada, Genetic Control, photos, Syracuse & San Diego scene reports.

#285/February '07. Randy "Biscuit" Turner of the Big Boys & the early Texas punk scene, Lemuria, Ruin, Subhumans (UK) Part Two, The Blinds, Tranzistors, ANS, Riot This, La Piovra, Bay Area scene pics, Barcelona, Spain scene report.

#286/March '07. Best of 2006, Smartut Kahol Lavan, Electric Kisses, Holy Shit!, Lost Cherrees Pt 1, Go!, Kraljevo, Serbia, and Bakersfield, CA scene reports.

#287/April '07. Alicja Trout, Keith Rosson (Avow zine), Crap Corps, The Vicious, Scum System Kill, Lost Cherrees Pt 2, Restless Youth, SBV, Australia, Kyiv, Ukraine, and Pittsburgh, PA scene reports.

#288/May '07. Clockcleaner, Pisschrist, The Rats (Sweden), Conflict (US), The Viletones, Violent Tumor, Czech Republic and East Texas scene reports.

#289/June'07. Ultimo Resorte, Kursk, Masstrauma, Social Circkle, Final Approach, Post Punk Kitchen, Southern Death Cult, Portland Drummers, Timisoara, Copenhagen, and Pampanga scene reports.

#290/July '07. Stormcrow, Merkit, Solid Decline, Monster Squad, Sex Vid, Vivisick, Warkrime, Top Ten, We're Gonna Fight zine, White Cross, Berlin scene report.

#291/August '07. MRR 25th Anniversary Issue. Martin Sprouse, Tim Yohannon, No Slogan, Ruidosa Inmundicia, Chinese Telephones, Vaseline Children, Anti-System, Dave Roche, 6-page retrospective photo-spread, Kawakami/ Disclose obituary, Brazil scene report.

#292/September '07. New Bloods, Chronic Seizure, Outraged, Geriatric Unit, Active Distribution, Gruk, The Mods, No Defences, The Fakes, Trashies Tour Report, Mexico scene report.

#293/October '07. Punk and Immigration Theme issue w/ interviews, articles, and stories. Anti-You, Loser Life, Political Asylum, Olympia scene report.

#294/November '07. The Hipshakes, Neverending Party, Punk & Immigration article, Finally Punk, La Lucha Para La Justicia en Guatemala, Leftover Crack, AOA.

#295/December '07. Surrender, What If Gods Lie?. the Crawlers, 2:20, The Joneses, Libertario Magazine, Bad Samaritans, Shrapnel, Untermensch.

#297/February '08. Marie Kanger-Born, Thrillhouse Records, Contaminators, Oi Polloi, Obstruction, I Walk the Line, Utopia

#298/March '08. Best of 2007, Autistic Youth, White Lung, Karma Sutra, Clusterfuck, Sharon Cheslow, Slaughter of the Innocent.

#299/April '08. Government Warning, Age, Off With Their Heads, Guided Cradle, Go It Alone, Fy Fan, Daily Void, Hungarian Scene history.

#301/June '08. Underground Railroad to Candyland, Straightjacket Nation, Red Dons, Spectres, Dean Dirg, Kola, Los Violadores, the Sears, Tentacles of Destruction, Antibodies, Head on Collision.

#302/July '08. Giuda, Wasted Time, Reality, Sin Orden, Teenage Head, Antidote, La Urss, Canadian Rifle, Seasick, Israel & Japan scenes.

#303/August '08. Double Negative, Burnt Cross, Masapunk, Chicago Clitfest, Intifada, Nuclear Death Terror, Raw Power, Unlovables, Waste, Chaos In Tejas photospread, Houston and Grand Rapids scene reports.

#304/September '08. Raymond Pettibon, John Stabb of Government Issue, Cola Freaks, Measure [sa], The Press, XYX, Simply Saucer, Kulturkampf, Andy T, FPO, and Columbia scene report.

#305/October '08. Pierced Arrows, Bum Kon, Deep Sleep, Diente Perro, IRA, Legion of Parasites, Reality Control, Riot City Records, Stations, Test Patterns.

#306/November '08. Brain Handle, Assassins, Diodes (pt. 1), 97 Shiki, Black Dove, No Bunny, Shellshag, Sista Sekunden, Vivian Girls, Animals And Men.

#308/January '09. Punks & Film Special with Target Video, Whatever Happened To Susan Jane, Cleveland's Screaming, Mondo Vision, After the Salad Days, You Weren't There, Botinada, Taqwacores, and more.

#309/February '09. Ooga Boogas,Mind Eraser, Cococoma, Extortion, Boyracer, Nixe, Mr. California, Deathcage, Squalora, Maniax, Null and Void, Think Fast.

#310/March '09. 2008 Year-end Top Tens. Health Issue Special–Interviews with Mikey Mind, Chris Colohan and Craig Lewis, plus tons of articles.

#311/April '09. Print Media special with Erick Lyle (Scam zine), Shit-Fi, Z-Gun, Terminal Boredom, Tales Of Blarg, John Holmstrom (Punk magazine), History of skate zines, Punk flyer art, and a dozen one-page fanzines.

#312/May '09. Criminal Damage, Never Healed, Masonics, Screaming Females, Germ Attak, Petticoats, Condominium, Passion Killers, Pioggia Nera, & the second part of the health issue.

#313/June '09. Cult Ritual, Acid Reflux, NN, Herds, Hunx and His Punx, Grass Widow, Project Hopeless, Defect Defect, Tom's Midnight Garden, Existers and scene reports from Sydney and Boston.

#315/August '09. Zero Boys, Skin Like Iron, Punch, The Black and Whites, Insomnio, Resist, Blank Dogs, Etacarinae, Come On, London and Brest scene reports.

#316/September '09. Amebix, Born/Dead, Divisions, Meatlocker, Something Fierce, Mutating Meltdown,Altercado, Anal Warnead, Nick Toczec, Cowley Club, Albany Scene Report.

#318/November '09. Destino Final, Ratas Del Vaticano, Hex Dispensers, John Joseph/Cro-Mags, Explode Into Colors, Ratos De Porao, Stupids. Antidotum/Czosnek Tour Diary, Disco Assault. Fuera De Linea

#319/December '09. The Fix, Slices, Nodzzz, Brilliant Colors, Positive Noise, Gun Outfit, Pink Reason, Scrotum Poles, Gandhi's Cookbook, Goner Fest Photospread, Punk On Kuollut, Eläköön Hardcore: A Personal History of Finnish Hardcore

#322/March '10. MRR Review Staff's 2009 Top Tens, Japanese artist Sugi, Death, Dry-Roy, Druid Perfume, Kim Phuc, Defensa Absoluta

#323/April '10. The Spits, Face the Rail, Battletorn, Scatha, Dadfag, Attentat Sonore, Partibrejkers, Mob Rules, Last Pogo, John Paull Williams from Really Red, Chuck Warner.

#324/May '10. Bruce Roehrs memorial,, Kleenex/ Liliput, Necro Hippies, Isterismo, RVIVR, Iceage, Tubers, Rot Shit, Beefeater, Cairo IL.

#325/June '10. X (Australia), Daylight Robbery, Ty Segall, Morne, Nü Sensae, Pollution, Th' Inbred, Bad Sports, Wankys, Rakosi, Lotus Fucker

#326/July '10. U-ron from Really Red, Slang, Bunny Skulls, Trash Kit, Sedition, High Castle, Marcel Duchamp, Street Eaters, Circle Pit, Mehkago NT, Random Conflict, New Orleans and Calgary scene reports.

#327/August '10. Os Estudantes, The Curse, Pekinska Patka, Venereans, Thou, Italian Scene Report, Ratcharge Zine, and Culo.

#328/Mocktober '10. Deathrats, The Conversions, Agnostic Front, Puffy Areolas, Super Wild Horses, Rape Revenge, Bernays Propaganda, New York and Czech Republic Scene Reports.
Report, Ratcharge Zine, and Culo.

#330/November '10. Forgetters, Acephalix, Foreign Objects, Hank IV, Pheromoans, La La Vasquez, Credentials, Bukkake Boys, Negative Lifestyle, Tyranna, Katriina Etholen, Ireland Scene Report.

#333/February '11. The Welders, Touch & Go Fanzine, Rai Ko Ris, Dolly Mixture, Hitman, Straight Arrows, Eskapo Phillippines Tour Diary, Venezuela Scene Report, Olympia Scene Report w/Weird TV, White Boss, Milk Music, Hpp, Hysterics, Son Skull, Rvivr, Hail Seizures, Broken Water, Gun Outfit.

#334/March '11. 2010 Year End Top Tens, A State of Mind, Useless Children, Straight Arrows, Sober Living for the Revolution, DC Scene Report.

#335/April '11. Siege, Crazy Spirit, 1981, Mauser, Devour, Icon Gallery, Sunshine SS, Timmy's Organism, Whitney House, Attention Span, Michigan Scene Report.

#336/May '11. Kriegshög, Steve Ignorant, Teargas, Tantrum, Hygeine, Shoppers, Chris Walter, Adrenalin OD, Spastic Panthers, Hungarian Scene Report.

#337/June '11. Destroy All Movies, John Morton/ Electric Eels, White Fence, Ydinperhe, Nux Vomica, Vanya Bonecrusher, Black Feet, Uzi Rash, This is LA not L.A.: '80s Hardcore Flyers in New Orleans, Buffalo NY Scene Report.

#339/August '11. Head Cleaners, Midnite Snaxxx, Cocskar, Small Bones, Xcentric Noise records, Grown Ups, Youth Avoiders, Tomek Lipinski/ Brygada Kryzys, Afternoon Gentlemen, Czech Punk History Part 2.

#340/September '11. Demokhratia, GG King, Ivan Brun, B-Lines, State P,Oison, Jeremy Hush, Love Triangle, Deaf Club Oral History, Czech Punk History Part 3.

#341/October '11. Brian Walsby, Plates, Decraneo, Diet Cokeheads, Royal Headache, Ed Nasty & the Dopeds, Black Mamba Beat Tour of South Africa, Unfit Scum, Mongrel Zine.

#342/November '11. Kyushu Noisecore Summit, Brown Sugar, Vapid, No Rest, Brain Killer, Roach Motel, Brain F, IFB, Nekromantiker, Aires & Graces.

#343/December '11. Porkeria, Descarados, Peace or Annihilation, E.A.T.E.R., Poly Styrene, Severence Package, Katorga Works, Unwanted Christmas Presents, Resist Her Transistor.

#344/January '12. OBN IIIS, Social Chaos, Neo Cons, Alice Bag, Vaginors, Blookrow Butcher, Wartorn, Shitty Limits Last Show Report, Wretched, Zero Progress Tour Diary part 1, Means to an End Fest, Slick 46, Toughskins, No Gods No Matresses Zine.

#345/February '12. 2011 Year End Top Tens, Big Eyes, Terrible Feelings, Zero Progress Tour Report Part 2, the Unruled, Rapid Loss.

#346/March '12. Bärchen und die Milchbubies, Who Killed Spokey Jacket, Krömosom Tour of Japan, Globsters, Nigh Birds, Tribal War, Give Praise records, Refuse records.

#347/April '12. Ron Paul Special Issue, Carburetor Dung, Dark Times, Neon Piss, Kruel, Lapinpolthajat, Criminal Code, Slice Harvester Zine, Iron hand, Indigesti, Damnable Excite Zombies, Hawaii Scene Report.

#349/June '12. Omegas, Zyanose, Antisect, Negative Standards, No Statik, Your Pest Band, Eutanasia, Appalachian Terror Unit, Power Age, Inly Fumes and Corpses, Skizophrenia, David Ensminger, Greek Scene Report.

#350/July '12. The Photo Issue: Justine Demetrick, Ricky Adam, Jeanne Hansen, Don Pyre, Chis Boarts Larsen, Maria de Piedade Morais.

#351/August '12. 30th Anniversary Issue: MRR's Worst & Best, the Tim Yo Covers & Greentaping, Napalm Raid, God Equals Genocide, Stressors, American Sun, Ferocious X, Stripmines, Skitsystem, Juan y Diëgo, Banran.

#352/September '12. Stagnation, Luta Armada, Vaarallinen, Frozen Teens, Brain Slug, Noisecore Roundtable #2, Kohosh, Kvoteringen, Gritos de Resistencia, Alabaster Choad, Dipers, Murder in the Front Row, Support NYC.

#353/October '12. Brain Tumors, Effluxus, Anti Cimex, the Cravats, Unlearn, Warsong, Sick/Tired, To Live A Lie records, Stories from the Peruvian Underground Part 1, Bad Daddies, Imminent Destruction records with Lastly, Desperdicio, Against the Grain, Disturd.

#354/November '12. Replica, Ancient Filth, Synthetic ID, Maximo Volumen, O Inimigo, the Splits, Ohmwar, Beatrap, Victims Tour Diary Part 2, Girth records.

#357/February '13. Forward, Hounds of Hate, Contorture, Kicker, Nothing, Lunatic Fringe, Detonate records, Beatnik Termites, Detroit scene report.

#358/March '13. 2012 Year End Top Tens, Brontez Purnell, Potty Mouth, Nitad, Schizophazia, East Anglia scene report.

#359/April '13. Sickoids, Hassler. Divorce. Cancer Spreading. la Flingue. the Line. White Murder, the Paper Bags versus the Meat Sluts. Greenville, SC scene report.

#360/May '13. Stress, Proxy, the Kids, Kalte Lust, HIRS, Autonomy, Nuclëar Fröst, Dead Air Studio, Blood Orange Infoshop, Death Traitors, Elks Lodge Massacre Revisited.

#361/June '13. Organize and Arise, Fear of Extinction, The Rats Tour Diary, Kathleen Hanna, The Shorts, Hard Feelings, No Power, Melusaaste, We Got Power Zine Part I.

#362/July '13. Jeff Paul, Trust Zine, Shaved Women, Hondartzako Hondakinak, Kurraka, Born Wrong, Homicide, United Arab Emirates & Toronto, Canada scene reports, We Got Power Zine Part II.

#363/August '13. Las Otras, Toinen Vaihtoehto zine, Sudor, Terveet Kädet, Black & White, Stillsuit, Taquila Mockingbird, Arturo Vega, Ruined Families, Baitline!!! zine, R.O.T.T.E.R., No Mistake, Siren Songs, Yorba Linda, CA scene report.

#364/September '13. Last Chaos, Snob Value, NE! Records, RAD, Asile, Whatever Brains, The New Flesh, Trashies, Forgotten Generation, Nightfall/ Population Zero, Texas Filth Scene Report.

#365/Ocotber '13. Condition Tour Diary, Zudas Krust, Doomed Society Radio, Kontrasekt, Bib Black Cloud, Hero Dishonest, Violent Party, Helvetin Viemärit, Malcolm, Clearview Records, Brno, CZ Scene Report

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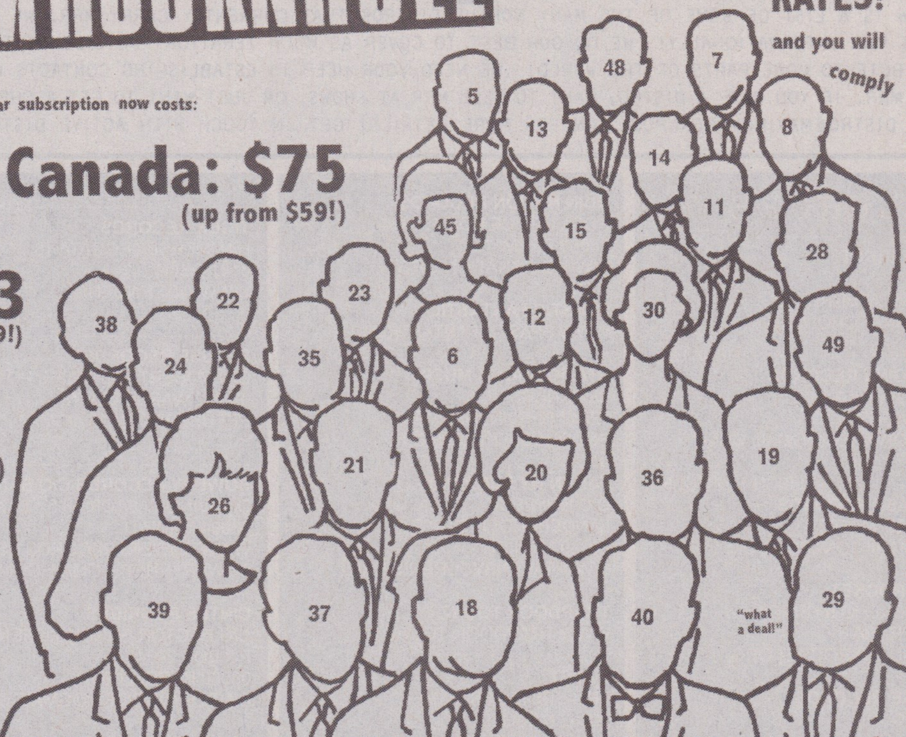

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LETTERS

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Heya MRR—
I just got accepted to the Peace Corps. I'm going to be teaching English in Colombia and I was wondering if there's anything you or anyone can tell me about the Colombian punk scene... band, zines, records, venus, history, politics??? Anything.
Please write: romancandlesmusic@gmail.com
Cheers,
—Christopher

Dear Coords—
I noticed this many years ago and I thought I'd run this by you both. Mötley Crüe's 1981 hit "Live Wire" should sound very familiar to many punks. You may wonder why and I'll tell you—it's because Discharge ripped the riff for their song "Where There is a Will, There is a Way." When I first noticed this, I thought the Crüe ripped Discharge but to my dismay, "Where There is a Will There is a Way" is off their EP from *1983*. Yikes! This means that some punks who continued to listen Discharge post-*Hear Nothing See Nothing Say Nothing* may, have in fact, been influenced by the Crüe. How do you feel about this?
—Amelia
P.S. Where's Cal?

Dear Amelia—
Ha ha, it's like I'm in one of those blind taste tests, but with riffs. I feel like without shitty metal a lot of D-beat would not be around. Musically and aesthetically a lot of punks take influence from "hair metal" and butt rock and once you get a few ciders in them, they unabashedly sing along to Bon Jovi, Poison and Mötley Crüe. I say own it, because as with most anything, punx always make it look cooler and sound better. Although personally, I draw the line at Grave New World *and* Massacre Divine, *I wish to have them erased from my mind on the daily. Hey "the punx," stop making them cool, even ironically, please. As for Cal, that's a good question, does he have a Tumblr?*
—XO Ari

Dear MRR *readers—*
We are the infamous Greek Malakas also known for our *souvlaki* and *mouzaka* (legendary foods)! Seeing as two of your punks contacted us, we are doing a short presentation of how "Leshi Ypogeios sti Kallidromiou 94" works. A self-managed and organized place in Athens (Greece) right in the middle of our economical winter.

The DIY movement in Greece took gigantic dimensions near the early '90s and reached its pick and is going strong up until today. Through years of squatting abandoned buildings and reconstructing old and really smelly basements full of rats and cockroaches, we have to say that we have really strong ethics.

"Leshi Ypogeios," as many—I can say all—of the self-managed places here in Greece, works by people who are not looking for any profit. Instead, those people give many hours of their daily-life between their work and family in order to get the projects done. Just a *no* to "youth center"(*) logic here and a big *yes* to the conflict with our corrupted government, gods and masters. Those places are made from and for solidarity and team-work. We guess that is a way to stand our ground at any level—from politics to music and not only.

This year (the eleventh in a row) we started with a powerful two-day festival (ed's note: check the Photospread) in our reconstructed and really hot basement, with a great variety of DIY bands: from black metal (Lethe, Black Trinity) and scream/math rock (Nuer), to hardcore punk (Gutter, I Want the Moon, Luftslott) and crust (Mass Culture, Conspiracy of Denial) and fastcore/power violence (Jagernaut).

So If you are really one of those bands who wants to assault some beautiful ears, get in touch with us at modernlifeiswar83@yahoo.gr (the official page is under construction)
—Kostas

(*) Youth Centers are self-managed places in the rest of Europe, often supported by the government in order to keep the youth away from drugs etc.
P.S. Greetings to Lydia and Mike, we really miss you guys.

Dear MRR*—*
Question: Is it inherently un-punk to engage in a conversation about what/who is/isn't punk? Is the very desire to quantify or qualify punk in direct opposition to punk values? For example: If a group of punks discuss which pre-20th century historical figures are most punk, are they still punks when the conversation ends, or have they undermined their own punk identities by attempting to classify the meaning of punk?

My older brother says the best way to get a definitive answer to such a question is to ask *Maximum Rocknroll* magazine, because they are the curators of punk culture. Please give us your ruling.
Many thanks,
—Genevieve

Dear Genevieve—
Ooooh, this can be a slippery slope. Punk is both a personal and collective experience; it can't be summed up in one song, a douchebag's grad-school thesis, or even within the pages of all the punk zines. The concept is way too broad and extremely powerful; it's always one step ahead of us paving new, dark and fucked up territories.

One thing we can agree on is punk is strong and refuses to die; from recession to wars, state repression and capitalist infiltration, it's still here as long as we are in it. If we really want to, we can take the most bourgeois of concepts and make them punk; or we can make total destroy of them, it's ultimately up to us. If punk does indeed exist in your very being, then don't you think that denying someone who shares a collective identity with you is ultimately like denying yourself?

Asking MRR *is like asking 200+ people: the magazine is all of you guys. So, in conclusion my advice is quit worrying about what other people think of punk and form your own definition of it.*
—XO Ari

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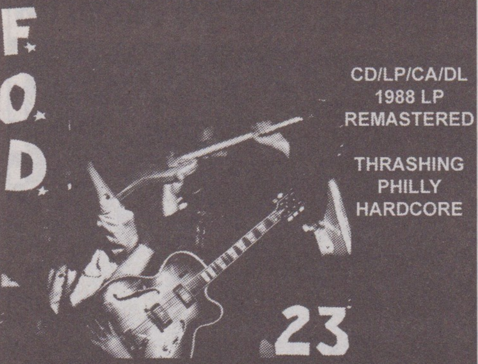

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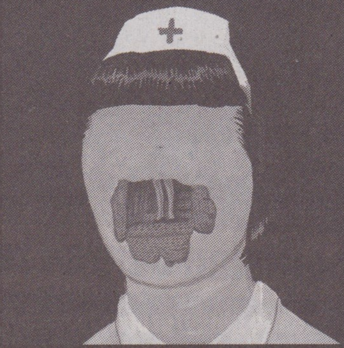

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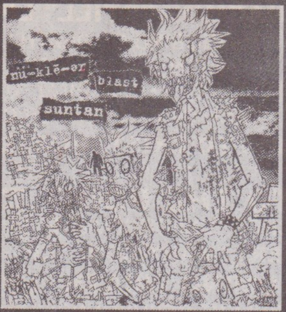

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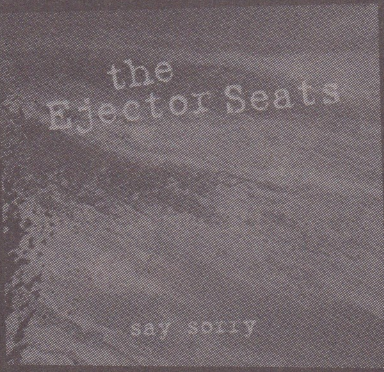

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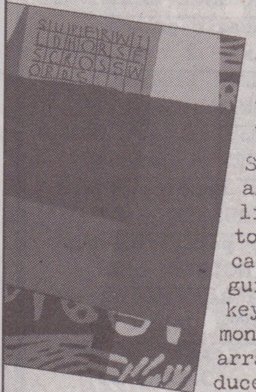

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tREND iS dEAD! records

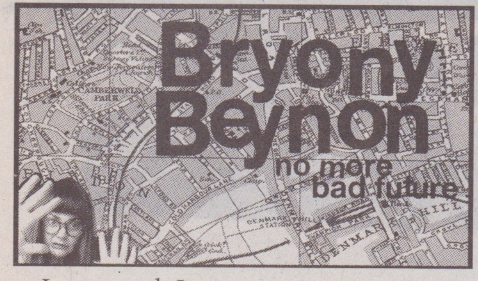
COLUMNS

I have written before about how I got wrapped up in mp3s and downloading for a while. At the time it seemed like a great way to listen to tons of bands without spinning records. Now having a huge external hard drive full of mp3s sounds about as retro as having an 8-track player in your car. That is to say, streaming has pretty much displaced downloading mp3s, at least among most people I know. I will admit that I have not gotten pretty into Spotify. I am listening to more and a greater variety of music than I have in years thanks to streaming on my phone in the car and at work. I've been especially keen on checking out lots of music I would never buy, or never find on vinyl. Streaming gives me the flexibility I only dreamed of with vinyl, cassette and mp3 to delve deeply into genres I have marginal interest in. I wrote a column a while back about non-punk records to keep an eye out for when scouring used bins and yard sales. Ironically, that column got some of the most feedback of any I've written in the last several years. I can spend a whole afternoon listening to funk, dub, delta blues, new wave or any other genre that would take years to track down on vinyl. Ironically, some time spent listening to random music streaming at work, has sent me home to dig out dusty records I haven't pulled out in many years. I have found myself digging out vinyl I forgot I even had. I remember when I was about seventeen, riding in the car with my dad. He had pulled out some old tapes and was playing a COUNTRY JOE AND THE FISH record he hadn't heard for years. He remarked to me, that he was amazed he still knew all the words to all the songs. I've been getting that feeling a lot lately hearing stuff I haven't taken off the shelf in years, but comes on internet radio while I'm at work.

Remember a few years ago the music industry was in a death spiral due to downloading? There was an attempt to make up for the lost revenue of CDs by getting people to pay for downloads, then some subscription services cropped up, but finally they have hit the magic formula with streaming services like Spotify. However, the royalties paid to the bands from these streaming services and miniscule. And all the time pay download royalties are going down as more people ditch their iPods and get a smartphone with Spotify or Pandora on it. Most would rather pay ten dollars a month for unlimited streaming than download tracks at a dollar each and deal with storage and the like. So another revenue stream (paid downloads) is drying up. The upside, is that bands can upload their music to something like Spotify without going through a digital distributor. They get the exposure, but they will see almost no income from it. Most DIY hardcore bands never counted on any revenue from digital anyway, so the more exposure in any format the better. Maybe someone will come to the show after hearing a track online and that's what really counts.

In the mainstream and the underground, vinyl is coming back stronger than ever. Every pressing plant is backed up for months and even though several new plants are opening, they are all still running at full capacity. Customer service and turnaround times are at their worst in my twenty plus years of pressing vinyl. I find this a little at odds with the reality of selling records in a distro and record store though. New releases sell a fraction of what they did in the '90s and sales have been flat or declining for many years; this despite records getting a lot more expensive. That is to say, there is no growth in sales in terms of total number of records, in fact it's in decline, but the increased prices are keeping many stores and distros afloat. So is all that increased pressing plant volume just BILLY JOEL and BEATLES re-issues? Hard to say, or is music now just so incredibly diverse that even really excellent records command very little attention and only sell few copies? I've remarked before about how some of the reissues of '80s punk and hardcore coming out in the last few years would have sold tens of thousands of copies in the '90s and even early '00s but only sell a thousand or so now. It all leads me to believe that much, much fewer people are buying punk records now than they did ten or twenty years ago, despite the increased popularity in vinyl and despite the exponential growth in popularity of punk music and culture. Either the pie is getting cut into smaller and smaller slices as different subgenres splinter off, or all that increased vinyl volume is going to indie rock, hip hop, or some other genre. One thing is for sure. DIY hardcore was one of the main genres that kept pressing plants going in the '90s and kept vinyl from dying out. But now getting your 500 split 7"s pressed is going to be really low priority to a pressing plant with orders for thousands of 180 gram deluxe reissues of major label releases that are still bin fodder.

Extreme Noise is a punk record shop that has been collectively run in Minneapolis since 1994. In fact the 20 year anniversary is coming up in April. We are planning some events to commemorate this remarkable longevity and I will provide more info when I have it.



Last month I spent a warm evening in a low ceiling'd room listening to a talk/presentation from Eric Isaacson. Eric runs a label of some repute called Mississippi Records based in Portland, Oregon. My first exposure to this label was through ordering punk reissues he had put together from bands like Chin Chin and Chalk Circle, and through delving further (and there is *so* much to delve through) I found a literal world of lost or otherwise unavailable, generally speaking unheard music of every possible kind, in short the broadest church for a new definition of "folk" music. Unbelievably prolific (like, three to four LPs a month-prolific) Eric's mission has been to bring unheard or under-heard music from around the world to an interested audience. Often putting together compilations from 1890 to the present day; with his own artwork or found art, broadly around folk, blues, spiritual, roots, international, "world," non-western, punk, soundtracks, field recordings and many other kinds. He operates much like a professional mixtaper and indeed the label began that way and increased only through intense demand for more copies of said tapes. Isaacson's work with the label to date has given him access to huge archives of folk and outsider music. He was very self-conscious about what his power to bring this work to new audiences really means, what gets put in and left out. He presented his practice as oscillating between two distinct ways of approaching this assembly of new cultural product from old cultural objects, laying out these approaches and their benefits and drawbacks by examining the work of two people, known variously as ethnomusicologists, archivists and in some senses, artists in their own right, both of whom dedicated their lives to this sort of work during the twentieth century—Harry Smith and Alan Lomax.

Harry Smith is a name you might know if you're interested in folk music or indeed experimental film, as he put together a landmark compilation entitled *The Anthology of American Folk Music*. It was first released in 1952 on Folkways Records. As Isaacson explained, this was put together by Smith using his own personal taste, whims, passion and judgment; as a lens with which to pick songs. Crucially, it was not about documentation of all possible corners of American folk music, but about clever selections, snippets, snapshots of perfection that he wanted to shed, with strange or atypical examples as well as what he thought of as classics. I hate the word "curated" due to its flagrant overuse, but it fits well in terms of what Harry Smith did. Then on the other side you have Alan Lomax, an ethnomusicologist and obsessive documenter. His self-stated mission was the archiving and documentation not of just some particular songs he liked, but literally of all human music. Working some decades after Smith, early field recording technology and video enabled Lomax on an epic trip around North America between 1978–1985, with this mission in mind he documented all manner of incredible traditional music and song. Massively ahead of his time in his ideas of how this data would be uses, he predicted not only a framework for the internet but the concept of "open-source." Lomax sought totality, purity and rationalization through a system he dreamt up called Cantometrics, to be used for breaking down the elements of this vast collection of music into understandable, almost scientific parts. Obviously the trouble with this is that music is not science, music does weird things to your belly and your toes and makes you run into walls, jump on your friends, travel across the world, quit your job, waste your life. Whether it's punk or folk or anything else. What was super interesting was Isaacson's genuine flip-flopping between which one of these techniques, these lenses, is fairer to the work itself and to those who made it. On the one hand, Harry Smith is seen as a visionary who pulled these songs from obscurity, but what of those he left off? On the other hand, it's fair to say that Lomax's massive archive of this stuff, now being digitized (check culturalequity.org) is so huge and hard to trawl through precisely due to its unwillingness to privilege any particular song or theme, and preference towards allowing you to jump in head first, but without a hand to hold. Mississippi Records, by its very nature, speaks more to the Harry Smith method, as Isaacson picks out certain lost sounds, records that never got the full reissue treatment, or never came out at the time and pushes them for a moment onto a bigger stage. But there's a sense that Isaacson knows this is problematic, and his work with the Alan Lomax archive is effectively an undoing of the chaotic totality that's represented by the sheer scale of the archive. Selective plucking of songs and artists. He worries and frets over questions like who is he to "curate" others discovery? Not all he selects will stand up, of course, some will be oddities, culled from their context, some will fall back into relative obscurity, but will at least be available for those who search. Isaacson's guilt is about what is skipped over rang really true and he was so interesting to listen to. He was also good on what it might mean to be accused of fetishising certain music's perceived as "primitive," particularly in the context of the distribution of music from non-western traditions to beardy, pour-over, cultural-capitalists in coastal cities. The sense that this is a person who cares deeply about the project of his label in a way that was captivating to listen to, with lots of issues deeply pertinent to punk rock and the DIY idea as both chains and liberation. Then there are the attendant problems of distributing music via the internet came through in his words too, with an interesting argument about the received wisdom that "everything you could ever want" is online, given that an estimated five billion human beings do not have internet access, what is happening to their cultural output? It was a thought provoking evening.

One of the last things Isaacson said in response to a question was "Well, the underground is like a mushroom, it needs a little darkness in order to grow." which resonated with me a lot, given the intense "sharing" impulse that's come out of living on the internet. Receding into darkness a little isn't a bad thing. It's something I've been trying to live a bit more recently. Hold back your music, your ideas, develop them slower, knead them a little more than you think they need to make them more supple and less resistant to change. Then gather your thoughts and make them anew. Feedback

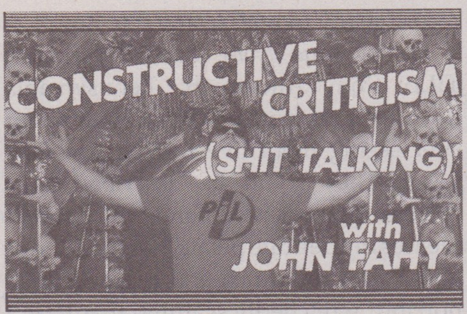
is not everything.

I've been beset by great new music the last few weeks. Downtown Boys were particularly high up the charts, as I'd assumed from the name this would be yet another neo-Oi! band, but *nein*. The Downtown sound comes at you like a unifying force, a power move in a sea of limp dicks. Perhaps the real shock here is a turn towards the swing, the warm, danceable tumult that's spread throughout their songs, alive and raging, gyrating, amazing, a diamond in a sonic universe that's feeling pretty rough down there in the doldrums.

The vocals sing with that full-bodied, octave-spanning crash-thump that recalls British bands with the same male/fem vocal dualisms, on a Sofa Head or Huggy Bear tip (and god knows I don't drag that comparison out unless truly warranted) Vocally for a second it even reminds me of the gruff XX/XY vibe of Madison, WI's Naked Aggression (!) It's not a sound you hear so much these days. Oh and did I mention the saxophone? Yeah, they have a saxophone—"Bi bilingual political dance sax punk party from Providence, RI" goes their own description, and you can listen, buy, worship, etc. the Downtown Boys demo from their Bandcamp of the same name. Household is probably my favorite current band and have a new record finally on the way. If you have need to soundtrack your early evening coffee drinking, dull your self-loathing, or indeed any kind of cause to serenade your houseplants with terse rejoinders about bleak reality, you will find them here. Here in these cold hard songs that make me think I know what Wire meant by "unlust", Household come off like an up-turned Young Marble Giants, if *Colossal Youth* got stuck in a tiny apartment, sensible dusk hymns on living in a city and trying to make it work but being always surrounded by doubt and fear and worries over not being quite enough.

Finally, more London bands to check out: Gloss Rejection: spooky meandering post-punk, Molasses: if Nü Sensae had skipped the extra guitar and added a layer of filth instead, Die: sparky hardcore, Introverts: genuine sad goths with baritone for miles.

P.S. Despite my big talk of hiding in a dark cave I do still enjoy correspondence: bryonybeynon@gmail.com



Shame Spiral

Have you ever hidden? Do you lie to yourself? If you feel a rush of dread at the seed of a memory or an unpleasant idea creeping upon your mind, what do you do to get away from it? Is the threat of total self-awareness too much? There's a horrible fear in all of us that is powerfully crippling at times. Some people fear realizing a horrible truth, whatever that may be. You may worry that you're a shitty companion, a coward or a fraud, maybe that you simply hate who you are, or my favorite: all of the above. We find ways to evade these truths, however real they are or may potentially become. If our fear is so great, we may sometimes purposely let ourselves down with our actions. This is to make our prophecies and fears self-fulfilling, collapsing into a spiral of shame that descends until everything is laid out and faced.

Truly escaping your own mind is a gigantic industry and hiding from your own dysfunction is getting easier to do. You can hide with drugs, although sometimes you can get so high that you find out exactly what you are and that can exacerbate these dark thoughts. You can eat your way out of your mind and into shame, that seems to be a common method. You can ingest every piece of recorded media known to man since time immemorial now, including every stupid TV series your friends claim you *have to'* watch. That will certainly take your mind off things. You can even hide in an entire life. Keep busy with friends, work, holidays, bands, hobbies, whatever the case may be. You just can't do it forever.

This is a national pastime now. We're famous for denial. And as we are, so is our government. We busy ourselves with wars on drugs, inflating our prison populations, practicing corruption at all levels, starting and intervening in conflicts, doing anything and everything but solving our real problems. We give more money to rich people with our corruption, even though it's proven to wreck the economy for rich and poor alike. We close our government and toy with default and credit downgrades. We make our citizens pay back bankers' gambling debts, without ever asking the bankers to stop gambling. This is the essence of dysfunction. These are not the actions of a government that loves its people, but we are not a people who love ourselves. We live in escape.

Icelandic people were rated as the happiest people on earth, a pre-2008-crash newspaper article told me. They'd been playing the banking and gambling game more dangerously than other countries and for a while the rewards were sky high. Financial workers flew to London for dinners, while their parents that'd made a living fishing referred to their children in an Icelandic word that translated to "Cuddled Generation". Post-crash, Iceland was devastated. They threw their government out and elected a left/green coalition to see them out of the crisis. They applied to the IMF for relief loans. The one thing they did not do was bail out the banks.

Citizens and their government told the banks to fuck themselves and default. Sure, some Icelandic people had played the game but many had not, and the shoulders of responsibility were not going to be the publics. As a result, the social fabric was not undone. Benefits were still received. The economy progressed and Iceland was free from their debt by 2011. The prime minister in government throughout the fall and resurrection of the economy, stated that "Some older citizens never even knew that there was a crisis." This would never happen in America, because the image of the country, the soul and character of the nation, is one of total forfeiture of morality.

The spectre of the United States as a potential weapon for hire is one that haunted me for days after hearing a not-so-minor news morsel. Listening to the mad discussions of whether to bomb Syria or not, there was a distinct emphasis on *No Invasion/No Regime Change* and *how hard* to bomb them, if at all, while this went on in the mainstream media I wondered who these details were being debated aloud for. Was it just

for the sake of a weary public, a reluctant president or an empire coming to terms with its increasingly weak health? For the first time since perhaps Kosovo (where intervention still did follow afterward), a steady drum to war was replaced with a more public calculation of the benefits and drawbacks of intervention. Barack Obama repeatedly called upon the costly nature of intervention as a reason to think twice. The response from Arab League countries wary of Syria was to offer the United States the money to bomb Syria.

While acutely aware of our suicidal government's habits, increasing wealth disparity and general decline, foreign governments cannot ignore the one *deluxe* feature that the United States still undeniably dominates with among world powers; a lot of fucking firepower. The idea that the US would accept payment from sovereign nations to bomb another sovereign nation is notably distressing. A world power settling into the backseat of ruling while working as a hired gun to further fund our own dysfunctional, self-destructive behaviors is a very likely scenario. We could be a big, bloated, out-of-work bouncer, hooked on oxycodone and kicking the shit out of smaller countries in exchange for cash, enough to keep us flush with drugs and TV shows until we can face our problems or find more ways to stall.

Elder Records Department: Not really, but CROSS' debut LP (on Sophomore Lounge Records) from last year slipped by me and was brought to my attention by my pal Joe in Kentucky in the summer. CROSS is not my usual cup of tea. They have a psych/garage vibe that leans in a somewhat DOORS direction at times, but more in the way that the DOORS would beget JOY DIVISION, if that makes sense! The vocals have that lost, despondent, forlorn, vintage psych vibe that makes me wonder how anyone listened to music in that era while on LSD with the absence of *absolute terror*. There are some guitar blasts on here that jump out amid otherwise mid-paced parts and are fantastic and some jangly, beautiful melodies that intersperse with rigid riffs like on the last track, "Life Not Dreams," where the record really shines. This has the warmth and sound of psychedelic records of old while still sounding clear and new. I believe this band has a new record ready to release any day now.

Pennsylvania Noise Rock Department: TILE from Allentown, Pennsylvania have been catching my attention without ever seeing them live for the past few years. They could be described as a more sludge-oriented band which rarely pleases my delicate palate, but their songs never slow too much and can be just so horribly, wretchedly scathing that I can't ignore how fucking raw it is; like not being able to look away from someone freaking out on the side of the street. Their *Friend Stealer* 7" from last year has a heavy MELVINS vibe and the B-side is an upward swirl of pure fucking hate called "Hitchhiker." The overall sound of this band is squealing feedback, low-end distortion and screeching vocals of the bleeding throat variety. Over-driven guitars and drums that are played impatiently, making vocals and music alike glow in their disdain. Everything here is done impatiently. As I listen to it, I can hear everyone jumping ahead, unable to get the loathing out fast enough. Their LP, released in the summer on Limited Appeal Records, *You Had A Friend in Pennsylvania* is more than enough to give you a taste.

PSYCHIC TEENS from Philadelphia have released a follow-up record this year called *Come* that hits on a vocal style like I mentioned CROSS portrayed—while this sounds despondent and lost, it has more of an air of resignation than wonder, more of a post-punk regret. This record is odd in the way that the parts mainly portray a bleak, bludgeoning vibe with eerie guitar accents that then will give way to a lush humming blast of air with a somewhat shoegaze sound. All of these differences add up to an original, solid and interesting album. "Lust" is a simple, brooding song that reminds me of the feeling I get from listening to the first track on JESUS LIZARD's *Pure* EP, "Blockbuster," but with a lot more payoff. There are some moments of melody on here certainly, even harmonized vocals on the closing track, "Bug," but my favorites are the ones coated with sleaze and filth. The album is varied enough to always keep you guessing and it all sounds great. I wasn't really sold on this band until I heard this record, but they really nailed it out of the park on here.

Write me: John Fahy/15011 Lakeside View Dr/Apt 2402/Fort Myers, FL 33919/USA or: fahy_john@hotmail.com

(Continued From Last Month)

George: Why now? Why have you decided that 2013 is the year D.O.A. is ending?

Joey Shithead: It has really come down to a point where I feel I have to do something a little different. I am an individual who thrives on challenges, I have played in D.O.A. for 35 years, I run a record label, I've been an actor, a talk show host and a teacher at a music school amongst other occupations. So I figured now was the time to try my hand at politics. I believe I can make a real positive change for people here in Vancouver, Canada.

George: Is there any chance of a reunion in the future? Since most punk bands seem to do it…

Joey Shithead: Well, never say never, we'll see how busy I get. I am also working on a new book about politics and culture; a bunch of speaking and spoken word engagements will probably come out of that.

George: Uh huh. Unlike most bands, you never *stopped* playing, do you have any regrets about that and does that figure into why you are calling it quits now?

Joey Shithead: Yes D.O.A. only really stopped from 1991 to 1992, but no regrets about that. I would say 90 to 95% of the shows in the very least have been fun and exhilarating at the other end of the scale. If I had not of accidentally fallen into punk rock, then I would have been a civil rights lawyer, which is what I went to university for.

George: D.O.A. is to Canada is as what the Ramones are to America, as what the Sex Pistols and Clash were to England. Can you think of any other Canadian Punk bands that deserve to be in your class?

Joey Shithead: Well thanks for the kind comparison to three of my four favorite

bands of all time (the fourth would be Black Sabbath). There are some other great Canadian punk bands for sure, but the one that is most worth mentioning is Nomeansno, while not really a punk band per se, they were really influential around the world. So when I travel and people talk about bands from Canada, the three that come up the most are Rush, Nomeansno and dare I say D.O.A.!

George: Arrgh, that "Tom Sawyer" band? Uggh. Okay, I know I asked you before, but when was the last time you were in touch with your old manager, Ken Lester? Didn't he get into some kind of trouble for something? Also, when we toured with you, you guys had an old school bus and this cool guy, Gary, was the driver. He taught my best friend Marc and I the art of Power-Napping. We loved that guy. Any word where he ended up? Same with Dave Gregg…

Joey Shithead: Yes unfortunately our old manager Ken became involved heavily in the drug scene, as did a lot of my old friends on the west coast. A lot of them didn't make it, folks like Dimwit, Will Shatter and many more. So there came to a point in my life, about 1987, when I stopped hanging out with a lot of my old comrades. I kept playing music, my wife moved back to the same 'burb we both grew up in and we raised a great family. As for band mates, Wimpy and I stuck together and he toughed it out on the road with D.O.A. till 1996. We stopped played music with Dave Gregg about mid-1988, it was a tearful farewell at benefit for striking restaurant workers in Vancouver. Dave moved to NYC and has done well, he was a *huge* contributor to D.O.A. from 1980-88.

George: Dave was/is a great guy! Yay!! How is Wimpy after all these years?

Joey Shithead: Brian "Wimpy Roy" Goble is doing fine, he works for the City of Vancouver helping people that are down and out. He still plays music mostly with Jon Card, ex-drummer of D.O.A., SNFU and Personality Crisis. Brian is one of those "salt of the earth" guys—a man you can trust.

George: He always seemed that way to me. Years and years and years ago I traded my copy of *Something Better Change* with the simple cover of a photo of you guys for *War on 45*, which you are now re-releasing. Everyone tells me that the *Something Better Change* album was rare and worth zillions. Is that true? Also...it's the album I lost my virginity too. Then the chick left me and every time I heard one of those songs it'd break my heart. Just wanted to let you know you it has connected with some of us on very *deep* levels.

Joey Shithead: That's heartbreaking, I mean about the album not being in your possession, not the girl! (Laughs)... Just joking! Yeah, that's rare to find that album in good shape, most of my old records ended up getting glued to the floor with beer at some punk rock party!

George: (Laughing to the point of an asthma attack) How was it to work with Jello for all those years?

Joey Shithead: Oh he's a great guy once you know him. He can be entirely suspicious of people's motives, so sometimes he's a wee bit unapproachable at times (I don't blame him). We did some great work together on *Last Scream of the Missing Neighbors*; most recently we collaborated by both singing on D.O.A.'s *We Occupy* and Jello's *Shock-u-py* EP.

George: Alternative Tentacles sent that to me. It's fuckin' great! How did the Aggronautix deal with Clint come about to get your own Throttlehead? And how do you like working with Clint?

Joey Shithead: Yeah it's a Throbblehead (really a bobblehead, but that's copyrighted trademark)! Clint approached me about the Throbblehead a couple of years ago and I laughed.... It's a good likeness, so it worked out fine.

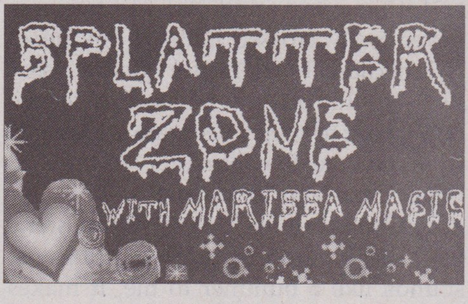
George: Do'h! Throbblehead! It's scary how much it looks like you! The late Johnny Ramone, another of my friends with severe OCD kept a log of every show he ever played in the Ramones. Any idea how many shows D.O.A. did?

Joey Shithead: Yes I had read that online recently that it was recorded exactly how many shows the Ramones had played, I was amazed by the exactness. With DOA I had to estimate, we have done over 3,000 shows. The two books I wrote about *DOA: I Shithead* and *Talk – Action = 0*, for those I used old tour schedules and contracts to get a handle on the number of shows and exactly where they were and what year.

George: Wow! More than the Ramones! Holy hockey!! Anyways, Mick Jagger is turning 70 in the next month or so and while I like his tunes, they are pure nostalgia. Meanwhile, D.O.A. continues to put out music that fuels the mind, body, and soul. How do you continue to put out music to inspire revolutions? How do you continue to be important in social change when the world has become so bland?

Joey Shithead: Very kind words indeed. I really just try to model part of what I do after Pete Seeger (for your readers, check out the Weavers and the revitalization of American folk music in the '60s). I started out playing folk and bluegrass when I started playing guitar when I was 18. So here it is, the *NME* magazine in the UK billed D.O.A. as "mega-decibel minstrels," that's one of my faves. I believe we need to keep adapting along the way, think for yourself and try to effect some positive change in this old world: Talk – Action = 0

George: And positive change you have made. More than most anyone I know, and you still do. Thank you.



At some point I started to think of going on tour as a long weird road trip with my friends. A trip where I get to play guitar most nights and then sometimes people give me money for it. I had spent some time stressing about shows being cool or fun or whatever in towns where I knew zero and zilch and maybe one guy but he's a fucking flake. Punk shows have little rhyme or reason to them. There is no dependable way to know that a show will be good or bad. It's how raging the party was the night before or how cool the party is the night after, or the qualms of the in crowd. Is it raining? Is it across the street or across town? Is it in a bar is it in a house? Does it cost money? Oh, that guy might be there. Or even if the Melvins are in town. Putting the fate of whether or not a show is fun or worthwhile or whatever in the hands of how many people show up that night or if the other bands are worthwhile is a losing game. One of the funnest shows was to an audience of the other bands playing that night. One of the boringest was packed to the gills and

it still felt dull. However it's cool cause I get to shred and maybe scream a little bit, make a stupid inside joke that falls flat.

We made a record that people seem to like. However, making it had little to do with the demands of our audience (do we have one?) or trying to "make it" or even some kind of moneymaker business deal. We made a record because we wanted to be on a record. We put it out ourselves because no one else offered. It never occurred to us to ask anyone to put it out. We just function on the DIY ideology, I guess. We wanted an artifact. Cool that people want to give us money for it, maybe we'll break even? If not we still have a record now! That's us! That we made! One time I was talking to this guy who ran a tape label and I said something about making solo tapes and my habit of giving them away for free. He countered with "That's not a good business model" and it blew my mind. Art and business never really crossed paths in my head. Is it because I was raised middle class? I've said this before—money grosses me out. I want to keep it separate as possible from my creative pursuits. Its nice to break even and have some money for the gas tank but the idea of making some kind of living off of playing guitar just sounds like a bummer to me. It makes playing guitar sound like a job. I like the structure of going to work and I have a tendency to apply a similar structure to how I go about playing guitar; but the idea of paying rent being dependent on how many people buy some tape I made? To me it makes making the tape not as fun. I want it to be fun. Maybe this is easy for me to say? I have a day job that pays well that doesn't care about me leaving for two months at a time, but I didn't always have that. Even when I was making not quite enough to cover rent and I scoured through my records and clothes at the end of every month, pulling shit out to sell, it still never occurred to me that I could ever make a living at playing guitar, or even that I'd want to. I don't want to.

We made a record, we booked a tour and I continued the grand tradition of crying on my birthday. We wanted a gang to cross the country with so we asked Death Drive to come along, bumping our numbers from three to eight. We liked their band and they seemed cool, in a way it was an extended excuse to hang out. This seems to be the way my peers and I relate to people. I met my best friend/band mate Vanessa when she suggested we start a band together and then became best friend/band mates with Jaime when Vanessa and I admired her drumming but really wanted an excuse to hang out with her, so we asked her to play drums with us. Before leaving we spent a day practice packing the minivan. Plotting the absurdity of packing equipment, records and eight humans in, all believing in it and at the same time looking at the next person hoping somebody would point out that this was a bad idea (someone pointed out that it was a bad idea).

Our journey lasted from mid-July to mid-August. I wore the same outfit save for a couple days of a different shirt that I bought at a thrift store in the suburbs of Chicago. The shirt change didn't feel right. So for pretty much a month I wore the same outfit. I like doing this because I think of it as an attempt to be a super hero, a cartoon character or an action figure. I try to think of the whole trip as an adventure, reframing the shittiest things as at least a good story. None of the shows were awful, and even if they neared that territory the situations tended to be so absurd that they were more like funny, than sad or frustrating.

People seemed to like us. I feel at home on the West Coast, indifferent towards the East Coast and in love with the Midwest. We edged along and out of the South, avoiding Texas and the like and opting instead to bump back into the Midwest on our way home. Only played with a few truly awful bands and managed to play with so many more good bands—Willis, Weakwick, Meat Mist, Moon, SSP, Gula Gila, Swarm… there's more that I am forgetting I am sure. Somewhere along the lines I was swept off my feet and became entangled in a romance (love is the best).

Definitely voted one of the best summers of my adult life (don't think I've really had one of those in probably… ever). The return back home was lame. You spend a month in kind of a carefree fantasy (you know, when you luck out and have a cool tour) and then crash land home and nothing is particularly bad, just the ultimate in whatevs. It's a structure of work and band practice and paying bills and feeding yourself and so on. One of the things I like about tour is the daily routine that is constant but always changing. Most likely you will be driving most of the day. Most likely you will play a show at night. Most likely you will sleep on a floor. So it's all these constants mapped over constantly changing scenery. You have a routine and I have an outfit I will always wear and songs I will play over and over again but there is the challenge of a new context constantly. Anyways. perpetualmagics@gmail.com

So I really had a clever hook planned for this column, comparing the material I have for review to the pleasures of the season (y'know, the scent of wood smoke in the air, the crunch of leaves underfoot, and so forth) under the rubric of simplicity. But then upon review it turns out that it is unrealistically reductive to talk about excellent song writers like RULETA RUSA or the newly metallic POIKKEUS so…never mind. I will forego the convenient metaphor and focus on this month's crop of records.

For as long as I've lived in San Francisco (which is a goddamn long time at this point!) Jose Peligro's bands have been practically a secret pleasure of the scene. Of course it was circumstance and bullshit that have kept the legends of PELIGRO SOCIAL and RULETA RUSA primarily local, so I am absolutely thrilled to see the long-awaited RULETA RUSA LP *Aqui No Es* appearing on two powerhouse labels (Sorry State in the US and Trabuc in Spain) that will hopefully help push the band into the prominence they deserve. I've been lucky enough to follow RULETA RUSA since their second or third show (in the much-missed dingy basement of the Li-Po Lounge) and it's been nothing but hits from day one, driven by one of the best frontmen in punk today and a steady diet of the cream of Latin American and Spanish

punk for influence. LOS VIOLADORES are as good a reference point as LA UVI or IV REICH or the good CLASH songs or THE ZEROS. At times hardcore, at times ridiculously catchy, at all times punk as fuck and utterly timeless. I fear that this record will fall through the cracks because it's not the flavor of the moment or whatever. (Side note: I don't even know what's cool any more. Until recently I think it was angsty white dudes hitting themselves with microphones, and I think before that it was bands from Olympia but I'm way out of the loop at this point.). Regardless, I think this is easily one of the best LPs of the year and (when they're on) one of the best live bands in the world period.

Now, SAD BOYS…there's a simplicity story, and despite the band's best efforts to not provide me with a copy I managed to pick one up anyway and as much as I want to be mad at them, I have to reluctantly admit that it's their best record yet. I can't get over how fucking dark these lyrics are and how beautifully they're matched in counterpoint by the band's ultra-simplistic pogo melodies. These three songs will have you slitting your wrists in the pit, driven by some of the best 1-2 drumming in the game (that fucking big snare roll on "Turds on a China Plate" in context is cooler than the double-kick break in "Angel of Death") and these incredibly simple three-note melodies that become irresistible earworms. The title track, "Cry Now, Cry Later," is the instant hit on first listen, but the aforementioned "Turds on a China Plate" may be the best song on the record in terms of staying power, not least because of that dramatic breakdown and fill. But hell, take your pick, they're all great songs. It's amazing that this band has gone from (in my mind at least) a cute retro act reviving an era of punk I have a great deal of nostalgia for to a band so dark that I need to put on a JOY DIVISION record after I listen to them just to lighten the mood, never mind a group of songwriters so tight and efficient that I saw fit to remark on a big snare roll as if it was a significant step in their evolution as a band and be totally sincere in doing so.

Whatever dark cloud may have lingered over my head post-SAD BOYS EP, the AVICHINES *Nada Que Hacer* demo blew it away in a jiffy. This recording is a glorious mess, almost mix tape-like in its genre hopping between anthemic Spanish-style punk, sloppy East Bay pop punk, frantic hardcore and even proto-metal at moments. None of this is the least bit contrived, or "tight" or "pro", this is just 100% from-the-heart punk fucking rock from a bunch of dudes who are worse musicians, but better songwriters and definitely more punk than most of the bands out there today. Recommended to fans of anything from ESKORBUTO to CRIMPSHRINE to the Messthetics movement. (reciclese@hotmail.com)

Colombian ear-stabbers EXTERMINACION, on the other hand, deliver their vision of punk not from the heart but from the barrel of a cannon on *Demo II*. This is feral hardcore that has as much in common with OLHO SECO as contemporaries like RATAS RABIOSAS. There's a TAMPERE SS cover on the demo, and that ramshackle Finnish sensibility is definitely in the mix, but at the end of the day this is both too melodic in the bass and too pissed in the vox to fit comfortably into the Scandi-HC camp. However it's a well-known fact that the Finnish/Swedish scene has had a long and fruitful mutual influence on South America, and these kids walk that line masterfully. Shit, this rendition of "Sotaa" might be better than the original! Pissed, tight and simple, this is everything any raw punk fan would ever want to hear from a demo tape. (pogothruthenight@yahoo.com)

One the much more blown-out and much-less Spanish-speaking side of the punk scene, AMNESEA's *1st EP* is a complete KO out of nowhere, an incredibly well-recorded blast of crasher crust that invests as much in pounding tom-driven crescendos as guitar-driven speed. Tiresome as it is to have to treat the fact as a novelty, it bears noting that AMNESEA join the FRIDAY and DEFUSE as another amazing Japanese noisy crust band composed entirely of women. When the tempos tick back a notch and the drumming goes martial and the vocal really leans in to that reverbed wail, this is some of the best crasher to emerge in the '00s. Major kudos to Tadpole Records for being the first label smart enough to jump on this release!

Gotta wrap it up here for now, as getting this column written has been a technical nightmare (I think it killed my laptop!). Hopefully next month's production process won't be quite such a nightmare.

Forgive me if I repeat myself.

I've had the above column header for a while now, a kind of homage to the anti-globalization movement. A response to the Thatcher/Reagan neoliberal agenda that included an aggressive economic and political globalism, the anti-globalization movement rapidly expanded through a series of international protests targeting the World Bank, the International Monetary Fund and various annual global summits. These protests climaxed with the massive Battle of Seattle on November 30, 1999 that temporarily shut down that city and the World Trade Organization. A half dozen ever more violent mass confrontations followed, in Gothenburg, Sweden and Genoa, Italy in 2001 alone. But the worldwide clampdown that followed the terrorist attacks on September 11, 2001, under the United States and its allies, forced the movement to evolve between 2001 and 2003, from roving international protests into international social forums. The affinity groups and non-governmental organizations of the "First World" based anti-globalization movement can be counterposed to much more significant "Third World" insurgencies. In Chiapas, Mexico, the Zapatista Army of National Liberation (EZLN) instigated a guerrilla-lead communal uprising in January, 1994, that continues to this day. And the Argentinian economic debt crisis of December, 2001, resulted in political turmoil, financial collapse, street riots, and workers' self-managed cooperatives taking over much of Argentina's economy.

I am definitely inspired by the anti-

globalization movement and, even more so, by the parallel Third World insurrections of the day. My first book, *End Time*, which was published in January of 1994, anticipated both. Now, let's take stock of the last five years as far as international protest and insurgency goes. The landmark here is the 2008 worldwide economic meltdown initiated by the financial crack-up of Wall Street.

There was an uptick in labor unrest in this country, starting with the Republic Windows occupation in Chicago, Illinois, in late 2008 following the economic collapse and subsequent calls for economic austerity. When Wisconsin governor Scott Walker successfully divested public employee unions of their right to collectively bargain in early 2011, Madison became the center for demonstrations by unions and their supporters. These protests eventually culminated in the unsuccessful attempt to recall Walker and Wisconsin's Republican Legislature. First World American labor unrest has grown diverse since then, from dock workers' agitation on the west coast through attempts to unionize and pay fast food workers a minimum wage to a BART workers strike against management.

The worldwide 2008 economic meltdown buffeted the European Union with a severe recession and calls for austerity that hit the weakest economies of the Union hardest. Greece, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and Ireland became subject to more extreme neoliberal measures. Cutbacks in government spending and services, financial reorganization on the backs of working people and the poor, economic privatization, and the scaling back of an already anemic welfare sector followed. Comprised of generally prosperous First World western nations, the EU was politically committed to liberal democracy, economically hellbent on financializing to supersede their industrial sectors, and socially aging to where only 20% to 30% of the population is aged 24 or under. Yet when austerity was imposed on the feeblest members of the EU, political protest and social violence quickly broke out and rapidly spread. Initiated by the youth of Greece (2010-12), Italy (2011-12), Spain (2011-12), and Portugal (2011-12), these social insurgencies were true mass movements. They were largely leaderless due to their size, with mixed economic/political/social demands, a social composition crossing social classes, and activity not solely economically based. These mass movements allied with the working class of their respective countries, with trade unions calling limited, one-day general strikes in solidarity with popular anti-austerity actions.

The main aspects of this First World social opposition are magnified when we consider countries in the Third World, Brazil and Turkey being the most prominent. These nations are often only tentatively devoted to democracy, still heavily steeped in industrial economies, and defined by profoundly youthful societies with populations of 40% to 45% aged 24 or under. The world economic crisis hit most Third World nations hard, but Brazil and Turkey actually were less affected by the post-2008 financial collapse and effectively resisted the austerity efforts of the World Bank and IMF. Leaderless due to their magnitude, the youth-based, cross-class mass movements that exploded in these countries were intensified by conditions specific to the Third World. The mass movements were much larger, the political protests were more radical, and the social violence was more extreme. Finally, the allied working-class solidarity, the trade union general strikes were more potent. The Brazilians demanded an end to public transport fare increases, government corruption, the economic dislocations produced by the upcoming Olympics, and state repression of demonstrators. The Turks quickly moved from a sit-in against urban development plans for Istanbul's Taksim Gezi Park to demands for freedom of press, expression, and assembly, further democratization of the Turkish state, and increased secularization of Turkish society. It was the EU protests, times ten.

The fraudulent 2009 presidential election of Ahmadinejad in Iran provoked a widespread uprising in the streets called the Green Movement, so massive that it threatened to topple the government. State repression quickly followed, forcing the movement underground. After protests over the self-immolation of a Tunisian street vendor at the end of 2010, a youthful insurgency rapidly spread to twenty-odd other countries across the Middle East, where 54% of population is under the age of 25. Accompanied by popular support and working class solidarity strikes, these actions—collectively called the Arab Spring—were leaderless because of the scope and breadth of the movement as a whole. The Arab Spring swept a region of the Third World where the countries were politically inimical to democracy, often economically dependent upon simple resource extraction, and geographically carved up by historical imperialism. Four governments were overthrown, as exemplified by the 2011 Egyptian Revolution focused on Cairo's Tahrir Square. The processes of the Arab Spring that some hoped would be ongoing in countries of the region, instead are experiencing dissolution altogether in multiple national civil wars, or in region-wide disintegration involving intercommunal and sectarian violence and warfare. The reverberations are intense and immense, ranging from Sunni/Shi'ite conflagration across the Middle East to the potential wholesale destruction of Egypt, one of the oldest national societies in the area.

In contrast to these world-spanning protests and violence, China experienced a less substantial economic slowdown after 2008 which produced an increase in industrial strike activity. While not as dramatic as those actions detailed above, this strike wave nevertheless amounted to significant opposition to Communist Party rule. Depending on the study cited, 345 industrial incidents occurred from 1990 to 2008 (18 years), 355 incidents from 1997 to 2007 (10 years), and 553 incidents from 200 to 2010 (10 years). By comparison, from 2008 to 2012, just 3.3 years, 435 industrial incidents occurred. Protests based on environmental issues alone increased by an average of 29% every year since 1996, while in 2011 the number of major environmental actions rose 120%. The number of protests, termed "mass incidents" in general, doubled between 2006 and 2010, rising to 180,000; uprisings that were responses to myriad issues, primarily official corruption, government land grabs, Tibetan autonomy, and environmental problems. And these are merely the tip of the iceberg, as it is notoriously difficult to ferret out information, facts and statistics from China's state-controlled society. A putative socialist "Second World" country during the Cold War, China is a top tier Third World nation, comparable

to Turkey or Brazil described above.

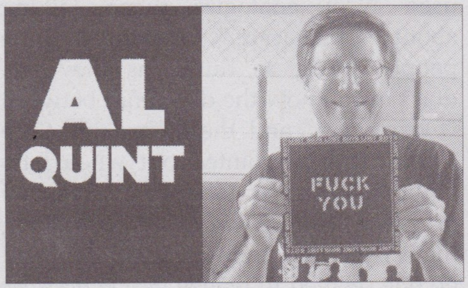
Then, there was Occupy Wall Street.

I tried to remain critical yet positive, analytical yet constructive, in particular with respect to Occupy Oakland. I attempted to use this column to detail the ups and downs of the OO encampment, the victories and defeats of OO's black bloc anarchos, and the "close but no cigar" General Strike that wasn't. Returning to the source—OWS—the contrasts with much of the post-2008 protest history described above cannot be more obvious, nor more troubling. OWS was self-conscious in so many ways, starting with being self-consciously NOT a cross-class mass movement. Rather, it was a movement of activists, and mostly of young activists at that. It self-consciously avoided "hitching its wagon to" (read "making alliances with") any social sector or interest group, like organized labor or the Democratic Party or anti-capitalist movements or people of color, just as it self-consciously remained leaderless or self-consciously refused to formulate specific demands. Through this, OWS wanted to prevent being coopted and, as a movement, prevent being recuperated by state and capital. Only thing is, OWS was so busy paying inordinate attention to itself as a movement, it failed to take seriously the issue of power.

OWS garnered an extraordinary amount of national and international media attention, often excruciatingly self-aware, yet it accomplished almost nothing in the close to the year of its existence. It was a resounding failure, a flash in the pan, a nine days' wonder. Much like those anarchists who proclaimed that the black bloc was not a group but a tactic, and became so preoccupied with their tactic that they failed to devise any more formidable strategy, those in OWS who proclaimed that their movement was leaderless, without demands, and not in need of a mass base, and became self-absorbed by their movement, had already relegated themselves to a minuscule historical footnote. Those leaderless, youth-inspired, cross-class mass movements of protest and violence in the EU, Brazil and Turkey, and the countries of the Arab Spring that have issued demands and contested power accomplished many significant things, despite being short-lived. By contrast, OWS in First World America was a sad little joke. The United States shared the political/economic/social configuration of much of the EU, yet with a much more youthful demographic due to ongoing immigration. OWS only gained the potential to become a mass movement when it relinquished its affected, self-conscious character, when it started to work with labor, both organized and unorganized, community occupations, squatting and anti-foreclosure efforts, anti-corporate/bank campaigns, efforts to help threatened schools and libraries, debt forgiveness, campaigns to monitor police abuse, even work in communities of color. By then, Occupy Wall Street was dead.

When Naomi Klein compared the Anti-Globalization Movement with Occupy Wall Street (*NYT*, 10-10-11), she realized that the former's protest tourism targeting world summits was unsustainable in the wake of 9/11. Yet her praise for the latter was patently idiotic. Klein's delight "that this movement doesn't have a list of soundbite-ready demands and media-ready spokespeople" was extremely simple minded. And OWS's choice of a "fixed target," with "no end date on their presence" was a dead end. Occupy Wall Street has been relegated to the dustbin of history. I have no plans to change my column header to an Occupy theme anytime soon.

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... To find out my real name purchase my book, *End Time*, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. The book is called *Fim* in Portuguese and can be ordered from Conrad Editora (R. Maracaí, 185, Aclimação, 01534-030, São Paulo-SP, Brasil) for R$ 24,90. I can be contacted at hooligentsia@mac.com.



I'm as Mad as Hell...

Have you ever seen the movie *Network*? If not, it's highly recommended. It came out in 1976 and is a satire about the television news industry. It was written by Paddy Chayefsky and has top-notch performances by Peter Finch, Faye Dunaway, William Holden, Robert Duvall, Ned Beatty, Beatrice Straight and others. It won four Oscars, including best screenplay and acting awards for Finch, Dunaway and Straight. It's in my all-time top ten films, one that I have in regular rotation and watch every year or two.

The thing about *Network* is it was a prescient film. It basically predicted the future of television—reality TV and the cross-pollination of news and entertainment, for starters. The fictional network UBS (Union Broadcasting System) has a failing newscast, hosted by Howard Beale (Finch), who, when he learns he's going to be sacked, announces he's going to kill himself on the air. He then apologizes but talks about how his life is "bullshit." His candor causes ratings to skyrocket; he's kept on and is soon touted as "The Mad Prophet of the Airwaves." In one of the film's most famous scenes, he tells his audience that they need to get *mad* and should go to their windows and yell *"I'm mad as hell and I'm not going to take it anymore!"* Diana Christiansen (Dunaway) is the head of the network's programming department and has the idea to essentially develop the news show into an entertainment program. She's already come up with the idea to do a docudrama series featuring a terrorist group. I won't give away the rest of the plot but the movie is brilliant. And, as I said earlier, a harbinger of things to come.

In all honesty, I wanted a catchphrase in the title of this month's column to detail some of the utter lunacy I've heard coming out of people's mouths and word processors over the past few months. I was going to write about this a few columns back, after the gross miscarriage of justice found in George Zimmerman getting away with murdering Trayvon Martin. I was walking by the TV at the YMCA. Of course, they had Fox News on (they often have it on three of the TVs throughout the facility but rarely have it on CNN or MSNBC). The closed-captioning was on and I couldn't help notice what was coming out an African-American conservative's mouth. That was Jason Riley from the *Wall Street Journal* (which has one of the absolute worst assortment of columnists for any paper) and here's what he said about Obama's comments after the acquittal: "I saw Barack Obama as a community activist here... Real activists typically do

not unite people. They divide people. Here we have the President dragging race into a case and giving a sort of comfort or justification to the black civil-rights leaders and—who have been trying to racialize this case from day one."

I love how the Right has turned "community activist" into a pejorative term, or activism, period. I wonder how many of Riley's relatives were activists in the Civil Rights movement. Ever since Obama's first election, any sort of organizing to get people the most basic services for housing, food or health care is looked upon with scorn as some sort of dangerous, radical agenda. Human scum like James O'Keefe and his late, not-so-great guru Andrew Breitbart, cooked up the destruction of ACORN, a community-organizing group who helped with, among other things, voter registration in minority areas. Oh the horror! By the way, when Breitbart dropped dead of a heart attack, I started my show the following day with PANTHRO UK UNITED's song "Dead Asshole." I seem to recall at least one person telling me how "classy" that was. Maybe not, but it was still fitting, considering that guy was a snake and bully. It's not just words—when put into action, people get hurt.

Everyone seems to be mad as hell lately and willing to engage in the lowest form of invective. It happens on all sides of an issue but I refuse to play the equivocation game, where some portray people on each side as equally loony. Anyway, as I write this, we're in the throes of the so-called government shutdown and you hear the morons on Fox saying it's not affecting anyone. And even if some federal workers are facing difficulties, well, they deserve it. That was the conclusion of the loathsome Stuart Varney who said it was an opportunity to punish federal workers and he was fine with that. That comes from a man whose net worth is estimated at $10 million. So I guess he wants to punish my friend who works at the airport for the TSA and has to show up even though he's not being paid. Or my other friend, who I just mentioned in my last column—the guy who works at the military base and was getting furloughed one day a week, without pay. Well, now he's indefinitely furloughed from his job. He's not technically a federal employee, but he's obviously affected. I was joking with someone that every time I see those types of pundits on the tube, I want to throw the remote but remember it took a long time for us to finally be able to afford getting a nicer TV. So I just curse them instead.

Of course, the best place to get news is on *The Daily Show*. I partially jest and know that Jon Stewart sometimes plays the equivocation game himself but he's right on the money more often than not. Fish in a barrel, I know, but he's great at skewering those who deserve to be skewered. Such as when a right-wing Congressman from Indiana, Todd Rokita, called "Obamacare" (interesting how a pejorative term dreamed up by the right-wing echo chamber has become accepted terminology) "one of the most insidious laws ever created by man." Stewart had a field day. Was it worse than slavery? Or Jim Crow laws in the South, before the Civil Rights Act became law? (some of that was just struck down by the Supreme Court, voting rights, that is). Then there's Jeff Kuhner, who is a columnist for the formerly Moonie-owned *Washington Times* and one of the airwaves polluters here in Boston on WRKO (which should stand for White Republican Klan Organizers). According to the leftist media watchdog site Media Matters, he said Christians "need to engage in peaceful civil disobedience against President Obama's signature health care law. The reason is simple and macabre: Obamacare enables U.S. taxpayer funds to pay for abortions for members of Congress and their staff. That's right. Pro-life Christians will be forced to subsidize the slaughter of unborn children." He went on to compare reproductive rights as "genocide." And other pundits have used Nazi analogies when talking about "Obamacare." Of course, some people, being as dumb as they are, don't even know the difference between "Obamacare" and the Affordable Care Act. That was pointed out when late-night host Jimmy Kimmel interviewed people on Hollywood Boulevard asking them what they thought was better and no one seemed to realize *they're the same fucking thing!*

I could go on and on with this but I do want to review a few records before running out of space and get away from being mad as hell for a bit. Not that this is exactly soothing music but, in a way, it brings some sort of comfort.

Records, Which Sound Mad as Hell...

I got a nice package of records from the Belgian label Way Back When Records, all of which are collaborations with different labels (Kangaroo, Even Worse, Spastic Fantastic). You want mad? Check out MAJOR DAMAGE's second 7", *Sheer Mayhem*. Raw and rough hardcore punk, courtesy of Brandon Ferrell (DIRECT CONTROL, GOVERNMENT WARNING, etc). As I've mentioned before, MAJOR DAMAGE is one of Brandon's solo projects and it comes on like a crossbreeding of early Boston and NYC hardcore. "Can't Fight Back" even starts with the kind of rant found on VILE's "5 to 10". Tons of distortion hanging in the air, hammering drums (let's not forget that Mr. Farrell is one of the best stickmen in the business), all while he conjures up his inner Choke. One mean-sounding disc, just the way I like it.

Then there's a split with two veteran bands—CITIZENS PATROL from Holland and REPROACH from Belgium. Both remain damned good at dishing out pissed-off old school hardcore. An international thrash annihilation, as REPROACH exclaim on "Kanpai!," which is actually about their affection for Japanese hardcore bands. CITIZENS PATROL is a bit more in a traditional thrash vein, while REPROACH add some hammering and double-speed touches. "'92" is an ode to adolescence—it's funny hearing someone musing about being thirteen years old that year (while I was in my... uh, never mind) and obsessed with skateboarding. The best I could do when I was thirteen was ride one of those chopper-type bicycles, including going over the handlebars one time. That fucked me up more than any time I went in the pit. Well, enough about that. Both of these bands connect with a lean, aggressive sound.

Finally, there's the ripper of a 7" by DESTRUCTIVE NEW AGE (aka DNA), who are from Maine. Yes, there's good hardcore punk in Maine, apparently. The vinyl pressing of their 2011 shows a fast and thrashing band with a tougher, harder edge, without falling into the beatdown-core camp. This has an old school, chug-free sound (waybackwhenrecords.com)

Futile Efforts is the first RAW NERVES release with new vocalist Mike Dubose, who replaced Matt Svendsen. There's a bit of a back-story there, but I won't go

into it and focus on reviewing this album instead. Mike's vocal style is harsher, more guttural and meshes well with the band's heavy crust-inspired attack. Tempos are slackened more than in the past, although the pace is picked up on tracks like "Reproduced," "Always Forget" and "Limitless," which all go right for the throat with a speed-driven tumult. Lyrics rail against societal injustices but feelings of futility are exhorted in "Not Getting Better." Meanwhile, the title track turns inward for its critique. Brad Boatright from FROM ASHES RISE mastered the album and RAW NERVES' sound certainly has a kinship with that band, as well as fellow Portlandians, TRAGEDY, (probably moreso). A sense of sameness settles in for the plodding final trio of tracks and that drags the album to its conclusion. I miss the raw/fast elements that they've cut back on, although this album has its moments. And they have a *Network* sample! (Man in Decline, manindeclinerecords.com)

Is there such a thing as melodic D-beat? I'm not sure if that's the right description, but it fits CRIATURAS. Their second album, *Espiritu de Libertad,* has the rampaging riffs without Victor's guitar style merely rely on buzzsaw chording. Dru's vocals are distinctive as usual, varying between visceral ranting and singing—not sweetly, but, still melodious. Lyrics are in Spanish, with no English translations, but even though my Spanish is *very* limited, I can hear the passion and urgency in Dru's delivery. Plus, it's not hard to pick up the anti-authoritarian themes expressed in the songs, as well as the dramatic cover artwork. That's while being bowled-over by CRIATURAS' driving sounds. The band can flat-out play and it adds dimension and depth to the attack. Definitely one of my favorite bands these days. (Residue, www.residue-records.com)

Seattle band NEGATIVE PRESS's *Long Haul* album is something of a throwback to the aggro-driven sounds associated with labels like Amphetamine Reptile in the early '90s or maybe some of the non-suck Sub Pop bands (and, in retrospect, there were plenty of suck associated with that label, but I digress...). That's not the whole story, either. NEGATIVE PRESS rock hard but without the cheesiness often associated with that phrase and they also get noisier and jazzier. Sax is introduced into some songs and everything wraps up with the unholy, lumbering pig-fuck (anyone remember that term?) of "Naked Idiot." There are a few similarities to PISSED JEANS, JESUS LIZARD (the David Wm. Sims bass-lurch of "The Smoker") and even BL'AST ("Stillborn"). An inviting racket, indeed, but also possessing nuance and subtlety. (Inimical, PO Box 2803, Seattle, WA 98111)

And last but far from least, *YPLL,* the second album from RETOX is a head-spinning, relentless effort. Any band involving Justin Pearson (ex-LOCUST, SOME GIRLS etc etc) is going to grab you by the throat with a dizzying, chaotic nature and this is no exception. Loud and heart-racing, but with subtleties that sometimes allow breathing room, whether the darkly hued post-punk flavor of "Congratulations, You're Good Enough" or strong tribal drumming and alternately spare and slashing guitar lines on "I've Had it Up to Here, I'm Going to Prison." The more I listen, the more I hear the echo of VOIVOD hovering in the gloaming, with an abundance of nightmarish guitar sizzle-whizzle and you also hear the occasional JESUS LIZARD-ish trill, ("Don't Fall in Love With Yourself," for instance). This is a cut above garden-variety frantic hardcore, as other elements come into play. (Three. One.G., threeoneg.com)

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we see through you

with imogen binnie

Fuck dude this column is *hella* late cause I've been picking up shifts at the bookstore every night since a couple days before it was due. Also, I kinda don't live anywhere right now which means I haven't been doing a lot of the usual waking up early, making coffee, putting together a cup of yogurt, fresh local fruit, fresh local grains including quinoa, doing an hour of Bikram yoga and then sitting down at the ol' typewriter for eight hours instead of going to work, sitting on a throne of swords, the way I usually compose my columns. Instead, I'm writing this from my lunch break at the bookstore between softball-sized mouthfuls of poisonous and irresponsibly factory-farmed chokeburger death meat. My jaw unhinges. Big news, *Maximum*: I'm not a vegetarian any more.

Anyway, what I want to tell you about is that I started a band with Crissy from Alabaster Choad called Tall Girl and we fucking rule. What happened is, a few years ago, the first time I lived in the Bay, the Frameline Film Festival, this queer thing that happens in the Bay every year, had a Trans Day and then there was an alcohol company-sponsored after party. A friend convinced me to go by pointing out that not only would there probably be free booze there, but also hell of hors d'ouevres. I was like, okay sold. I put on a purple dress (that I have since lost) and took the train into the city. My friend, it was probably Elenore, but I forget, was totally right! There were *hella* hors d'oeuvres, and I got kind of drunk almost immediately. I don't even remember who was sponsoring it but there was a list of gross novelty cocktails that you could get like, half a glass of for free. I don't know if you do math, but hella halfs add up to hella wholes, if you do it right. Which is not to say that drinking is cool or anything. Actually it is uncool, but that didn't stop me.

At the time I think I was trying to kick Alicia out of my band, Angela Chase, for refusing to learn alternate picking and Shawna from the Lipstick Conspiracy was my #1 choice for a replacement bass player cause she seemed cool and also she probably knew like, scales and stuff. I wasn't even expecting to see her at the Frameline party but she was totally there. I remember that her hair was cool but I was a little too fuzzy to explicate the finer points of why she should join Angela Chase. It was for the best though because there are more important things a bass player can do in a band than play fast. For example, Alicia smoked hella weed, and I don't. I guess I don't know how much weed Shawna smokes but it just seems like the band's weed intake might have dropped significantly without Alicia in the band. Also Alicia could talk our band onto like pretty much any show, cause she is funny and charming as hell. Further she's really good at remembering the importance of eating hella Ruffles all the time. Y'know. The chips. "Let's eat hella

Ruffles," that was, like, the "Abandon Hope All Ye Who Enter Here" scrawled across the door into Angela Chase.

So I saw Shawna but I only talked to her for a second. My memory is telling me that Tom Petty played, which seems wrong, so maybe somebody similar to Tom Petty played. Someone like Tom Petty, maybe Television? It seems unlikely that Television played though, I dunno. Maybe the Lipstick Conspiracy even played. It doesn't matter, listen, the point is just that I was pretty fuzzy and at some point I stumbled up the stairs where I saw this pretty punker sprawled out on some cushions on the like catwalk balcony upstairs thing, which made me realize that right, this had not really been a punk party at all. Not that I'd been expecting it to be a punk thing; I knew it was gonna be the opposite of a punk thing. It's just, you know the thing where you're at a not punk thing and then you see a punker there and it rules? I've talked before about how I don't usually get that because I don't trust queers or dudes or feminists or anybody else because I'm trans. That means that experience has taught me not to trust anybody, that I'm just better off assuming that everybody fucking sucks and doesn't know how to treat trans women like human beings. For once in my goddam life the punker in the non-punk environment I was bumping into turned out to be a trans woman too!

We talked. I feel like she was also like "Thank god," when she saw me, even though I was dressed kinda dorky. She knew Amber/Lost/Sybil, which is like the punk trans woman version of knowing Bill W., practically, fuckin' everybody knows Lost. Asking "Do you know Lost?" is like asking "Hey man, are you cool?" Turned out Crissy was cool. She told me about The Choad and about her house and probably a bunch of other stuff, like I said I was kind of fuzzy and I probably acted like a drunk idiot. After that conversation I was like, I'm gonna be in a band with that girl. Now a couple years later I am!

In my experience, the best reason to start a band is that you want to hang out with somebody (or a couple somebodies) all the time. Whether you all like the same bands, or if everybody knows what an A chord is or can count to four matters way less than whether or not you all fucking hate each other. Plus you know the punk rock doctrine thing about not wanting to sell out or be a rock star or whatever? That's a thing not to do, for sure, but it doesn't really give you a signpost for what *to* do. Starting a band with people you're stoked to hang out with *does* though. You just hang out! Sometimes you make up a song where you make fun of your friends or are nice to them or you make up a song about something you like or hate and then you and your friends get to play it but mostly, if you are doing it right, being in a band is about sitting in a car together on tour and worrying that the car is going to break. Or else it's about sitting in a room having headaches together, talking about bands that you hate, or it's about being mad at each other for being late all the time, but being mad at somebody is way better when you like them a lot. Any idiot, even you (maybe especially you!) can write some songs but you can't carry a bunch of heavy drums around with every idiot a couple times a night for two weeks; most idiots would get on your nerves and you'd be like "Ugh carry your own drums, stupid."

Crissy is awesome and I want to watch documentaries with her. Also I got lucky cause she's good at the drums. She can like, count to seven over and over and sometimes she can count to three over and over without going up to four. Look, those are not really skills I have but I *can* listen for when she plays a fill and then switch parts. (There's a little rock tip for you. Is this *Maximum Rocknroll* or *Guitar World*?)

Can I also tell you that being in a band with another trans woman is the best? I mean, I don't think I've been in a band with a dude since 2006 or something, but a band that's just trans women is like, a whole other thing. We both get to really want to be the singer and really do not want to be the singer at the same time, and not have to explain why because y'know, duh. And we both get to worry that we look like Ian MacKaye or Brendan Canty instead of Courtney Love or Patty Schemel in a way that's I'm pretty sure is different than cis women do. Y'know? Plus we get to just sing about trans stuff if we want to, and we get to just hear our own fucking voices, which sucks and is *terrifying* and also totally amazing.

There's this band Little Waist. They're on the Stick Shift Records comp my friend Kelly put out a couple months ago and their singer is a trans woman named Audrey. Last time I was in Burlington, Kelly and I listened to the first Stick Shift Records comp all week and at one point Kelly was like, "I've always been stoked on singing along with women singers but after singing along with Little Waist all day I'm like, I can hit all these notes! It's like, easy and fun to sing along with this band in a way that it's not really easy or fun to sing along with like, pretty much any other bands." Which is totally wild to think about, actually. How many bands do you know where trans women are the lead singers? How much do you take for granted that you can just sing along with a dude singer, if you're a cis dude, or a lady singer if you're a cis lady? It just never even really occurred to me. Singing along with the Bouncing Souls always feels good in some ways and bad in other ways, while singing along with Vixen feels good in some ways and bad in others, but I never even fucking once thought about singing along with somebody and not having it feel bad in *any* ways.

Plus as Crissy put it, "It's about fucking time people knew what trans women's voices sounded like."

So we started a band and named it after the thing where people know it's kinda rude to be like, "Oh, you met that girl, y'know, the trans one." So instead they always say "You met that girl, y'know. She was like... tall?" So far we have songs about trans stuff like Chelsea Manning, being made of rats and a couple others where the words aren't all the way nailed down yet but our first show is supposed to be in a couple days, actually, which means a couple months ago from when this'll get published. Peeple Watchin' is on tour and they were trying to set up a show in Oakland for the same night that our show was, but we couldn't get them a spot at that show. I think they got another show the same night, which was a bummer. Then our show got cancelled and now we're trying to see if they can get us on their show. Then Crissy had to bail on practice yesterday when we were gonna record a tape! She got food poisoning and messed up a thumb, which is kind of funny. I don't know how long you've been reading this column but I think the very first *We See Through You* was about how Lee broke her arm at the beginning of my old band Correspondences so instead of having practice we watched a bunch of breakdancing movies as a band. Y'know, hanging out together? All I'm saying is look, I'm really smart about

being in bands and you should take my advice and start a band with your friend or friends, get hurt and watch bad movies together. Anyway, hopefully by the time you're reading this we'll have a couple tapes up at tallgirl.bandcamp.com for you to download but there better be at least one.

If you want to recommend bad movies to me, or if you want me to recommend bad movies to you, email imogen@keepyourbridgesburning.com. If you're a trans woman in a band, get in touch, let's make a comp or go on tour or something. Also get in touch with Stick Shift at stickshiftrecord.bandcam.com or stickshiftrecords.tumblr.com. Kelly and Alyssa at Stick Shift are putting out awesome comps and looking for bands to include. You don't even have to be trans, they're just looking for queer/feminist punk/hardcore stuff, but they're stoked on involving trans women. Mostly look if you're a trans woman I want to hear what your voice sounds like and so do a lot of other people. This punk shit applies to you too. If you haven't done it yet, start a fucking band.

RALL DEAL

WHY ISN'T ORGAN DONATION MANDATORY?
America's Weird, Enduring Respect for Dead Corpses

This week America's news media obsessed over the shooting deaths of twelve people in Washington. The usual arguments over gun control seem irrelevant since there isn't much that could have done to prevent those particular killings. It was a navy base. Even in England, members of the military have access to automatic weapons. And even if we were inclined to start locking people up for hearing voices or feeling strange vibrations, we can't build enough mental asylums to hold all of them.

On the other hand, it is estimated that eighteen people die every day due to a national shortage of organ donations. This crisis can be solved. And don't worry; this is not one of those pieces calling for you to consider signing the donor section on the back of your driver's license.

My solution is more radical. When you die, the government should take your organs.

The transplant shortage is acute. Some patients are so desperate that they travel on ethically dubious "medical tourism" junkets to China, which implants organs from executed prisoners. Others accept D-rate organs. Patients at the University of Maryland recently accepted kidneys that had recently been operated upon for benign or malignant tumors. Better to have bad kidneys than none at all.

The waiting list system for organs is widely viewed as arbitrary and unfair. In June 2013 a federal judge made news by issuing an order suspending rules that effectively blocked children under the age of 12 from receiving organs from adult donors. Several children who might have died without the procedure benefited. Unfortunately, the court's ruling probably killed a similar number of adult patients. Like cash, life is a zero-sum game.

It is widely believed that celebrities and wealthy people, most notably Billy Martin in 1995 and Steve Jobs in 2009, are able to cut the line and move themselves up the waiting list. Technically, this isn't true, but practically it is.

A major factor determining whether or not you will receive a new organ is whether you can afford the $500,000 or more cost of the procedure and its maintenance, or whether your insurance coverage is sufficient to cover the costs. Rich people can pay for such things, poor people cannot. "There's a huge triage involved in getting in," Arthur Caplan, chair of the department of medical ethics at the University of Pennsylvania, told CNN. "If you're a homeless alcoholic sleeping on the streets of L.A., and you're going toe-to-toe with Steve Jobs, you're going to lose."

Where resources are scarce, politics get ugly. In 2012 the University of California at San Francisco's kidney exchange was accused of denying a kidney to a man because of his status as an undocumented immigrant. A petition campaign changed UC officials' minds.

This being America and anything more progressive than the collected works of Ronald Reagan being off the table, the mainstream media often turns to free-market solutions. Specifically, paying prospective donors, either while they are alive or after they die, for their kidneys, livers and other body parts that could be used to enhance or save someone's life. In 2010 *The Wall Street Journal* published an essay urging that we adopt Iran's approach, which guarantees a year of health care and a cash payment to donors. A June 2013 *Slate* piece by Sally Satel, "How to Fix the Organ Transplant Shortage," called for "providing in-kind rewards—such as a down payment on a house, a contribution to a retirement fund, or lifetime health insurance" to donors. These mercantilist suggestions have gotten traction. A 2012 poll found that 55% of Americans now believe that selling your organs ought to be legal.

And maybe they're right. But it's easy to imagine how the commodification of body parts could corrupt an already flawed system. Do we want to live in a nation where the unemployed resort to auctioning off pieces of their bodies to stave off foreclosure?

There's not much we can do to reduce demand for organs. So let's focus on the supply side of the equation.

Efforts to guilt Americans into donating voluntarily are failing those eighteen Americans a day. But not every healthy person who refuses to sign a donor card is heartless. I know because I'm one of them. I refuse to endorse a system that rewards the rich at the expense of the poor. If the system were more transparent, and treated everyone equally, there would be more donors. However, the system being what it is, that's not going to happen.

Which brings us to the government's role. I don't understand why organ donation isn't mandatory. Why isn't every corpse harvested for all of its usable organs?

It isn't a property-rights issue. You don't own your corpse. Neither does your family. If it did, they could leave your body to rot in the backyard. Laws dictate how to properly dispose of a dead person.

There have been baby steps toward mandatory donation. In 2010 a New York assemblyman introduced a "presumed consent" bill that would have automatically enrolled all New Yorkers as organ donors unless they opted out (analogous to the federal "do not call" list for people who don't want

to get telephone solicitations). Two dozen other nations have similar laws, but the bill failed.

If the government can save eighteen people a day by harvesting every available organ, why doesn't it pass a law to give it that power?

The blogger Stewart Lindsey expresses the most passionate, coherent and logical argument I can find against mandatory organ donation:

"If I *opt* to donate my liver, kidneys, heart or any other worthwhile organ at the time of my death, I will make that decision known. Don't we have enough intrusion from the government into our personal lives already? If they can dictate whether or not you should be an organ donor, how much longer before they will be making the choices of where you can live, where you can work, go to church or school, who you can marry, what stores you can shop in and ultimately, how long should you be allowed to live, before your organs are no longer a viable option for harvesting!"

As a student of history, I am sympathetic to slippery slope arguments. And as I wrote above, I despise the way that the current health care system prioritizes wealthy Americans over the less fortunate. But when you boil it down, Lindsey's argument is purely emotional. It's my liver, and you can pry it out of my cold, dead carcass…or not.

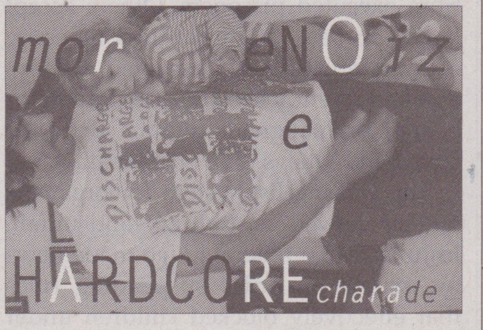
Anyway, our top government officials don't care about those concerns. In the end, it comes down to the power of superstition.

When we die, we cease to exist in every way. Our bodies decompose, and only idiots believe in God, the Devil, Heaven, Hell, an afterlife. Whether your body is harvested for organs, eaten by cannibals, or minced to fertilize topsoil, you will never know the difference. Besides, no major American religion teaches that what happens to your corpse affects your destiny in the hereafter.

Between our smart phones and the amazing technology that allows our government to spy on our every digital moment, citizens of the United States of America feel that they live in an incredibly modern society; but not in our hearts, not in our souls, and certainly not in our brains.

About 2.5 million Americans die every year. Most are burned or planted in the ground, completely wasted. Vast numbers of them rot away, their bodies containing potentially life-saving organs, left intact—or embalmed—for only one reason, politicians are too cowardly to challenge the ancient idea that there is something sacred in a hunk of flesh.

(Ted Rall's website is tedrall.com. Go there to join the Ted Rall Subscription Service and receive all of Ted's cartoons and columns by email.)



I quit smoking when I found out I'd be a dad. That was almost six years ago. I kept up not smoking quite well for a good couple of years. Then my wife-not-wife started smoking again. After that I went through periods of quitting every three-four months for about two years. The last time around was incredibly difficult. I could not focus my mind on anything, and this went on for six months. I had to pretend that I knew what I was doing, but in reality I had no idea what I was doing. Naturally I started smoking again, and in just one drag got total clarity of my senses back. It was insane. It was great. It was like that movie *Limitless*, about the guy who takes a drug that increases his intelligence and all of a sudden he excels in everything. No shit, obviously I became a hardcore smoker again, and this lasted for a good year or so. Life was fucking sweet. Then a few weeks ago we decided to get a dog. It felt like a good time to quit, again. In short, I've just quit smoking again, but this time it is for good.

I even managed to go to a punk gig without smoking, a first for me, but I had to leave early because all I could think of was a cigarette and besides I just couldn't stand watching some shit crust band from USA. Yet, it was the first punk gig of my life without cigarettes. A week later ZYANOSE played and they were absolutely great. Needless to say, I got drunk and danced. And smoked two cigarettes, which was very bad. Tasted like shit it did too! Since then I've been off the fucking things, and that is the only way forward for me.

I never want to meet again the horrible and malicious person I become when in severe tobacco abstinence. I mean, that dude could easily, say, murder our neighbor, burn down his house, rape his wife, poison his dog and slash the tires of his car for no apparent reason. To compensate for not smoking and to fill the limitless void left by cigarettes in my life I have been buying records. I did the mathematics. See, I used to burn a small sum of money every week on tobacco; now I waste ten times as much on vinyl records. It's great. I'll be walking the streets minding my own business when suddenly out of nowhere I get a tune stuck in my head, say *Just Another Punk Band* by the ABRASIVE WHEELS, or *Mieletöntä Väkivaltaa* by RIISTETYT, and I'll be on it like mission impossible: I just have to buy a copy of *When the Punks Go Marching in* or *Skitsofrenia* right now or die! Buying records online is incredibly easy these days, not to mention fast. Five minutes later, I've forgotten all about it until a few days later when the postman is knocking on our door at 07:00, waking up the whole house, with a bunch of record mailers in his hands.

Every day I've told myself "today I won't buy a record". Most days I fail. Some days I succeed, only to spend the same amount of money on candy instead. I've been eating so much candy lately that now my teeth hurt all the time. I can't sleep because of toothache. Of course I am afraid of the dentist (more so after the fucker pulled out three teeth last year, what a bastard!). So now I have taken to drinking alcohol every evening, to the sound of ABRASIVE WHEELS or RIISTETYT, just to ease the toothache you understand. But I hope I will be alight soon. The irony is that I rarely have the chance to play records at home because the girls don't like my music (sometimes I think they don't like any music). So now my in-tray of new records is spilling over and I am thinking I need to buy a new house. But the second I get the house for myself I am throwing on TOTALITÄR's *Luftslott* or *Vänd Dig Inte Om* EPs on maximum volume, pretending I am a free man with a free will.

Talking of freedom, I went to North America a few weeks back; to Toronto to be precise (which I think is in "Canada"). This was the first time I crossed the Atlantic Ocean so I was quite excited.

Contrary to all things I had heard, the actual flight, even if in economy, is a piece of piss. This was officially a business trip, so I worked a good few hours on the flight before relaxing with free beer on refill and about three or four shitty American movies. The dude sitting next to me was a Jesus-freak—some sort of faux-academic bible researcher, scripture fetishist, what do I know?—but I can't say he bothered me, so I was just smiling. All in all, the transatlantic flight was quite ok, and a bit like being stuck in traffic in London.

Toronto is a nice city to be in. The first thing I noticed was the yellow school buses like you see in movies, or the big American trucks, then you notice that everyone is driving massive SUVs or pickup trucks. Ironically, until the evening of my first night, almost all the people I saw looked over 50. I was like "oh shit I'm in the pensioner's world!!" This being just before I quit smoking, of course I was craving a cigarette, but finding a shop that sold cigarettes initially proved difficult, so I started thinking about American politics and all of a sudden it all made sense. On the upside I was given a hotel room where smoking is allowed, which is a revolutionary concept by European standards. And peace was temporarily restored to the world.

I was in town for just four days and work would just take an hour or so, the rest of the time being totally free to do whatever I wanted. No work, no family, no wife, no kids, no dog, no annoying friends, no nothing!! It was the perfect set-up! I thought I'd use such rare occasion of total freedom to do constructive stuff, like be a tourist and visit some museums, but instead I opted for checking out as many record shops I could find. I think in the end I visited more than ten record stores. Over the course of a few days I literally fingered through thousands of LPs and I reckon I must have touched every second hand LP for sale in central Toronto. Almost all the shops had some sort of section reserved for punk records, but I have never before seen such meager pickings in my life. I'm talking nothing but bottom of the barrel shit masquerading as "punk." I have never before come across a town where the locals have so methodically cleaned out everything worth owning in punk and hardcore sections in local record shops. Respect! But digging through record crates was so much fun. Of course I did end up buying some shit records, which was great fun considering I only ever buy records on the internet these days, so the novelty value of buying a record in an actual store was really touching.

I even found a record shop that sold *MRR* and sneakily stood there arrogantly reading my own column, laughing to myself about how I would write something fucked-up and libelous about their shitty godforsaken record store in a forthcoming column and how one day someone at the shop would actually read my column, recognize their shop and be really offended. Considering that I went to this store three times hoping to be shown the box of rare hardcore 45s but each time being told "No" is surely a legitimate motive for such slander.

On the last evening, feeling the weight of gold in my pockets, monies destined to be exchanged for priceless vinyl but it wasn't meant to be, I went to a country and western bar, got shitfaced, fell in love, drank some more beer, watched some shit local bands, bought a bag of beer and hamburgers and rolled back to my hotel where I ate and drank handsomely, chain-smoking until the early morning. Leaving the city the next night by dawn, no questions asked, I had the best chat with my cab driver. He told me the story of his life in great detail and in return I told him all my secrets. Standing outside the Pearson International airport as the sun went down, we said our farewells, he was crying and wished me a safe journey and to "please, please mister come back one day" to his beloved Toronto and I hugged him and it was quite magical. Sure, I want to go back to Toronto one day—I miss the shit hole already.

Don't write me, I'll write you.

I just got home from a warehouse show in which three international bands were on the bill out of a total six. ARCHAGATHUS and VIOLENT GORGE, two Canadian grindcore bands with mostly same members and VAARALLINEN, Finnish-style punk from Singapore. It's inspiring seeing locals putting in so much effort again and again with little return to bring out small international bands, with those bands making the trek here knowing it'll be tough-going making their money back. Despite all that, we constantly have a good run of touring bands—INNUMERABLE FORMS and MAMMOTH GRINDER came out two months ago, TRAGEDY, LIMP WRIST and NEEDLES at the start of the year, to name a few, with rumors of more killer tours on the horizon (FORWARD & TEARGAS tour, anyone?). America has infiltrated our borders, just as we do to them every Chaos In Tejas or Goner Fest, not just with bands but singular punks coming over to live and work, going to shows and starting bands.

Newest additions to the already burgeoning local Melbourne scene, SCAB EATER are fronted by a rawcus punk, playing hardcore inspired by his home turf, the US. All their live shows to date have been full of energy and engaging as gruff vocals pace the pit while snotty late '70s drowning-rat punk riffs shred the stage. However they opened the show today and through no fault of their own, fell flat. A succession of technical difficulties had their set fall short although to their credit, they tried powering through it regardless. This is contrary to the last show SCAB EATER played, where their set lit the roof on fire, literally. Out of a hunger for destructive shows in places open for destruction (i.e. not proper venues), more drain shows have slowly been organized in Melbourne. A few weeks ago the second "Drain Rave" took place in Flemington, organized by Cool Death label for the SICK PEOPLE/SEWERCIDE interstate tour. Bands that played under the bridge that night were the two touring bands plus locals, SCAB EATER and GUTTER GODS. Before the set started, Will (el Americano via Boston and SCAB EATER vocalist) covered three of the pillars behind the drums with napalm, setting them alight as they rolled into the first song. The anticipation in the air was so thick you could stab it. Unfortunately it ended as soon as it started when the generator cut out a minute later. Laughs and cheers went up to break the building excitement and tension. The fire was billowing black smoke and turning the drummer charcoal, so it got put out before they continued. Their last song

was a cover of "Everyone's a Hypocrite" by RUPTURE, and before they started the guitarist took a moment to tell everyone how he hadn't wanted to play this show, sharing the bill with a band like GUTTER GODS and that he didn't condone racist, sexist, homophobic behavior, etc. by playing with them. He voiced something that people had been talking about for a while, basically since the singer of GUTTER GODS did a racist graffiti piece toward the singer of KRÖMOSOM on the side of a regularly attended venue a few months back. Seemly meant as a stupid joke but ultimately creating a rift under the surface with bands refusing with be on the same bill as the GUTTER GODS, not wanting to support a band out for what they think is some dynamic shock value but others think is way past the line. The main Cool Death band is GUTTER GODS, since two of the three people that run the label play in the band. Contrary to their hardcore punk sound, they have adopted an image and style paying homage to old Australian rock'n'roll, looking like they could pass for an early '70s SHARP gang. SHARP standing for Skinheads Against Racial Prejudice, contrary to the original action and contrary to the belief about Australia being a country of immigration with arms wide open. In this country ignorant displays of racism and hate crimes are everywhere and jokes like this end up putting a sour taste in your mouth because it reminds you how shit the people in our country can be and that your punk scene is no safe haven.

With many a motivation and agenda to take their music and ideologies far, Tom Bradford is one of two young'uns that kicked off the Cool Death label. He also plays bass in GUTTER GODS. To not let the actions of one ruin it for all, I had a friendly chat to him about how Cool Death got started and what the label is working on:

Stitches in My Head Zine: I always thought with Cool Death, you have the label name from the CRAZY SPIRIT song; I feel like a lot of what you guys are doing or going for takes off a lot from that current New York hardcore sound as well.

Tom: Definitely. Coco and I went to the states in 2010 and we were smoking bongs, coming up with all these cooked ideas and were like "Let's try and organize a show in NY while we're here".

SIMH: Did you?

Tom: We tried to, we emailed WASTE MANAGEMENT and were like "Do you want to come to New York and play a show?" I think I'd heard of CRAZY SPIRIT somehow, heard the demo. We emailed them and they were like, "Nah, we can't do it but we're playing a show tonight you should come down," so we go to the show. It ended up being CRAZY SPIRIT, HANK WOOD AND THE HAMMERHEADS, PERDITION and someone else, it was just wild. People were letting off fireworks, throwing chairs around and we were like, "This is it!" So we came home and I think KICKED IN had already started. After that it took off like, "We got to take this seriously," but our guitarist then, Louie, left and we got Nathan in. He was just a friend of Coco's. After a while we were trying to get a vocalist. Rohan from EXTORTION said he wanted to sing for it, then Allen was keen and he came to a practice one day. He was under the impression he was going to fill in for a show or something, so we played him our songs. That was a big inspiration seeing how they (CRAZY SPIRIT, NYC etc) went about their business, that was the idea behind doing Cool Death label. I guess some people might see it as lame to name your label after a new band's song but that was the catalyst for everything. And Cool Death is a cool name.

SIMH: Would you say that now that you've grown a bit and it's been a few years that you still take inspiration from that scene or have you started to turn more to Australia, take inspiration from Australia and develop your own thing?

Tom: Well, KICKED IN started as we just wanted to rip off NEGATIVE APPROACH and AGNOSTIC FRONT, and we did for a little bit but as soon as we changed the name to GUTTER GODS. It's a stupid name, but it facilitates doing wilder and more interesting ideas and Nathan really started to develop his own style with guitar so we just ran with it. Since then GUTTER GODS has just gotten more and more cooked. The last song we wrote sounds like a spastic Clevo-hardcore song. Like FLYING TRICHECOS.

SIMH: You have the VELVET WHIP tape coming out; do you have a show to launch that?

Tom: That's just been recorded, sounds fucking savage and gross. Can't hear the drums that well which is a shame because that Isaac kid is a whiz.

SIMH: He drums now for SOMA COMA. They're a good band. I feel like with Cool Death the bands you put out are very similar, partially because they're incestuous, but would SOMA COMA be something you would put out?

Tom: Yeah. And did you know Moses is doing the label now as well? It's Moses, Coco and me.

SIMH: Was Moses a late addition?

Tom: Yeah just before the DRIBBLE tape he was like, "I'm interested in helping you guys out." VELVET WHIP tape is five tracks and they have a disgusting noise track at the end. Sounds really fast and Johnny's guitar work is insane. Lewis from No Patience is pressing the VELVET WHIP tapes.

SIMH: How many tapes are you doing?

Tom: 150

SIMH: What number Cool Death is that?

Tom: Number three, then GUTTER GODS will be number four.

SIMH: Nathan, the guitarist, did the artwork for the DRIBBLE tape, or at least the insert?

Tom: I think Tom, the vocalist, did it; they just got a VELVET UNDERGROUND tape and wrote "DRIBBLE" on it and burnt it. Some of the photos came out so cool, it should have been in color. DRIBBLE is writing at the moment. We might do a 7" of five or six songs on Cool Death, but the new DRIBBLE songs are sounding sick. Nathan is such a wizard; he comes up with great song after great song. We're doing GG LP, that's like eight tracks, came out pretty good. So Cool Death has established ourselves and people know about it overseas now. So I think anything we do from now will sell. It's got the vibe already and there's a clear aesthetic. The tag line on the blog is "The Only Rule is Cool" and that sounds dumb but it holds a lot of weight like if we think it's cool, that's how it should be done.

END I/V

This year Cool Death joined Maggot Music in organizing Maggot Fest IV, a punk fest held over several days and venues across the north of Melbourne at the start of November. The line up is all Australian bands, except New

Zealand's The DHDFD's and the cream of the crop. Last year was a party and high hopes this one will be better. High recommendations for most bands on the bill but for the sake of a little guidance, some exceptions are RORT (LP coming out at the end of the year), SIMFUCKERS (more live tapes than they can give away) and RIP FUCKER (up the punx). The full schedule up is online, as well as post-show photos and reviews because by the time this column comes out it'll be over for another year.

A few last minute notes; new grind band PREGNANCY (members of INTERNAL ROT, DOUBLED OVER and more) finally have a demo CD-R out, due to popular demand. the MASSES 7" EP is coming out in the next few months, it's being distributed in the States by Blackwater Records. MASSES take inspiration from bands in the vein of the dark punk sound emerging the last few years, taking notes from LOST TRIBE and SPECTRES and locally, INFINITE VOID, but with a crusty edge and a lyrical focus on Australian politics. The ZINGERS 12" is soon to be released. It's elusive and obscure Australian *KBD* from two years ago; no demos, no 7", just this LP.

Lotsmoretowrite,nomoreroomtowrite it. Contact stitchesinmyheadfanzine@gmail.com

Brain Tumors Tour Diary

Alright, *Maximum Rocknroll*. I'm providing you a BRAIN TUMORS tour update because the attention I'm getting around Minneapolis isn't cutting it. I require more free pizzas and more large books thrown in my face and at my head. I could do without the ball-punches though, I'll say that much.

We're not the most exciting band. We're not very cool, either. We don't get into fistfights with anyone but each other and the very few stories out there about us are probably flat out wrong or exaggerations. We are, however, incredibly stupid, which makes for some sort of entertainment. The best compliment I think we've ever gotten is that our live show resembles an episode of *The Three Stooges*, which is close enough to the Stooges for us to be satisfied.

Before I begin on the sordid tale of March 22nd, 2013 in Birmingham, Alabama, I'd like to get a few things out of the way. First, we are all poser losers except for our bassist, Joel. This is a fact and we have accepted it. Next, we have more online shit at www.hardlyhuman.com. Lastly, because I've had to hear about it from about five different people in the last week, I'd like to apologize to Iowa City, IA. Iowa City, your only crime is that you were not St. Louis. I am sorry we did not play the home improvement song we had planned. I am sorry I went upstairs and yelled at a bunch of people who were reading magazines and smoking weed. I am sorry I made fun of that Tyler guy with the plugs who wasn't actually a dick to me but was being perceived as a dick by someone else and therefore may not have been being a dick. I am sorry to Iowa Joe whom I probably woke up in the middle of the night while I was cursing and losing my mind. We did not leave a puddle of spit somewhere in your house or outside—I was the only one who would've done that and I threw up off a bridge. We would like to come back and play Iowa City sometime and play with one of your fine bands like SLUT RIVER, BIG BOX, LOS VOLTAGE, NERV, or SUPERSONIC PISS. I'd put SOLID ATTITUDE on that list except most of them seem to be moving to Minneapolis. Nyerrrrrrrrr the rest of the cities we've played can go fuck themselves, I guess. *By Drew Ailes, singer, songwriter, activist, actor, author, dreamer, lover, the Henry Rollins of Minneapolis and the Gene Simmons of hardcore.*

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Last time we left off, we were in St. Louis having played with COAXED, KILLER BLOW, WHO FUCKING CARES?, and OVERDOSER at Bonerville. It was a great time the way it is always a great time. After a dude in a muscle tee got kicked out of the house for calling Pat from BRAIN TUMORS a "faggot" and trying to play mosh metal, we spent the night drinking beers with CORPSEGRINDER and Daniel from CROSS EXAMINATION. We woke up in Corpsegrinder's basement. I went outside and did what I usually have to do on tour—hacked up a bunch of sickly green slime. Damn St. Louis and their legal smoking in bars.

***

We began our trek to Birmingham, Alabama to play a show set up by a girl that I had met on AOL when I was probably sixteen. I had never actually met her, but she was always funny and we both remained on the internet through its many social transitions, always keeping in touch. When we realized we wanted to go to Birmingham, we were going to set up a show through this Manda person who used to live in Minneapolis. I remember her at a RIISTETYT show in 2010 screaming "up the punx" as loud as she could over and over again. Joel and I were outsiders and didn't know anybody. We stood in the back and judged people who are now probably the only people in the world who like us. Like I said, we were outsiders. And I am a poser. But anyhow, Leah ended up booking the show for us at this place called The Bottletree Cafe. I don't remember who it was, but someone laughed when we told them we were playing there. They said it was a PC yuppie hangout.

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We drove for seven or eight hours. We stopped at a McDonalds. Pat took a piss. Pat drove. Pat took a piss. Joel shut his head in the van door, somehow. I bought a pulled pork sandwich at a gas station. We got through Nashville and Pat lost his mind watching some of the worst drivers we had ever seen congregate in the country music capital of the world. Despite our hatred of a few things about Nashville, we will still go back there and visit the fine people of FUCKED ETHOS.

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I also found out on our drive that my friend and road-dude Rory had never listened to MEGADETH. We contemplated what kind of a person I would be if I had never listened to them and it was agreed by all of us that I would have a college degree by now. I just started to going to school again at the age of thirty.

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We arrived at The Bottletree Cafe and parked by a large cherry blossom tree out back. We went inside and met Leah from the internet, something that would have been very nerve-wracking if you were doing in 2001 but was now a normal thing to do in 2013. She laughed at our 30 year old van and we went inside.

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Looking around The Bottletree Cafe, we noticed the Sun Ra artwork and Twin Peaks posters and felt very positive. The back room/patio area looked like some sort of brilliant hipster hoarder hideout. Weird, cool bullshit all over the place. Show flyers, cool lights, whatever, whatever, whatever. I talked to a band that was doing an interview for some show called *We Have Signal*, which I learned the show was a benefit for. I don't know if the band was DROVES or ANWAR SADAT but quickly realized that DROVES was a local band but ANWAR SADAT was on tour from Louisville, KY. We were not the guests of honor. I talked to ANWAR SADAT and gave them the handwritten letter telling them to be nice to us, written in Cincinnati by an unlikely source, Daisy from the band FOXY SHAZAM. Pretty unlikely you'll ever see that band name in Maximum Rocknroll ever again.

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I also found out that we were billed as the openers when I went back into the show room. Mr. Cooldude soundguy approached us and asked us to set up and start playing. I calmly told him that we had just driven about eight hours to be there and were not playing first. I was told to take it up with the dude who booked the show, Leah's boyfriend.

The three of us had a talk and it was decided that we would be playing first, but only after we had felt sufficient time had passed. This was not really agreed upon by Leah's boyfriend and soon, we were being hassled to set our gear up. Somewhere along the way, I did what many lead singer-type people do when they are upset. I drank as much rail tequila that my wallet would afford me with the intent to become a problem that everyone had to deal with for the rest of the night. Revenge drunk, I call it. High risk, high reward.

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When we started playing, there were probably fifty people standing to watch us. What happened immediately is what usually happens when there are a lot of people who have no idea who we are or what we sound like. Thirty people left, instantly. They exited out the side door, through a small area, and on to the smoking patio.

As we played, I remember drinking someone's drink off the bar and stealing someone's food, eating some, and throwing some into the air. Not a great amount and by no means an impressive amount. But I was bored, drunk off rail tequila, and generally pissed off. After I felt even more bored, drunk, and pissed off, I went over to the side door, opened it up, and started screaming at the 30 people who had left at the start of our set. A few of them stopped their conversations to pay attention to me but unsatisfied, I grabbed a fairly empty big rubber trash can and threw it. It hit a guy with a leather jacket.

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I apologized right after I threw it and went back to our set. We finished our set as I unfairly made fun of the sound guy and probably sarcastically thanking him for making us sound so good. I apologized later, but he did not have much of a sense of humor about it and I'm sure he was right for that. The bartenders all thanked us and told us we were great. The door guy, who was wearing a Napalm Death baseball cap (which I should've made a fucking Birmingham joke about), was the only person who bought any of our merch.

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I found out the recipient of the trash can's name was Dave and that according to him, I owed him a beer and a shot. I bought him a shot. I was told by a few people that evening that Dave is someone who deserves to get hit by a trash can. Truthfully, I did it because I thought it would hit more people and when it didn't, I assumed a guy in a leather jacket could figure his shit out.

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The rest of my notes look like this: "DROVES WAS OK NOISE ROCK MINUS PUNK ENERGY" "HAHAHAHA WE ARE DRUNK" "PONDER – SICK GOOD PERSON GURL INTO PUNK" "I DONT THINK WE GOT PAID"

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It turned out later that we did get paid. Some from the bar and some from Leah, who was kind enough to give us money out of her own pocket even though we are not a particularly good band or particularly good people. I also gauged by the number of pictures I had taken on my phone that ANWAR SADAT were good. Many of the pictures were very close up, meaning I probably was fucking up their set shoving my phone in their faces to take pictures.

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Joel and Rory told me the rest of the night I was terribly obnoxious and almost getting into fights. Joel said he found me puking on a table outside, which I think I remember. When I was done being revenge drunk, I passed out in a corner of the bar.

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I woke up at Leah's with a few questions:

"Did I forget to pay my huge tab at the bar?" "Was my tab huge?" "Where is my hoodie? "Did we unload gear?" "Did I just cough up blood?"

***

I found my hoodie and was told we loaded our gear. I don't know the answer to the rest of those questions. Leah's place was above a venue called The Firehouse, which looked to be pretty awesome. I found a stash of about 1000 ACID BABY JESUS stickers, a band from Greece that I caught in St. Paul about two years ago. I left them all there. Her place was also next door to some sort of hippie commune, it seemed.

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We ended our experience by going to a place called Saw's BBQ. It was everyone else's second trip there—they went as I was passed out. This meal was one of the best meals that I've ever had. If you are of the carnivorous variety, you should go there. Then we went to a public park, stared at ugly panting birds, and I talked to a strange man who was sitting on a bench. We went to New Orleans, next, where we played in a headshop. I threw my back out. And I threw a CRADLE OF FILTH shirt at some people.

ROB TYERS

GUEST COLUMN

"We've sold over 65 million albums and I don't feel I've accomplished anything"
—Eddie Van Halen.

What better way to open up a debut column than with a quote from a rich celebrity? Bear with me. Without dwelling on the dissatisfaction of indulged musicians; if Eddie feels like he's achieved nothing—with his household name, customized line of guitars, and net worth of 85 million—

then how is an unknown hardcore band supposed to feel about ten copies of their only release remaining unsold on Discogs after the twentieth price reduction (now 0.99, aka "I'll lose money on going to the post office just to get this shit out of my fucking house")? Cultural insignificance surrounds us, made all the more obvious by the speed at which we consume and then dispose of everything (even as I type this sentence it becomes immediately out of date, a relic of a distant past known as ten seconds ago). In this new reality, every new punk record is a fart in the wind. Of course most bands pretend they don't care if anyone actually *likes* them (destroy all music!), but you know by all the posturing that the old desire to be worshipped or just remembered is never really absent (it just happens that most punk records now shitted into existence aren't as good as Van Halen's *Women and Children First,* but that's beside the point).

But despite a glut of music, the "undiscovered" and "underappreciated" are touted everywhere, like cheap knock-offs of the *real thing*. Everyone wants to highlight something they like that you probably don't, claiming it's as good as something you already love (if you like A, you *must* like B). I'm as guilty of this as anyone in my own zine, appropriately named *Limited Readership*. In the world of the internet (a phrase that already sounds strangely dated, like something from the '90s heyday of cheap techno-fear thrillers), nothing remains obscure; everything is known, even if only by a few. This leads to the championing of shit-music that should have remained forgotten. Every day a "lost classic" is thrust into our collective consciousness through reissues or write-ups, each more of a let down than the last (no, I don't think ENDPOINT or HAYWIRE deserve re-appraisal, but I admire the persistence of the tasteless). The irony is that the disposability of the majority of records is nothing new, whatever the genre. In the '70s, for every *Master of Reality* or *Young Loud and Snotty* released there would be five SHOWADDYWADDY singles and as many 10CC records. Talk about our reliance on fossil fuels; so much crude oil has been wasted in creating poly-plastics so that humans could listen to fucking PAT BENATAR on their turntables. Ever since the boom of the music industry the ratio of good to bad has been around 1:1000000 (write to me and I'll send you my workings). Looking back is no solution.

With all this in mind, where is someone hungry for music supposed to direct their lost enthusiasm (remember when you genuinely *liked* things)?

Without wanting to vindicate stuff that doesn't deserve it, here are three records from the past, chosen at random because they were on my listening pile, that I genuinely think are under-appreciated but not without problems (but to paraphrase Oscar Wilde, "consistency is bullshit"—by the time you've perfected anything you'll have already drowned in the frozen ice shelves resulted from man's addiction to PAT BENATAR):

NEPTUNE'S CAR: *Baking Bread* 7" (Koolie Productions, 1980). I stumbled on this in a list of underrated Cleveland punk records written by Robert Griffin (SPIKE IN VAIN/PRISONSHAKE). Formed by the drummer of PERE UBU and a touring member of HUMAN SWITCHBOARD, and produced by Jim Jones (no, not *that* one—I mean the guy from EASTER MONKEYS/UBU), this 7" sounds like what you'd expect from those involved; awkward and strange "post-punk," influenced by TELEVISION and VELVET UNDERGROUND but also kind of anticipating the sound MEAT PUPPETS developed on *Up on the Sun*. "Quirky" without being annoying, and clearly indebted to the '60s as much as the '70s, it also reminds me a little of the EMBARRASSMENT. Post-punk from this era and locale is often overlooked in favour of British equivalents, but I'm sure there are plenty of sleeper records like this that deserve wider attention.

DESECRATION: *Who's in Control?* 12" (self-released, 1986). I've never understood why this record wasn't more appreciated. I guess it came out at a time when plenty of hardcore bands were being accused of "turning metal", with DESECRATION perhaps languishing in the same limbo as "metallic" bands like SPASTIC RATS and (the incredible) SCAM. There are definitely metal influences deep in the grooves, but on the whole this is simply powerful and wild hardcore. It sounds like the best bits of DYS (the energetic fast songs) mixed with LP-era CRUCIFIX and Euro-thrashers RATTUS, with songs about World War III and hating neo-Nazis as standard. The raw production definitely helps elevate things. The band was also a bunch of teenagers and it shows, abiding by the mantra of faster-is-better, not unlike early STARK RAVING MAD. A youthful naivety is also on display elsewhere, as on the insert of the 7" version (from two years later) which includes a bitter letter written by the singer rallying against his former bandmates for "selling out" by getting into music that wasn't punk. A classic example of teenage tunnel vision, he even describes having tears in his eyes whilst writing; maybe this cringe-worthy expression of childish narcissism is the reason the 7" is ignored. Whatever the case, I'd recommend picking it up in a heartbeat.

FESTERING RINYANYONS: *Flatlander Recluse* CD (Bovine Records, 1994). I wonder if this CD-only release would be better remembered if it had come out on vinyl? That and the questionable name. NASA SPACE UNIVERSE turned me onto this when I interviewed them, and that should give you a clue as to what to expect. FESTERING RINYANYONS played a style of hardcore firmly rooted in the early '90s, but more akin to bands like BORN AGAINST or YOUNG GINNS than CHOKEHOLD or some bullshit, but without the arguably "emo" elements. There are "noise rock" elements that play though (think early UNSANE or SHORTY), and a bit of *Bleach*-esque "grunge," with moments that sound similar to the *Self-Interest* 7" from a few years ago (a good record that seemed to go under the radar). All of these basic ingredients are combined to create a sound that's somewhat druggy and woozy, but never lacking in energy. Someone should reissue it on vinyl.

All for now.

Safe Space.

Happy December, everybody! I know this is holiday season and in keeping with my hating of the American dream, family values and fun, I just wanna say that I hope no one gets trampled this year. Remember Jdimytai Damour. FTW. Let us pray.

Let's just jump in... The term "safe space" gets thrown around a lot these days. It has been in play in the punk scene for quite some time, particularly in the wake of identity politics. My relationship to this term, seeing the emergence of the concept in different scenes, the back

lash and, worse…witnessing instances in which it completely backfires, is obviously a complicated one. Some of the most disappointing examples of this continuation of oppressed-becomes-the-oppressor were by people who are self proclaimed "activists" or "champions" of the underrepresented, or under-reped, or oppressed themselves. I want to make clear that I do not think that any of us who do feel fucked over should ever be silent or hold back from standing up against unfair treatment. I also do not think that being angry is necessarily a sign of an underdeveloped sense of self, showing that one's dealing with oppressive actions/systems is "immature" (this is one of the supposed text book stages of what minorities go through, fuck the academy for this).

What I am talking about is creating a space so "safe" that diversity is a major threat. I remember listening to a person explain a safe space to someone as a move for power, to make the other party feel deliberately uncomfortable—it was beyond "you don't belong here," it was "get the fuck out." I am oversimplifying the scenario, but it was disturbing because it seemed to stem from the actions of an individual that both parties agreed was fucked up. How does this sort of turn happen? I will never say that just because we are punks that we have everything in common, but we should at least be able to work together in this sort of situation, when we are at a show and someone acts stupid.

Let's not confuse this with distinctions that can be made in a constructive way. I applaud fests that focus on showcasing punks of a particular group in which they identify, or even do not identify, but support other self identified groups in their efforts to be visible, be heard, to reach out to others and possibly build alliances. It is feeling comfortable enough with your own ignorance, being able to mis-step but respecting people enough to know that they were not put on this earth to answer you questions, educate you or be the token friend from a particular group. This sort of solidarity is what a safe space looks like. It's not an easy vision to execute, nor is it static or existing in a vacuum. It is a work in progress, but it makes us all better people.

You are probably wondering why I am even talking about this. Well, the band I am in played a show in San Jose a few weeks back. It was at a porn shop/video gambling spot/future strip joint. The bands were from San Francisco, Oakland, San Jose and one from Japan. It was a great turn out—people from all over the Bay, along with the usual punks from San Jose which consists of a diverse crew of mostly younger punks, most of which are POC and under or around 21ish. Lots of kids at this show in the porn shop/video gambling spot/future strip joint. This place is admittedly a trigger for some people, but SJ punks are very clear in letting people know that this place is what it is. For some, the very nature of how this place makes its money, is a trigger. This is acknowledged and for some it would make the show unattainable, but I did not hear any such complaint. The complaint I did hear was from a punk from Oakland, living in the "hood" who works with underprivileged youth. The complaint was that this place smelled, that they could not possibly use the bathroom, that the place was filthy, etc… I cannot claim to know this person's history or if this porn shop/video gambling spot/future strip joint was indeed a trigger, but in the midst of the complaining and judging, there were about 60 kids who could come to a show in their town, party with their friends without fear of gang shit, shitty adults, cops or judgment on their class, sexual identity, color, culture, etc. This was a safe space to them. So while hearing this punk crying about this show space because it did not meet their definition of a "safe space," all these kids felt happy and safe to be there.

The rigidity of people's definitions is what most of us want to get away from, or at least the punks I know. We should be able to go wherever we want with the full understanding that if we act like dicks or say stupid shit, we will be checked. Ultimately, it's about the music and if the output is done by people who are assertive in their identity or not, everyone needs to respect that. If you find yourself questioning this, why does it bother *you*? What the fuck is *your* problem? *Check yourself.* A safe space doesn't look the same all over the world. One person's struggle may not look like your own and if you are calling yourself a punk, you had better remember that it's a big world out there — judge if you want, but don't be surprised when you are judged in return.

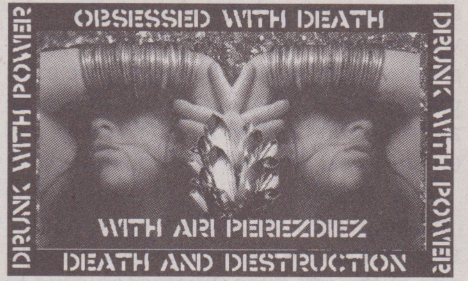
Last shit: I want to say thanks to Ari for her hard work the last few months. She is equal parts lover and fighter, we will miss her! By the time this is in print, we may already have a new content coordinator and a new distro coordinator! If so, welcome them please!

The new Varix EP is fucking killing it! All lady band from Minneapolis (one in NYC) that blows me away.

Word on the street is that Inservibles has a new record coming out in the near future. I am sure it's gonna rule as much as their last.

The Hysteria Ward LP has been on regular rotation at home and I encourage any post-punk fans with a gothic flair to snatch it up as soon as possible.

If you haven't gotten to it, I suggest you check all the Svart Records vinyl reissues if you want to get a hold of old Finnish stuff that was previously unavailable due to rare record syndrome.



Wrap up warm, you'll catch your death. Don't let your death catch you. The winter tears the earth apart, let's hope we see it through.
—"Winter" Amebix

It's getting cold, everything is dying around me or preparing for dormancy. I am regretting shaving most of my hair off during this unbearably sultry summer. No amount of hats and shawls can keep out the biting ocean breeze. I hear it rattle my windows at night; sometimes it even forces itself in. In all my denial, my prayers cannot stop my most hated season from coming. No amount of accessorizing can get me to somehow embrace it.

As another year cosmically comes to an end, other things must go with it. I am announcing my leave as coordinator. My life outside of *MRR* is pretty much consuming all of my time. School is a ravenous timesuck whose insatiability grows more and more every day. I am struggling trying to get everything done in my life, forgoing sleeping, eating and self-care just to meet all the deadlines I have in front of me. Falling asleep on the Muni is my new favorite pastime. I feel really shitty about this. I wish I had infinite time and resources; that I never had to sleep, eat or deal with any of these corporeal trappings which create hindrances in my day to day life. Like, let's all be cyborgs already; dystopian future, I welcome you, as long as I can

have a 3D (drug) printer embedded in my torso. Pero en serio I give a shit about this place, I love this work, it's an extremely hard job that can be so rewarding as well. It gets me stoked to no end the amount of people *MRR* can reach, the networks and community it can build, the artistic energy it can spin. I will still write this column, review records, do the radio and interview hella bands. You know, try to help out this place as much as I can. Because if we don't contribute it's not like someone else will do it for us.

Boot City Invasion

I recently went to Portland for a birthday. It was so weird to be in a place that you are no longer part of. I felt like a ghost haunting this rainy bleak town. Everywhere felt very familiar and routine but there was a lingering feeling of disconnect in all the places I walked into. The town has also changed in the four months I have been gone. Portland is oversaturated with twee, which manifests itself in new coffeehouses, restaurants and useless indie craft and specialty stores—like there wasn't enough to begin with. The "local" chain New Seasons has been rearing its ugly greenwashed head in almost every neighborhood, the most recent location opened up in my former neighborhood of Boise-Elliot. The small local store I used to shop at, Cherry Sprout (if you are ever at Mississippi Records, walk across the street to this place, best snacks) has been hit especially hard. Gentrification has its death grip on Portland. It has become such an issue that it has become a non-issue, something that's passé to talk about. Radical resistance can't evolve past its 2006 tactics due to political repression and lack of momentum. This town is also historically racist and really can't get its shit together to address any of these issues because it's too busy eating organic local bone marrow gelato from the Salt and Straw. They gave it the "Portland try," which is care about it two weeks, complain, then move onto the next injustice.

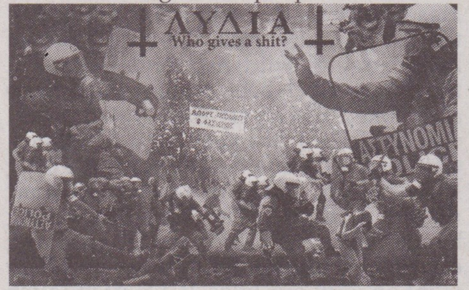
It was really nice to see my sweet babies, stuff my face with amazing food and pick up way too many books and records, which seriously killed my back on the way home. My interactions with friends were full of closeness, tenderness and laughter. I don't know if I will ever find friendship like I have in the Pacific Northwest. My relationships with people up there are so strong that they cannot be summed up in words. I got to town and with certain people I saw I couldn't do much more than cry and laugh, it was so nice to feel their embraces again. I think it's really important to surround yourself with supportive people who genuinely care about you. I am looking forward to seeing everyone again and for more than two days. Also when I was there I got to see Gag and Lifeform, a bill that has happened a handful of times but I feel like this was the best iteration of it yet. Gag is ugly and raw and just makes you wanna get real disgusting in the pit, while Lifeform is also ugly but very absurd, pogo to the feedback and don't forget the glue bag, namaste. During the show, I fell really hard on the floor of the Know, which has a reputation for turning into a soap-like slippery mess after the first beer is spilled. However, it did not stop me from moshing even harder at the Gag show in Oakland, which was pretty well attended despite the three venue changes. Speaking of shows, I am currently sad because I have to choose between seeing Death and Skeletal Family on Halloween, I just wish that was the same bill. Cursing the show gods as we speak.

I am really excited for the interviews I did this month, getting to speak with Mark from the Mob was so unreal. They're a band that's hella important to me and one of my main influences. I'm sure if you have heard them you understand or feel the same way. I find a lot of hope and inspiration from their music and it has definitely helped me through some bleak times. Maybe they will save me from another cold and disgusting winter...

XO Ari

P.S. Punk drugs report back: Poppers are done, apparently snuff is the new thing. Save some brain cells and snort tobacco.

P.P.S. I tried to get on a Google bus with my Muni pass the other day because I was being harassed by some dude with a real pumpkin on his head. Sad to say they weren't having it and didn't let me on the bus. I encourage more people to do this.



Notes from a Surreal Land

Moving here eighteen months ago was a culture shock. More than any amount of reading and researching could have prepared me for. You are thrown into a unique city like San Francisco, in a radically (?) different state to the rest (sans perhaps NY), in a country you've already heard enough about, and then you come here…and realize it's all in fact horribly true. The "dream" is just that. North America used to be a home. Then it became a colony, a grave/new world. Now it's an identity, a destination and, conveniently for some, a solution. Beneath this desire is only bloody conquest and injustice. Such a well-crafted scheme, such a cunning hoax, it rips you up just being here, the contradictions too harsh to ignore, the irony to sharp to be funny.

You know; you read about places, you dream of something different, you idolize concepts old and new, convinced that where you are is the absolute pits. Then you move away and it all shatters like a Tasmanian devil let lose in a house of mirrors. The grass might be greener on the other side, but hey, the neighbour is a dick, so, it's relative really. It's about problem solving, making your own self and community better first. Every scene has its pros and cons that spring from its unique features and qualities. Scenes flux, evolve, ebb and flow, and in some cases rot from the inside. It's useless to compare and stupid to compete. A globally connected punk scene will flourish only when we realize that it cannot—and should not—be the same across the board. Can you imagine how boring that would be!?

I hear big words like "accountability" and "confrontation" being brought up, but what I don't see is daily actions towards either of those two. How can people discuss these concepts when they themselves don't take responsibility for their own actions and shy away from direct communication? (I don't care what you say, to me "hello," "thank you," "goodbye" should be manageable by any punk, however "socially awkward" they are, being disrespectful in someone else's space is definitely *not* punk!) One of the things that an old Greek punk band taught me was that "the only authority is yourself" and I find that should still ring true—but I'm not seeing it as much as I would like. Sure, some people confuse anarchy with apathy, laid back with lazy and independent with selfish, but I don't. To me being a punk *is* about destruction, but of the right things, not our own community! And I find some people only pick certain terms and language when it suits them or, surprise, when judging others. What happened to checking yourself? What happened to

being humble and practicing what you preach? Don't call yourself an anarchist punk when your most basic of daily behaviour obviously negates both those terms, however loosely applied. Since when did mediocrity and hypocrisy become a good image for punks?

While I'm all for openly communicating, exchanging experiences, improving by example and spreading the punk rock word, I also don't think it's anyone else's responsibility but our own to provide the solutions. The day punk needs an outsider "sponsor" to help it survive, is the day punk need no longer exist.

And this is ultimately reflected in its broken down counterpart scenes around the world and how they act upon the concept of punk as they perceive it. What is or is not threatening *about* punk is relative to each region. Same goes for what is threatening *to* punk. This is not to say one battle is more important than the other, we need punks on all fronts. I'm just saying that if you know what punk really means to you, then no one else's opinion should really matter...so quit with why everyone else *isn't* punk and stick to your path. Because yes, discussions as to punk's "inherent" or otherwise attributes may have some benefits (to ignore them would be ignorant) and a number of disadvantages (to ignore those would be counterproductive) but personally I feel that without punk *action*, the punk *discussion* itself is redundant. One of our readers this month asked if discussing punk automatically makes the people involved in that act unpunk. There are multiple answers to this; it depends on who you ask really. Punks will never have one cohesive opinion on things (thank hell for that!). That would be closer to indoctrination and that is rather far from what punk is aiming to do, which is to destroy the notion that rules are necessary (desirable maybe, but it should be a choice), to offer the tools and environment to create something out of nothing, and to show you that you can do it on your own, defined by you, for you.

Punk started out as a knee jerk reaction against the times and ultimately that's what's going to continue to happen, irrelevant of what the times are saying or how they are changing. Pariahs, martyrs, posers, temps, fakes and preachers will come and go. Those involved in the public discourse of what punk is, was, might be, could be, would be and never should be will only be heard by those also engaged in this conversation. Their messages, whether right, wrong, debated, negated or otherwise, won't reach the furthest corners of the earth—and that's OK, punk will ripple organically whether we like it or not. It will change and adapt, maybe seem invisible or irrelevant to some, maybe even provoke debate as to whether it really is punk. But it will be there, becoming what we make of it.

In other news: The end of yet another year rolls around. This not only means that Year End Top Tens are coming up, but also New Year resolutions. What will you chuck from your cobwebbed closet of regret and vice? What will you do to make a positive change for yourself and those around you? What happened to you this year that altered your life's course? What are you aiming to do next year that will radically improve your future? Personally my goal is to be a nicer person to those who deserve it and to be tougher with those who warrant it. To smoke less and stress less, to eat healthier and bike more often—though not necessarily in that order. Not because the California "fitness lifestyle" is getting to me (never!) but because I've made myself sick with worry for too long, and coughing up a chunk of lung every morning can't be a good thing in any state.

Living in San Francisco is a bit like a perpetual Groundhog Day: the weather is always the same and there are no real seasons. It's like a reversed *Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe,* "Always sunny, but never Summer!" Coming from a place where each memory has its corresponding season and soundtrack to go with it, this rather messes with my head, making my time here feel like one everlasting loop. It means my external references as to the time of year are the various festivals, parades, street fairs and holidays, when the city is overrun by hoards of loud, ignorant, drunk people. The city is ever changing, and right now it's being whitewashed by gentrifying rich tech-boomers. No fun. That's why we have music and movies!

I went to the Roxie Theatre and saw *Escape from Tomorrow,* which was shot in its entirety in *secret* in Disneyland! It's a surreal take on one happy family's last day in the land of fantasy and pleasure, both of which come up in this film metaphorically and subliminally in all their gore and grandeur.

A few nights later I headed down to the DNA Lounge for the first time, to see a friend of mine who was in town with his band Volture, from Richmond, VA. They played alongside Oakland's Owl and the UK's Raven and Diamond Head—any metal enthusiasts will know this is a pretty sick line up! Lots of headbanging, wild hair and fingers in the air, too much beer, a pack of cigarettes all smoked and a very long walk home. I met my friend five years ago in Athens, Greece at an Alabama Thunderpussy gig I was helping out with and he was their roadie. As if often the case with touring bands and new friends made, we hung out for two unforgettable days, and then went on with our lives. We kept in touch every so often (those weird MySpace days) but I honestly never knew if I'd see him again. Funny how life works and what a small punk world it is. \m/

My love for beer and vodka of course got the better of me that night. I threw up the next morning (multiple times) until all that was left was white foam and yellow bile. The slightest movement made me dizzy and every sip of water I took came back up three times as gross. From the dehydration, I could feel my brain shrink and dry up as it pulled at the tissues that connect it to my skull—a leviathan of a hangover. Which of course meant I easily caught the flu that's been going around. Living at *Maximum* means you've got ten to fifteen people coming in on a weekly basis, and my immune system hasn't been at its finest lately. All this during Print Week, which is crunch time.

However, I played my cards right and I had just enough energy to sneak into a play about Johannes Kepler (1571-1630) at the planetarium of the Academy of Sciences. Apparently it's the first play ever written about an astronomer created to be performed inside a planetarium. Now, you may have guessed this (or not), but I'm an astronomy geek, have been since I was a kid. So to watch this man's amazing journey, and his profound discoveries that altered the way we perceive life itself, was very special to me—I guess you could say he's part of the reason I am who I am. What made this play even more exciting was that the background "settings" were all projected onto the dome, so for about an hour beautiful images from outer space swirled above our heads and the words coming from the single actor were enhance thrice over by these accompanying visual stimuli (all operated by *MRR* shitworker and friend Cameron!). Fibonacci sequences, Platonic solids, planets, satellites (he coined the term), his calculations and sketches all revealed themselves above us as he tried to understand the structure of snowflakes and the rotation of the planets, the source of harmony and order, the underlying principles to the organization of the cosmos itself. A man after my own heart.

It's been a few crazy months and it's about to get crazier. We had Japanese punks Yosuke, Wakako and FlipOutAA come through for radio shows, food and wine; we are in the final stages of preparing *MRR*'s new, electrifying compilation (more info coming soon!) and we are also in the process of getting two new coordinators! Exciting terrifying stuff, ha ha! Also, just before I started writing this column I found out that Lou Reed died. I was raised with so much of his music around the house (my mother's been a fan since she was a teenager) and fell in love with the Velvet Underground so very much myself as I grew older, his music accompanying me through various stages and phases of my life, I know his passing will only make me love his music even more—a reminder of the passage of time and certainty of death. I wouldn't have it any other way I suppose. Rest in excellence.

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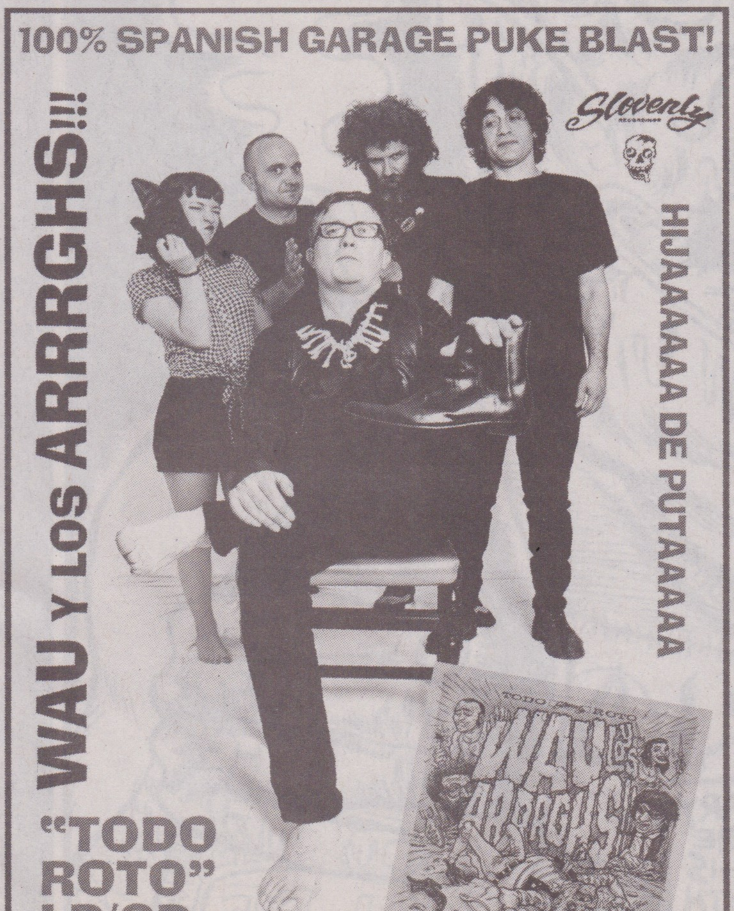
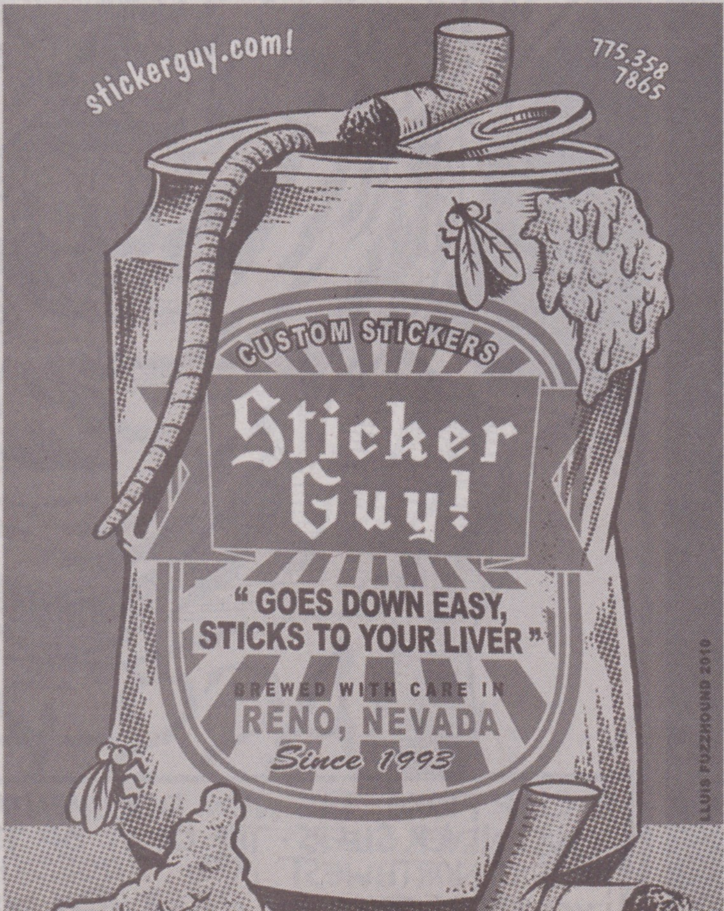
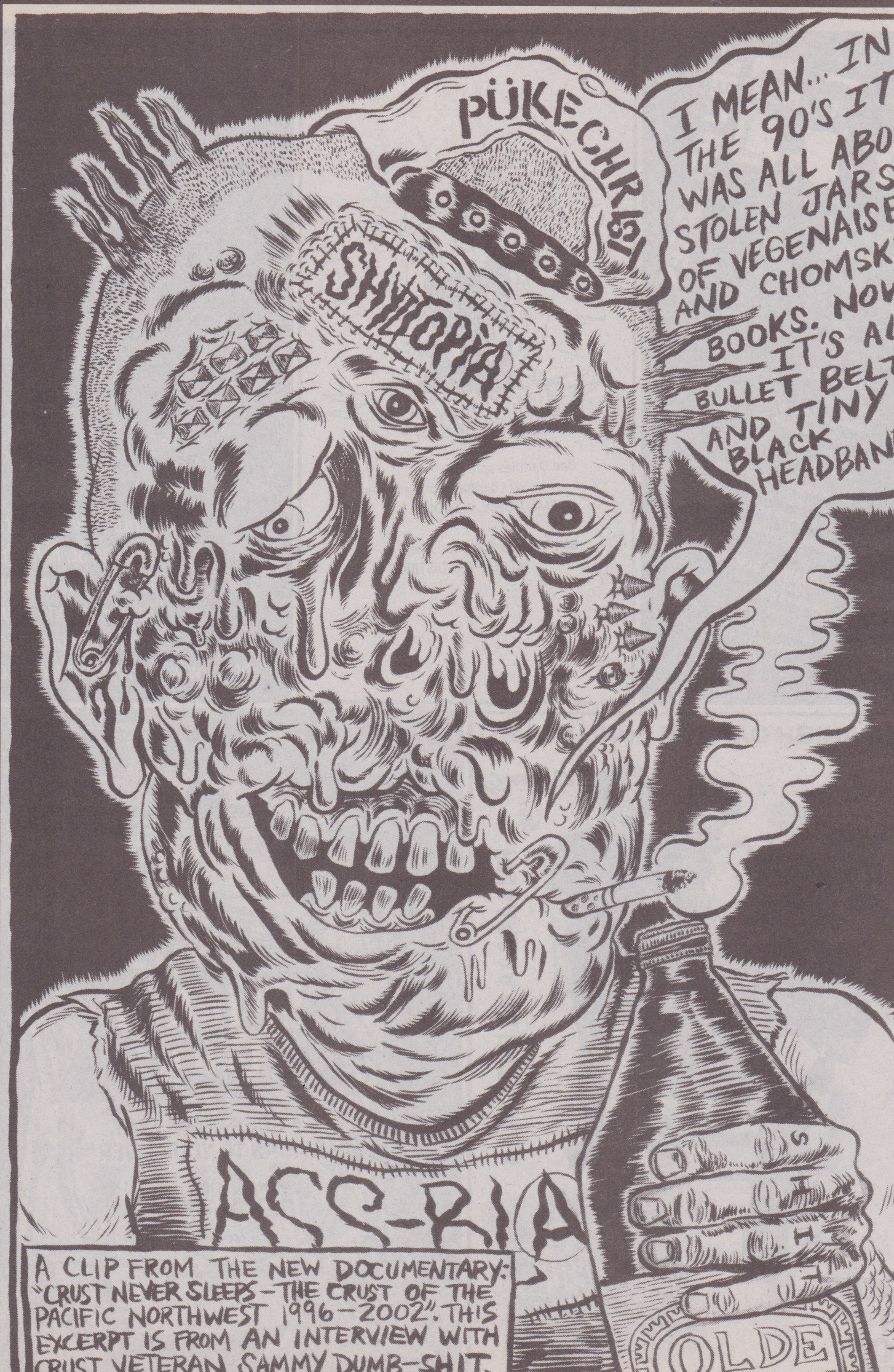
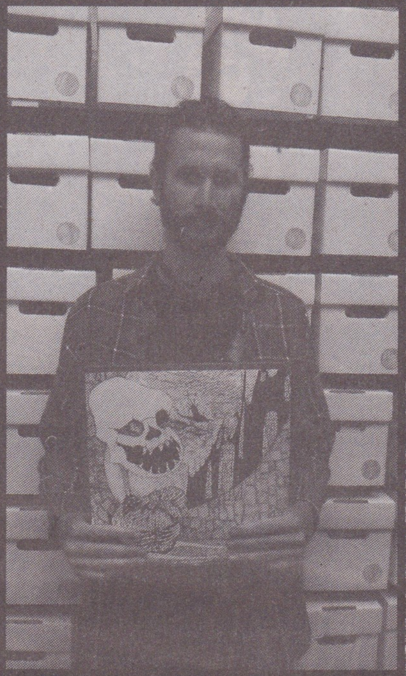





PÜKE CHRIST
SHITOPIA
I MEAN... IN THE 90'S IT WAS ALL ABOUT STOLEN JARS OF VEGENAISE AND CHOMSKY BOOKS. NOW IT'S ALL BULLET BELTS AND TINY BLACK HEADBANDS.
ASS-RIA
A CLIP FROM THE NEW DOCUMENTARY: "CRUST NEVER SLEEPS – THE CRUST OF THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST 1996–2002". THIS EXCERPT IS FROM AN INTERVIEW WITH CRUST VETERAN SAMMY DUMB-SHIT.
OLDE ENGLISH

Shitworker of the Month

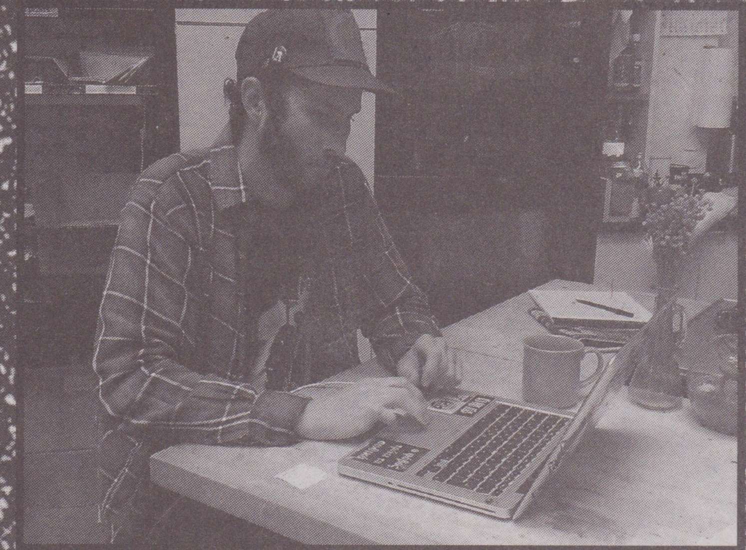
Andy Sweet



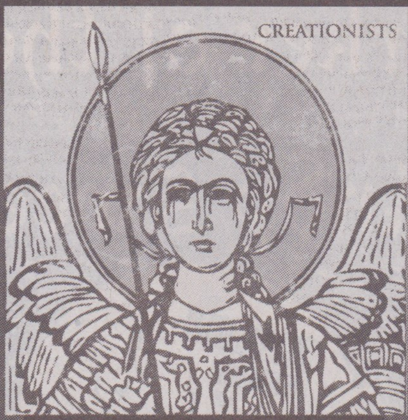
Andy joined us back in September. He was looking into being a shitworker for a while but then when his school requested an internship, he knew exactly where he wanted to volunteer!

Since September Andy has been a regular here at the compound, working about twelve hours every week. He gets a lot done! As a photojournalism major at SF State, he has some familiarity with our process. He helps out with our photo editing for spreads and interviews, layout, proofing and transcription. He also does tedious tasks like updating contact info in our various databases. You probably heard him as a guest on *MRR* radio, blasting faves such as Brainbombs and Kilslug!

When not in school or working at *MRR*, Andy likes to hang out in the outdoors, go camping and hiking, he even did a weeklong road trip from LA with his moped this summer! He enjoys playing the drums, riding his bike, skateboarding, painting, making stop-motion shorts and going to punk and sludge metal shows. He used to be the photo editor of *Xpress,* his school magazine.



Andy loves working here because of all the punk! He really likes the environment of *MRR* and everyone he has met here. Andy, we hope you stay after your schooling is done! We love having you around and appreciate all the hours and interest you give to the mag! Thanks dude!



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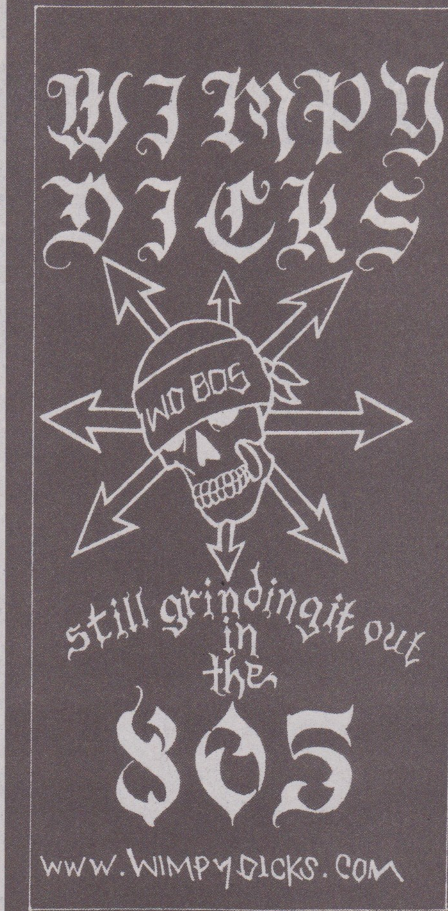

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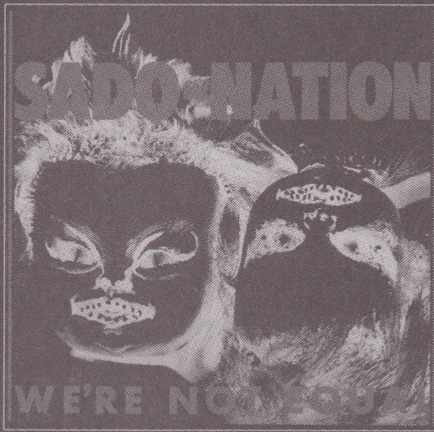

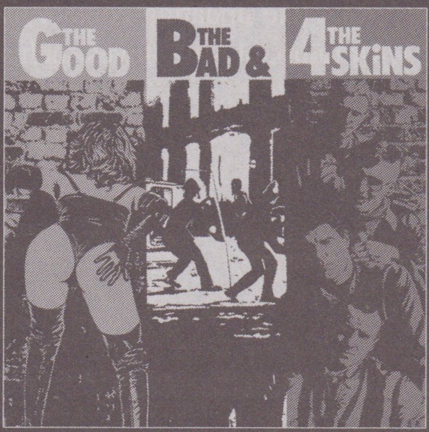

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NEWS

Maximum Rocknroll News compiled by Donny and Ari.

INDONESIAN PRESIDENT HOPEFUL IS A METAL MAN

by Robert Pasbani from Metal Injection

Metalheads aren't just in the mosh pit; they're everywhere! Some have day gigs in the boardroom, at the hospital or ... running for president of Indonesia.

Meet Joko Widodo. He is the current governor of Jakarta, and according to the New York Times, he's plotting a presidential campaign. He's also a big fan of Metallica and Napalm Death.

"I listen to loud metal songs, from Metallica to Led Zeppelin to Napalm Death...because rock is my passion," he told the Agence France-Presse ahead of a Metallica concert.

Widodo met Metallica when they played Indonesia recently, and bassist Robert Trujillo even gave the governor a bass as a present, which he turned over to Indonesia's anti-corruption agency in May. At another Metallica concert in August in Jakarta, he looked distinctly uncomfortable mingling with the rich and powerful in the VIP area—and insisted he would prefer to be among the crowd.

The governor is considered a man of the people, coming from a humble upbringing and choosing to ride motorbikes instead of motorcades in town. While Widodo has yet to make any concrete presidential announcements, in recent polls he is favored to win with 32.5 percent choosing him, at least ten percent higher than any other constituent. Indonesian presidential elections will be held in 2014, and it would be pretty awesome to have a metalhead running (at least) one country in the world.

[Editor's note: This isn't an effort to give the Indonesian government a cuddlier image. If he wins, perhaps Widodo can make sure nothing ever happens again like the widely publicized mass arrest and detention in rehabilitation camps of punks in Indonesia's Aceh province in December 2011.]

MASSIVE INDIGENOUS RIGHTS MOVEMENT LAUNCHES ACROSS BRAZIL

by Amazon Watch

On October 1, hundreds of indigenous peoples representing Brazil's native communities converged on government buildings in the nation's capital to decry unprecedented and growing attacks on their constitutional rights and territories. The historic mobilization coincided with the 25th anniversary of the founding of Brazil's constitution, with its groundbreaking affirmation of indigenous rights and aims to preserve these rights in the face of powerful economic interests behind a spate of pending laws seeking access to resources on native territories.

Brazil's Articulation of Indigenous Peoples (APIB) called the mobilizations, staged simultaneously in various cities across the country such as São Paulo, Belém and Rio Branco, to protest the attack against territorial rights of native peoples. Emanating from the Brazilian government and backed by a powerful congressional bloc representing agribusiness known as the Bancada Ruralista as well as large mining and energy interests, a series of new proposed laws seek to undermine Article 231 of the Brazilian Constitution, which assures the indigenous right to an exclusive and permanent usufruct to resources on their ancestral territories.

"We are here because Congress wants to take our rights and extinguish our people," said Chief Raoni Metuktire, a legendary Kayapó leader from the Amazon. "This assembly is important because it aims to unite our peoples against this threat."

Hundreds of planned laws and constitutional amendments targeting the rights of indigenous and traditional communities are under debate in Brazil's Congress and risk being passed in October before lawmakers go into recess, making these mobilizations both urgent and timely.

Among the proposed changes are Proposed Complementary Law 227 which would modify Article 231, eliminating the indigenous right to resources in cases of "relevant public interest," clearing the way for industrial farming, dam-building, mining, road building and settlement construction on indigenous lands. Proposed Constitutional Amendment 215 would roll back the demarcation of new indigenous territories by passing the authority to demarcate lands from the Executive to a Legislative branch that is increasingly hostile to indigenous rights.

"These amendments and new laws that the government wants to pass will destroy indigenous rights enshrined in the Brazilian Constitution and the international treaties of which Brazil is a signatory," said Maíra Irigaray Castro of Amazon Watch. "If Brazil denies the rights of these traditional populations, they risk extinction, something the world cannot afford. These are the guardians of the rainforests for the benefit of all humanity."

"We're not going to stand by and watch our territories being stolen, our houses being invaded and our rivers being destroyed," said Sonia Guajajara, coordinator of APIB. "Rather than calling Congress the house of the people, it should be called the house of agribusiness."

In addition to presiding over this unprecedented assault on indigenous rights, President Dilma Rousseff's government has demonstrated the worst record of indigenous territorial demarcation since the nation's dictatorship era. Further undermining the integrity of these territories, the office of her Attorney General is proposing Ordinance 303 to veto any expansion of demarcated lands while authorizing the construction of roads, energy transmission lines and military installations within their borders when such projects are deemed relevant to "national security."

These moves coincide with increased government backing and finance for projects and industries, exemplified by Brazil's dam-building boom in the Amazon, that are entirely at odds with indigenous rights.

JOSHUA STAFFORD OF "CLEVELAND 4" SENTENCED TO 10 YEARS FOR TERRORISM

by Vivien Lesnik Weisman from The Huffington Post

Joshua Stafford, 25, known as Skelly, was sentenced in October to 10 years in prison and life probation for his involvement in a terrorist plot to blow up a bridge near Cleveland.

One could argue that a ten-year sentence for the horrific act of attempting to blow up a bridge is too light a sentence. But in the case that has come to be known as the Cleveland 4, one would be dead wrong. (The case was originally referred to as the Cleveland 5 before defendant Anthony Hayne's post-arrest collaboration with the government.)

Enter Skelly. He thought he could prove his innocence if given the opportunity to plead his case in open court. Skelly was so sure of his innocence and distrustful of the government-paid lawyers that he represented himself. By all accounts, he had no idea how to proceed. On the first day of his trial, he ended it by telling the judge that he was going to have to sleep in the next day and would not be returning to court. It was an agonizing experience for his friends and supporters to watch him bungle one question after another, one day after the next.

Skelly, 23 at the time, met several of his co-defendants at the short-lived Occupy Cleveland encampment. nificant relationship with anyone. His self-harm, suicide attempts and frequent psychiatric hospitalizations landed him in a "therapeutic" high school, by the end of high school, he spent everyday in restraints.

After the Occupy Cleveland encampment closed, Skelly and his new friends were jobless and often hungry. Vulnerable and rudderless, they were indeed a crime waiting to be crafted in the hands of a seasoned con man avoiding yet another jail term. Enter paid FBI informant Shaquille Azir, 39, who befriended Douglas Wright on the final day of Occupy before the tents were taken down.

Skelly and his friends were supposedly targeted by the FBI because of their propensity to violence. But a closer examination reveals just the opposite. Wright had the idea of going into a high-rise building that housed a bank and dropping a banner or toppling a bank sign from a great height. But even this nonviolent direct action had very little chance of success.

Azir spent many months working on the young men, except for Skelly who was not brought into the plot until the very day it happened. Azir gave them jobs working on his apartment building, excluding Skelly. They worked twelve-hour days for $5.00 an hour. They were sleep deprived but proud of having jobs and bragged about their cool boss to the others kids in the Occupy warehouse. "It resembled a cult more than anything else, with Azir as the guru," said Julia. "They were chosen because they were the most vulnerable, and then he isolated them further. He took care of their needs, but kept them sleep-deprived. And there was the isolation due to long workdays. These kids had very tough early lives. We all call them kids because they were very young in a way. Both Connor and Brandon were under 21, and now, here is a father figure taking care of all their needs. Then, there was the Adderall [prescription amphetamines] and the sleep deprivation. That clouds your judgment."

Azir suggested the target, pressuring the young men about the timing and loaning Skelly's co-defendants half the money to purchase the fake explosives. The young men, who were interested mainly in protective gear for a trip to anti-NATO protests in Chicago, left the meet-up on the hook for a large sum of money both to their boss and the FBI agent they believed to be an arms dealer.

Many conversations were reported where the young men could not decide what to do and what to target before Azir's suggestion. Concern for avoiding injury or death was expressed repeatedly. The Cleveland 4 case, like all of these homegrown terrorism cases, mostly relies on the testimony of the informant—in this case, Azir. So why would the FBI, the US Attorney, and later a jury give so much credibility to Azir's testimony? He was paid $5,750 for his services. While working over time with the FBI on this case, he was charged with knowingly passing a bad check and a second felony for defrauding a Cleveland credit union. He also violated the conditions of his parole. Not surprisingly, Azir's most recent convictions in November 2011, resulted in no more than a slap on the wrist, with 18 months probation despite a lengthy rap sheet.

Skelly was brought in on the day they were all arrested. He was unaware of the plan, was not part of the planning process, and wasn't present when the explosives were procured. He got into the car when Azir offered a meal and cigarettes, two things he always had a hard time getting. Skelly testified in court that Azir asked him to move boxes, which ended up being the fake explosives provided by the FBI. The government, the FBI and the prosecution never contested that Skelly missed all planning, purchasing and important conversations. They did try to prove that he was filled in on the plan while in the car, that he placed the fake explosives under the bridge and that he did the detonation with a cell phone provided by Azir.

Skelly contends that he thought they were tagging the bridge to spray paint it and that the boxes contained the paint. If he did check out, this is certainly an explanation."We know he disassociates under stress," Julia offered. "He had no idea what he was doing." Azir testified that Skelly followed instructions and detonated the fake bombs by dialing a set of numbers into the phone he provided.

In order for the terrorism enhancement to apply, which can add an additional 20 years at sentencing, the state must prove by a preponderance of the evidence that Skelly was aware that there was a political intent for his action. Blowing up a bridge in and of itself is not an act of terrorism; it is a crime. The government did not even contest that Skelly was not at any of the planning meetings or discussions. It is difficult to see how the state met its burden.

Judge Dowd could not be dissuaded from applying the terrorism enhancement. This charge carries a 30-year minimum sentence, yet the sentence he handed down was 10. Skelly is a young man with a history of childhood neglect, abuse, physical and mental illness, and the most horrifying treatment at the hands of the very institutions that should have been looking out for his well-being. He put his freedom and possibly his life (many feel it is unlikely that Skelly will be able to survive 10 years of incarceration) on the line, kept his ground and took a principled stand.

Another disturbing aspect of this case is that Skelly was offered a three-year non-cooperating plea. That plea was on the table until the day the trial began. Skelly refused to take it. Julia said, "We [the lawyers and the support group] all begged him to take the three-year deal, right up to the end, especially when the judge denied his request for a continuance." According the mental health records presented at sentencing, Skelly has a fifth-grade reading level, severe ADHD and the emotional maturity of a 12-year-old. And there he was defending himself, pressed for time to prepare with inadequate access to the evidence against him, and boxes upon boxes of material to read through.

At sentencing, the state asked for 30 years, arguing vigorously that public safety hung in the balance. That the state can be willing to take a three-year non-cooperating plea and, when the defendant stands his ground and proclaims his innocence, turn around and ask for 30 under the pretext of public safety is punitive and cruel, and has nothing to do with justice. It does, however, send a message loud and clear: If we say you're a terrorist, then you are. But since we know that you aren't, just say you are, so we can declare another victory in the never-ending "War on Terror" and let you off easy.

BRAZILIAN ACTIVISTS FREE BEAGLES FROM LAB

by Sky News

Some 500 people gathered to protest outside the Instituto Royal Lab Laboratory in Sao Roque, in the south-east of the country, and attempted a second raid on the facility.

Officer Edivaldo Nunes of the Sao Roque police department said the activists tried to break through barriers set up in front of the laboratory following Friday's raid. The officer stated, "They hurled rocks and set fire to a police car and to two cars of a local television station." Police officers used tear gas and pepper spray to disperse the crowd but there were no reports of arrests or injuries. On Friday a large group had stormed the building shouting "save the dogs" and driven away with the animals.

Most of the animals had their skins shaven and one was found dead, frozen in liquid nitrogen and with signs of mutilation, according to reports carried by the daily newspapers, Folha de Sao Paulo and O Estado de Sao Paulo.

Giulana Stefanini, one of the animal rights protesters who took part in the action, was quoted as saying that one of the beagles found had no eyes. Ahead of their action, the activists complained to the police about the alleged mistreatment of animals at the lab, but they said no action was taken.

The lab cancelled a meeting with the protesters at the last minute and described the invasion on Friday morning as "an act of terrorism," insisting that its activities are monitored by Brazil's Health Surveillance Agency, according to O Estado.

Officer Edivaldo Nunes of the Sao Roque police department said none of the dogs have been recovered and no one has been arrested. Animal testing for scientific research is legal in Brazil and is regulated in line with international standards.

10,000 WALRUS COME ASHORE IN NORTHWEST ALASKA

by Dan Joling from Associated Press

Scientists with the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration on September 27 photographed walrus packed onto a beach on a barrier island near Point Lay, an Inupiat Eskimo village 300 miles southwest of Barrow and 700 miles northwest of Anchorage.

The walrus have been coming to shore since mid-September. The large herd was spotted during NOAA's annual arctic marine mammal aerial survey, an effort conducted with the Bureau of Ocean Energy Management, the agency that conducts offshore lease sales.

An estimated 2,000 to 4,000 walrus were photographed at the site on September 12. The US Fish and Wildlife Service, the agency that manages walrus, immediately took steps to prevent a stampede among the animals packed shoulder to shoulder on the rocky coastline. The agency works with villages to keep people and airplanes a safe distance from herds.

Young animals are especially vulnerable to stampedes triggered by a polar bear, a human hunter or a low-flying airplane. The carcasses of more than 130 mostly young walruses were counted after a stampede in September 2009 at Alaska's Icy Cape. The gathering of walrus on shore is a phenomenon that has accompanied the loss of summer sea ice as the climate has warmed.

Pacific walrus spend winters in the Bering Sea. Females give birth on sea ice and use ice as a diving platform to reach snails, clams and worms on the shallow continental shelf.

As temperatures warm in summer, the edge of the sea ice recedes north. Females and their young ride the edge of the sea ice into the Chukchi Sea. However, in recent years, sea ice has receded north beyond continental shelf waters and into Arctic Ocean water 10,000 feet deep or more, where walrus cannot dive to the bottom.

Walrus in large numbers were first spotted on the US side of the Chukchi Sea in 2007. They returned in 2009, and in 2011, scientists estimated 30,000 walruses along one kilometer of beach near Point Lay. Remnant ice kept walrus offshore in 2008 and again last year.

The goal of the marine mammals survey is to record the abundance of bowhead, gray, minke, fin and beluga whales, plus other marine mammals in areas of potential oil and natural gas development, said NOAA Fisheries marine mammal scientist Megan Ferguson in an announcement.

"In addition to photographing the walrus haulout area, NOAA scientists documented more bowhead whales, including calves and feeding adults in the Beaufort Sea this summer compared to 2012," said Ferguson. "We are also seeing more gray whale calves in the Chukchi Sea than we have in recent years." Environmental groups say the loss of sea ice due to climate warming is harming marine mammals, and oil and gas development would add to their stress.

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new blood

by kat smith

submit to kat@maximumrocknroll.com

1) date & location formed
2) reason for forming
3) lyrical content
4) description of sound
5) future of this band

MERCENARY

1)We're from Atlanta, and we started playing in November of 2012.
2)There's no good answer for this. We were partying at our bass player Tyler's house, and drunkenly decided to start a band.
3)My lyrics are mostly about feeling worthless, rejected, and being pissed off about a world filled with violence and religious oppression.
4)We love Swedish hardcore. Jesse, our guitar player, just says Totalitär. So, I guess that is what we sound like...
5)We are working on putting a LP out sometime this year with Scavenger of Death/Grave Mistake. We want to tour, but we all work too much, so who knows when that will happen. Our tape is out on Scavenger of Death Records, and you can get one from their webstore scavengerofdeath.storenvy.com. If you want to contact us, you can email mar9091@hotmail.com

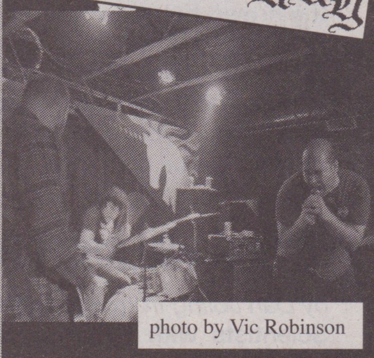


photo by Vic Robinson

ASYLUM

1. Early 2012 in Richmond, VA.
2. A common love for State of Fear.
3. The inevitable demise of the human population by their own hand and the collapse of the mind by mental illness or self-destruction.
4. We take a huge influence from Swedish hardcore and bands influenced by that type of stuff, especially a lot of bands that were emulating that style in the mid to late '90s. There is also a very present heavy/rock'n'roll influence in our music as well—from stuff like Girlschool, Wicked Lady, and Motörhead.
5. We plan on putting out a LP by the end of the year and playing some more dates up and down the East Coast. Hopefully make it out to the West Coast in the near future. asylumpunx@gmailcom

TRENCHES

1) Probably May 2012, Oakland, CA.
2) Me (Juliana, guitar) and Ryan (drums) wanted to play some '80s hardcore, pretty much influenced by old Boston bands. Ryan invited Laura (bass) and I invited Booboo (vocals) because I knew he is into this kind of stuff, also because he's from Boston!
3) Most of the lyrics are about loss, accountability and a need for positive actions and results.
4) Trying to sound like '80s East Coast hardcore, but it can't really happen because we're in the West Coast in 2013!
5) Play many shows, we just put out our first tape, hopefully have a mini-tour early next year. trencheshxc.bandcamp.com

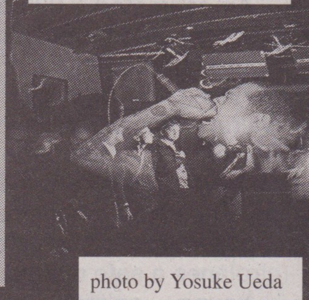


photo by Yosuke Ueda

GRIMA

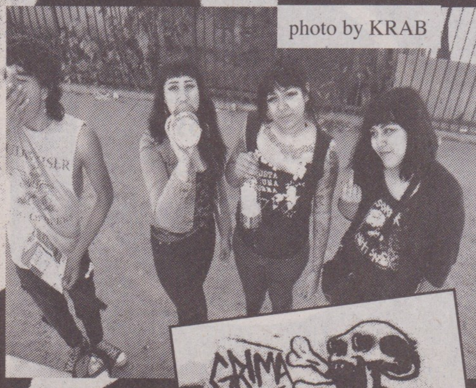


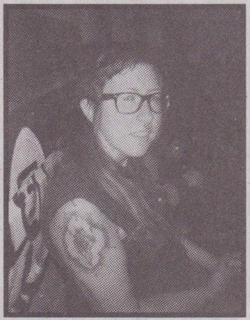
photo by KRAB

1. GRIMA formed around November of 2012 in South Los Angeles (South Central).
2. The band started as something for fun. We had no intention of starting something. Lola (bassist) and Crystal (guitarist) wanted to pick up an instrument and within a few days of jamming out and no luck of finding a drummer, Chris from Mal Paso jumped on drums and Erika on vocals. That's when the band officially formed.
3. Our lyrics are just about our random thoughts. Some are about fucked up relationships, sleepless nights, exploitation, police brutality, etc., anything that seems to come to thought one day becomes a song the next.
4. Our sound is loud, jumpy, fun and catchy.
5. We plan to continue playing shows and we hope to release new material soon, as well as tour. grimapunxxx@yahoo.com

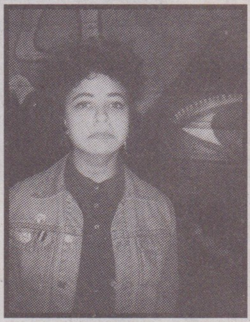
MRR asks you!

WHAT'S THE SCOOP?

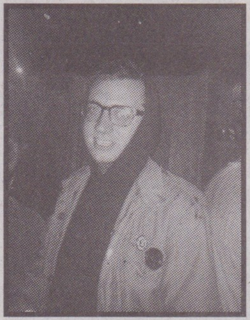
This month's question was "What are the pro's and con's of the internet in DIY culture?" Asked at both Bay Area Gag shows. By Ethan.



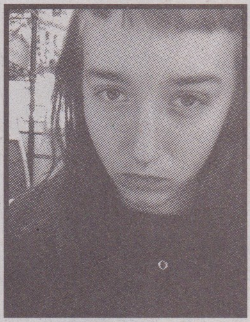
Alyssa, Oakland, CA
Lurkin' and Jerkin'.



Dharma, Oakland, CA
The internet allows you to have no balls but allows you to look up whatever the fuck you want and who the fuck cares if it's true or false?



James, Oakland, CA
The pro is the con. It makes DIY more accessible



Ethan, Oakland, CA
The internet has endless amounts of information. It also allows you to create an entirely new personality for yourself and you have full control over how people view you as long as you never see them IRL. But at least you can get sick Facebook invites to cool shows.

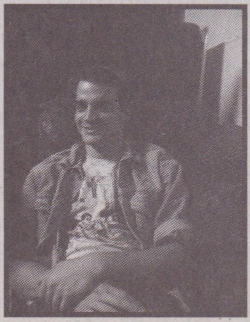
Scott, Olympia, WA
A con would be the saturation of unproductive opinions and a pro would be people being able to contact each other and collaborate on projects in different cities using a DIY framework.

Jessa, Oakland, CA
Everything is accessible. You don't need a college degree or profesional experience. The con is since the internet has become more common, ·face to face is less common. That makes it harder for people to work in groups or as a community. It's hard to get people out of the house.

Cody, Oakland, CA
You can hide within the internet which is a pro. But the con to that is you are hiding in the internet, where there is no consequence and people aren't ready to face that in real life, like at a show.

Brittney, Oakland, CA
It uses information to help build a community. But also that amount of information being spread is the downfall of DIY culture.

Ari, Crystal Tokyo
The internet makes it easy to disseminate info, but only to a privileged population of the world. The people that have internet access are over-saturated in culture. I feel that fuels capitalism in that it creates an insaitiable demand for commodities both vitural and tangible.



James, Oakland, CA
It's not that the internet itself is bad. The problem is how quickly it effects change in our lives and very few people seem to question that.

BUDAPEST, HUNGARY SCENE REPORT

Report by Viktor Vargyai • Photos by Tamas Bernath and Gabor Radi

It's strange. I have written a scene report focusing on mostly the people who then started to become my friends, and since all of them had bands, almost all of them were practicing at the same place and all of them were hanging out at almost every show. So I made up a name to call this group of ours somehow. Since then more than two years have passed and now I feel that there is still music played by *magyars* that deserves to be covered. It deserves to be covered because every scene needs representation. It's the know-how of how we live amongs each other, how we create something new, what's different to other places or how is it similar almost everywhere. This is not gonna be just facts, the number of local bands are much more than the sum that will appear within these lines. It's just the bands I enjoy the most, whom I like to swing my beer at at weekday shows when I forget the rest of my worries.

The scene I wrote about, the Defekt scene, is having it's dusk. The rehearsal room—that even some foreign bands experienced—was a center of late night hangouts and crazy jamming, crawling on the floor and spontaneous festivals that just failed because of slacking. Get 30 punx and try to squeeze money out of them every month right on deadline time. Until this cataclysm, the room has served as a great space to create so much joy and friendships, new bands and projects, and served as a recording space. Among the filth there was always treasure.

But people are getting older and thus have to have more responsibility and the parties what once were crazy, nihilistic and utterly weird have now just become mellow hangings and early goodbyes due to waking up early to painful hangover mornings. But it seems that since the nihilism disappeared bands are becoming better. With the political system and the whole world and how it works just getting worse and worse here, there are still people not just shrugging their shoulders and joining the line, but trying to create their own secret world, their own platform to express themselves and have a huge fucking amount of fun, either as a threat or as protection.

Hungary has been put on the map. Budapest and Szeged are hosting all the great shows of touring bands from all around the world and other cities are holding possibilities for punx with free time to maintain their teenage riot. Pécs and Debrecen are on fire, as well as Győr and its region, that have been solid columns of the Hungarian punk underground for years.

The main agenda here is: Things must happen. If a band wants to come here and the promoter feels like he needs to book them, it will happen even if at a collapsing rehearsal room, or around a tree in the beer garden of a medieval castle, or in the basement in some burnt out bar for burnt out people. And if there is the right amount of people with the right type of mood, magic can happen. If there is one thing that people here are good at, it's losing their shit to bands they can be enthusiastic about. Standing in the middle between East and West it's interestingly exotic and the one time when Hungary could be a champion is when appreciating bands that come here. The Hungarian soul is tired and doesn't really look outside of its own space, thus when people came into our spaces then we are filled with gratitude. Having many people even in my space, I have learnt through others' stories that it's almost the same everywhere else. You just have to start doing things on your own and, if you have the will, at least you will end up with a

scene that is your home. Just put yourself out when you have something. Or invite the world inside your space if you have nothing. Share with the world and open your fucking eyes and help, appreciate, love what you have around you. Just try and do and the rest will follow.

From the punk house-like rehearsal space that was a living room for many of us for years, from the ever-collapsing ruins of the Defekt scene few bands have grown out at the finale. The always-balancing into an abyss, drug-dazed pop punk of FOR MY FRIENDS have transformed into FAKE SHAKES, which still has a bearded soul and an indolent but in every chord youthful sound, performed by various kinds of kids who like to hang out and do crazy things as they are obsessed with climbing to higher places while high—and this has lead to many atrocities with people being protective about their roofs. Their warm hearted but cold-faced melodic songs have reasonable filth and pining over let-downs of either assholes or failed romances, rather something about how drunk they were. People getting naked, the band getting naked, then there was a solo, some improvised chant on teenage sadness fueled by frustration—just total chaos. After some line up changes and a semi-legendary last show they formed TUMO, with which they are writing new songs, having a slightly different approach on strange music, plus they have a new drummer too. Their music and lyrics still feel like they're haunted by dementia or demons. They left behind the surf feel from their previous music and replaced themselves from a nuclear beach to a rotting garden, where they play this Revolution Summer influenced, SST vibe guitar jamming, still punk based forever rock. Rock music for a fermenting society. Sticking to their awkwardness their live shows are still strange, with changing instruments and looking as weird as whatever drugs are influencing them at that moment. Having some trouble with finding a drummer and being disorganized nihilists, they have only recorded two of their songs with slacking howling vocals. *created* PISS CRYSTALS so they would be able to travel and play anyway. The weird mix of everything that J. Mascis has ever done starting from DEEP WOUND through DINOSAUR JR. to riffing SABBATH-ish doom and a pinchful of kraut rock influences, PISS CRYSTALS is a band of music buffs who wanna entertain themselves. Never been taken seriously, still they are a core of a scene of bored youth, thus always being a lot more than juts noise. Sometimes their rehearsals transform into a huge hangout where at some point everybody will be freestyle rapping to dumb beats provided by a broken Casio. Live they always end their sets with freestyle rants against the punk scene's stupidity. It is punk music because it's played by punk kids who like music and weird ideas and noise, and have enthusiasm over professionalism.

ZEN FASCISTS has formed from the ruins of PLAN BEER, taking a circle run and sitting behind different instruments but having almost the same members in different positions. The

ZEN FASCIST

than about shining happiness of bubble gum pop. They are those weird kids who sit at the back of your house party and smash things, not because they are here to destroy but only because they are like this. Nowadays I try to arrive late at their shows, but since I'm that kind of guy who's always there too early, I always end up watching them; and when I do I do not regret it.

LÖMBIHEAD was something like a quintessence of the Defekt scene; playing music they have figured out for themselves, having shows as weird as they could be, just But maybe the future is holding some luck for us and they will came out with a proper but still damaged release in the future. One thing is for sure: when they're willing to play their instruments and focus a bit, magic happens and these utterly creative guitar jams start to work as perfect slacker punk songs for all your doubts and paranoia. You might follow.

For mutant rockers there is PISS CRYSTALS as well. Started out as a project of two friends who were in a dozen bands so if their bands had to cancel a show out of boredom these two guys could be a fill in band, because they music that was once guitar driven and smart and punk now has turned into something simpler and threatening with its imbalanced bouncing. Oi!-influenced, noisy and grooving, aggressive hardcore with lyrics about being a loser and lost in social life. They are not menacing, it's the world that is, and through their music and lyrics it's even more bizarre. Rage fueled with awkwardness, this band has the least hardcore look with the geekiest approach of playing fast punk music. The name comes from a DEAD KENNEDYS song, so they have no romantic relation to such bad people as far right wing extremists go. Having

just a demo recorded and two shows played after rotting in a rehearsal room for years and finally recruiting a bass player for live shows and writing future riffs, ZEN FASCISTS is a new but mostly promising band.

Another fine mutant band is WRYNESS. The most flaky, pothead band of all. Started out as TEKKEN (yeah, the video game) but after some line up changes they had their name changed as well. There is just something magical in the experience of witnessing WRYNESS play. I loved them all the time they played in rehearsal rooms. That fragile beauty they carry by being more visceral players of their instruments rather than trained ones. Their bass player learnt to play bass on a two-day speed trip when he couldn't sleep, so he figured out how to jam. Their sets are always paused by recesses to drink beer, smoke weed or huff some rush. Their music like a group that has only read about hardcore and put it together in their heads, not as if they have first hand experiences with the genre. It's punk played by the beaten—more like an idea of how they should sound and not following rules. They were born outside the box.

MUDPIE is quiet a new band, formed roughly a year ago. Their take on punk music is backed with longer songs which give enough space for them to play out their post-punkish post hardcore-ish riffs. They have weird melodies that are just as catchy as it sucks you into a vortex of anxiety and gloom. They stay in mid tempo but the vocals are harsh and mostly screaming, while the lyrics move on a personal level, digesting everyday disappointments and bedroom frustrations. Their music moves forward as it comes out from the headphones. They are awkward in a lovely way and beyond their never-smiling live presence is a focused themselves. In a way, they don't seem to have too many ideas of how and what they wanna play, but they are doing it anyway because they are sure they wanna play. Strange pace changes and lively ideas on the structure of songs, with solos that sometime sound like they're on psychedelic drugs. It's fun to see them play and go along with their version of doing punk. I mean being drunk, being punk, being in a basement and seeing such bands is just magical; or it could be that and I'm glad that I belong to such a scene. Oh by the way, all the members of VEX are girls.

NORMS is a band where I sing so I will try not to swallow my own dick too deep. We play fast hardcore punk soaked in disgusting noise.

Some bands bring the whole scene together with their unavoidable awesomeness that none of the followers of the various subgenres

is strange as well, since they attempt to make as many weird-pacing changes in their music as they can. This makes the whole sound a collapsing one, but on their middle tempo runs they invoke the floating paranoia of the kids of the black hole. Somehow the band is so little, yet still they can sound really huge. One by one their tracks wouldn't stand out alone but overall, especially live or when listening to their whole album, having your soul soaked in their desperate and desolated lyrics is an experience we always search for in punk music. It's like old Hungarian punk, or KAAOS, or Finnish or Japanese hardcore. They sound teeth-grinding will to play their songs in the best way. They are not changing the world or challenging you with their music, but still you can lose yourself in their flood of stretched out guitar riffs and relatable gloom.

VEX is a punk band with raging and collapsing hardcore influenced music. Pure and fast, inspired by the early era of amazing West Coast hardcore bands, having some dry melodies infused. They are always rehearsing and occasionally playing with adorable awkwardness. Not melting anyone's face, but they are still forcing out all the frustration from can deny. HUMAN ERROR is one of the oldest running bands in Hungary who are still fresh and have not stopped for a second to take a break. They had myriads of members but still holding two original ones. They play merciless crust/grind music that is not a style I really love but their live sets are just pure energy of punk perfection; this way becoming a devoted fan of theirs is not a tough job. They go way beyond genres and styles—it's just that force that is marching down from the stage as an evil black mass that will push you down or grab you in. They have an agenda to clear out and set straight the confused minds that

HUMAN ERROR

NORMS

have been lost in the muddy forest of business grind and false punk. They hate their jobs and in their own way they are survivors because they have their eyes open enough to see the horror and feel threatened. Not as if they are squatting and fighting the cops all the time, since in Hungary there's no such thing as a squatter/street protest scene. It's just that resistance that resonates in them. They are frequently touring and booking bands from all over Europe here in Budapest. Silently they climbed up to the legendary position they never self-proclaimed they possess. It's simply staying true to what you believe in and doing it in a way you feel is right. And at one point your shows will just become huge events in punk terms and people will bounce their every day struggle out from themselves at your shows. It's not easy to keep a band running for fifteen years and it only happens on very rare occasions that a band after this long can still be fresh and not burnt out. They have just recorded an upcoming full length, which is much anticipated. And seeing them on stage they are not an ounce different from all the young kids blasting their music to escape high school reality. Only HUMAN ERROR's angst is rooted deeper and they have less mercy.

Their guitarist, who was the latest addition to the band and has been playing for over a decade in decent bands and in a way forming the face of Hungarian hardcore/punk, has been with HUMAN ERROR for five years now. He has a solo project called DISKOBRA, that's a great mix of old Hungarian punk/hardcore and some DISCHARGE worship DIS-core. The overall damaged flavor is coming together with drunk rage against the inexplicable bullshit of this world we are living in. His simple but sharp lyrics and plain but striking songs serve as the perfect background music if you are having an angst rush. It's the voice of your friend who reminds himself how cruel life is sometimes and goes on diatribe rant during a night spent chugging cheap liquor. He plays live shows with a full band and the things that are said between songs are just pooping the party that much that people realize the outside world is a trap and only our spaces could bring us temporary joy. It's just good to see people slowly leaving their 30s still giving a fuck, doing new things and caring about the present and future, rather than blaming the now by glorifying their past because they got old. People like him are as much inspiration as young kids having no fucking idea what to play and just blasting out wonderfully shitty noise. It's the angst and endurance of still giving a fuck that is magic, found in everyone who is willing to create. And DISKOBRA is a total keeper of raw, fast and disgusting hardcore/punk.

CHAPPA' AI is a noise band that is distant from our planet thus labeled as space grind made up of Stargate fans who share the drummer with DISKOBRA and HUMAN ERROR. This group of total creeps and misfits plays a confusing mix of speed freak grind and harsh noise. Somehow transforming their live shows into a performance art by people who are the furthest from doing anything with art and performance. It's their weirdness and love for bizarre noises that keeps the band running. And of course shitloads of weed.

RÁKOSI has become one of the other longest running bands of the scene. Starting as a guerilla band who, though uninvited, showed up at random shows to take over the stage for the shocking five-minute sets they have become known for ever since Lengua Armada released three of their demos on two 7"s. They're still about what's mostly happening in their hometown where the guitarist and singer still live. How the countryside is going bankrupt, both financially and morally. They have a strange method of writing songs, since the last two demos were written and recorded during weekends. As the first note was played for the first time on a Friday afternoon, after they had freshly escaped from a long workweek, by Sunday evening they had their new songs recorded. Somehow they are able to transform everyday horror into punk hardcore perfection. With their shows becoming gatherings where the punk and hardcore kids find themselves among each other sweating their desperation out. Most of the people couldn't really understand the specific topics this band is singing about but they can feel the anger and scorn they have. They do have the issue of being a bit stuck in Hungary, since they only leave if they are invited, but even this way they still stay fresh and as time goes by more people love them. Which is what they deserve for sure. They are the absolute beast of the Hungarian punk noise wall that is standing in defense of the frustration you might have to shelter in your everyday life—but since it's totally normal to have it and let it out sometimes, their shows are the best places for this.

The one half of RÁKOSI lives in Szeged. Szeged is a little treasure box near the Serbian border. It's a small city with few people who are willing to sacrifice too much of their time to form new bands every weekend, rot in rehearsal rooms for endless hours and book cool shows. Most of the bands share members since seemingly the whole city has only two drummers for eight bands. The method is, instead of packing everything they like into every band, they create new bands for all the micro-subgenres they like and listen to. One thing is sure; most of the bands are heavily guitar driven. Let it be the cornerstone of the modern scene, KEMÉNY HENRIK with all members being from ex and current bands, playing music that is post. Not the sounds of the future but they are bringing the post from everything, especially from hardcore/punk and while it's a fact that they are playing punk, they play their guitars so much and have an overall sound that launches them into their own space. It's funny since the members out of the stage seem so unorganized and strange while playing and on record there is full control. Lyrics are varying between Hungarian and English and it's just amazing.

Bands connected to this group are ARGUMENT CLINIC, who are bringing the modern interpretation of the core RAMONES-ish music with a singer who can finally use his voice and they deliverer sure catchy melodies, and BERKUT (who are a new group formed from IMPERIAL SPIES and RÁKOSI) and SPARK and KEMÉNY HENRIK. Being a tornado of guitar sounds BERKUT (written with Cyril fonts) is a crushing, interesting, challenging, untamable force of smart rage; like a formula that knows what and how to destroy. They only played few official and non-official secret shows and a demo is about to be recorded. The future is unwritten.

This town is a perfect example of how if you have the good people and the will, you will make great things together. Do you wanna conquer the world? All right, but even if you don't succeed you will need people around you, people you can hang with, sit through nights in bars with or play the best music possible. Your music. Organize shows, or just cook offs. Movie clubs and collective radio shows. Have a million other bands there and just be supportive. Try to do Food not Bombs cooking for the homeless. Fill bars with your yelling. Open your farm for festivals and recording sessions. This is what Szeged does.

Just like Győr and its region. That place for me feels like a bubble, with so many strange and alienated kids. During this summer I went there to play at a local festival. It was amazing. There was one point where I was hanging in this kitchen of a nice family house. Four shaved headed guys were around me. They are YOUTH VIOLENCE. I was eating their pizza, they were eating freshly picked cherry. Making fun of each other, throwing the cherry stones at each other. They were worried if they could buy weed later. Few hours later in a room that was dripping with sweat they just started to execute all your hope. With homemade distortion pedals and with homemade anger they started to boom. Their music is fast the lyrics are desperate and angry on another level. It's just pure hate of the unfair world that is keeping them in constant struggle. But also it's the sound of joy that they still give a fuck enough to transform it into something so powerful that through projecting the everyday horror something beautiful comes out.

Their bass player and drummer have another project called WHO SOWS VIOLENCE REAPS STORM. Darker and more complex, with literary lyrics about everyday sufferings. The members look so weird, like they have their own little world which I'm almost sure they really do.

Life in Hungary could be a struggle and they say that from such a desolated soil great things can grow; artistically and not biologically. There is one band that is just robbing everyone's heart with their honesty and how they paint their picture of days spent surviving the suffering. It's ANOTHER WAY. Having a member who works twelve-hours shifts at a shitty blown-out industry and another two members who have been all around the world to promote a new full length that took them many years. Once an unstoppable band that just played everywhere for almost nothing but played their hearts out, now seems to have vanished for some years. Having line up changes and inner conflicts, they are back and everybody is bowing their heads in front of them. ANOTHER WAY is basically three weirdos playing as fast as they are angry—and they are really angry. They come from a small rural town in Hungary with no hope, so they paved their way out from this reality with every raging song they wrote. You can call it fastcore, power violence, hardcore or punk. This is just angry music played in Hungary by people who hung on to their teen angst, with a metallic riffing aftertaste. This band is another universe. They live by their own terms and while the whole scene is watching what are they up to, they just get on with their own thing. Hermits of the punk scene who appear to show their world how the universe is. Their much-anticipated full length that was delivered this year is a great testament of their still-burning torch. With having parts where even they couldn't keep up with the speed they're playing at, still they are a nonstop ugly terror that pours on you like a tsunami.

Those who not only seek self-relief but also have a bigger plan for all this are RIVERS RUN DRY. Their label/collective the DZSUKHELL RECORDS. RIVERS RUN DRY started out as something like epic or neo crust with three guitars and very long songs. But since two of the members are living in different squats in different countries, seeing them all together when not on tour is as rare as seeing the whole WU TANG CLAN on one stage. Now they have perfected this dark-heavy sound into something that is no longer crust or punk but just this dark mass that is sucking you in and not letting you out. With having enough span and space in their songs for the instruments to send you on adventure missions, there is always something that can grab you. To be honest I like music that is simpler and less constructed but live they are so heavy and unstoppable. Also they carry a distro with books, zines and records, they are putting on shows and releasing records from the local scene. Proving it's not such an extra job to infuse or maintain some meaning to all of this. I heard their rehearsals feel like a picnic with eating cakes, drinking tea and discussing issues of life. These guys are a strong column of the Budapest DIY scene.This is it.

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tOTAL TRASh

Not to be confused with the Toronto band of the same name, Total Trash from Minneapolis play a style of noisy, rhythmic punk that's fairly untapped in the region. I first noticed their guitarist at a show at the now-defunct DIY art space/cesspool/wet-house/freak-zone known as the Medusa. A week later, I was at a dumpy practice space and heard manic distorted guitar riffs and a woman screaming. It was undeniably some punk rock shit and warranted further investigation. I knocked on the door and saw the same dark haired, skittish kid from the show along with a small lady with long blonde hair. Behind a drum-kit sat a kid who was probably wearing a Korn shirt or something.

Managing to merge aggression with melody while avoiding coming off as contrived, Total Trash now stand as one of the rare Minneapolis bands that draws interest from art schoolers, leather jacket nerds and curious indie-rockers alike. While still in their infancy, they've switched drummers, gone through two bassists, and already pulled-off two tours—a short Midwest tour and most recently, a three-week East Coast tour. On a wet October day, right as the fresh fall leaves started to rot, I sat down and composed a subtly antagonistic interview for Jessica (vocals), Jared (drummer) and Dustin (guitars). Interview by Drew Ailes. Photos by James Muschinki, Caleigh D., S. Katz, J. Katz and Boringcamera.

MRR: Why did you name your band after Sonic Youth?

Dustin: Sonic Youth were one of the first bands that our drummer Jared and I saw together when we were kids. We don't sound too much like them but their whole attitude and exploration of what punk can be is something that inspired us back then and still does.

MRR: Does that make Dustin and Jessica the Minneapolis versions of Thurston Moore and Kim Gordon?

Jared: As long as I get to be Steve Shelley.

Dustin: I like to think of us as more of a Kurt and Courtney. Either that or a Gavin and Gwen.

Jessica: I think that means you're not cheating on me.

MRR: Did you ever consider changing your name to "Total Trash Canada" to make it even more confusing that you have the same name as the band, Total Trash, from Toronto?

Dustin: We've actually played a show with the Canadian Total Trash. They are real cool cats. I think that they have since changed their name to Home Invasion though. So either we completely intimidated them or they want nothing to do with us fucking weirdos.

MRR: Describe Total Trash accurately while using virtually meaningless music critic terms such as "acid washed". You can use three band names in the comparison.

Jessica: An undiluted mess of candy crushed chords but there is melody, maybe? Not gonna use any band names, sorry.

MRR: What do you have out right now? Who put them out?

Dustin: We have two tapes out and our new 7" *I Dont Care*. We self-released them all (DIY 4 LYF), and you can either order them, or download them all for free at totaltrash.bandcamp.com

MRR: Whenever I run into you guys, you seem like you're listening to some bullshit like King Snake Roost or Tad. Who first taught you guys to listen to punk? Did any of you have drug-addict older siblings?

Jessica: She's going to hate me for saying this, but I was the one who turned my older sister onto "classic punk" or whatever, though she has showed me lots of cool music throughout my life. I think once I told someone I liked post-punk and then they said, "Why don't you just like punk?" And I replied, "Yeah, you're right, I'm an idiot."

Dustin: I first started listening to punk because I was in a real low place as a teenager. The music my friends were listening to were these rock bands singing about things like Mordor and misty mountains; things that were extremely foreign to me, things that I couldn't relate to as a kid from the suburbs. When I first heard bands like the Ramones singing about TV, and Black Flag screaming "Depression," I immediately understood that they came from a similar place as me and that I could do everything that they do. It was inspiring. I don't know either of those bands you mentioned, Drew, but I don't try to limit myself to listening to one genre of music. If I had done that, then I would have never found punk in the first place.

Jared: For the longest time, Dustin was trying to get me into everything else besides the Clash and the Police's early shit (the only "punk" I was into at the time) and back then I was pissed because he started a new band without me. I didn't want to like anything he liked. I was angry with a lot of shit and white man reggae wasn't doing it for me anymore. Then I saw Brain Tumors. Thanks, Drew.

MRR: Hah, no problem. I have noticed that the crowd of people that come out to see Total Trash is less violent and stupid than other local punk bands' fans. Why is this and how does it make you feel?

Dustin: I think it's really important not to

be so exclusionary, to be inviting. A lot of the hardcore shows I go to are mainly dude bands playing for dude fans. It's important to me to see girls in the audience. I mean, they are 50% of the population, they should make up 50% of the crowd. If not, then you are obviously doing something wrong. Punk can be cute, even though it typically isn't. But that's the thing; punk is about not being typical.
Jessica: I feel like there's this weird thing where punks think they have to be macho or scary, but it's not really about that to us. Dustin likes to use a lot of pastel colors in our album art and such because that type of aesthetic isn't usually seen as "punk," but we like it so we're going to do that anyway. Actually, everyone seems to be pretty into it.

MRR: Is it like that for you guys outside of the Twin Cities?
Jared: I think when we're touring people tend to be more receptive and move around a little more. I feel like some people feel obligated to break shit just because we were called hardcore on the flyer. It rarely happens when we play; but when it does, there's this great, tingly, liberating energy that overcomes all of us. Like we found some weird familiarity with everyone, even though we probably won't remember anyone's name. Hey Ray!

MRR: I've noticed that none of you seem to get belligerently drunk before playing. Why?
Jared: Because I'm the only one that should own a driver's license.
Jessica: Obviously I'm only speaking for myself here, but I'm kind of a sober observer for life. I wouldn't really call myself straight edge at all, but Ian MacKaye said this thing, "I want to remember everything" and I feel like that's probably why I'm always sober. I just rarely have any desire to be drunk.

MRR: Compare the Minneapolis music scene to a food.
Dustin: I'm going to have to go with bubble tea.
Jared: Mystery meat with two side dishes.

MRR: Minneapolis is abuzz with rumors that the only reason you two are still in a relationship is because of the band. Is that true?
Dustin: No, our love runs deep.

MRR: I made that part up. I haven't actually heard that from anyone. But who is more replaceable between the two of you in the event that you break up?
Dustin: Totally Jess. No question.

MRR: What happened to your former bassist, Joel, from Brain Tumors?
Dustin: I don't know. Is he still alive?
Jared: I think he thought we were gonna be a math rock band.

MRR: What happened to your former bassist, Hannah, from Crimes?
Jared: She left a tip at a seafood place in Myrtle Beach. Haven't seen her in a good month.

MRR: Do you have a new bassist yet? When do you think they will leave?
Jessica: [Laughter]

MRR: Are you guys mad at me for asking you that?
Dustin: I think I would be mad if you would have mentioned the four other people who have also quit this band.

MRR: Who are your favorite bands in Minneapolis, not counting Wild Child?
Dustin: Brain Tumors, Condominium, the Funeral and the Twilight, and Kitten Forever.
Jared: The Blind Shake, Miami Dolphins and Gay Witch Abortion.
Jessica: Serenghetto, Varix, Kitten Forever, Miami Dolphins and Ugly Motors.

MRR: Dustin, I lost that tape of the Minneapolis hair metal band, Wild Child, that you gave to me when I saw you skateboarding by me one day. I am sorry. Also, Dustin, when you play guitar you move around like you have ants in your pants. Why is that?
Dustin: Pogo's dead. What the fuck else am I supposed to do?

MRR: I always thought it was for show until I noticed you do it even while you guys practice. Would it bother you to find out that someone thought you were moving like that just to look cool?
Dustin: I've had naysayers in every part of my life. It's one of the reasons I play punk rock. While it's important to listen to criticism and grow from it, I'm going to go ahead and say fuck them.

MRR: Jessica, what is the most accidentally insulting thing someone has said to you after a show?
Jessica: Someone once asked me if I wrote my own lyrics or if Dustin wrote them. But for the most part, people are real cool.

MRR: Jesus, that sucks. Is it hard being in a band that is mostly known for having an attractive drummer?
Dustin: That's probably the easiest part about being in this band.
Jared: (719) 266-2***

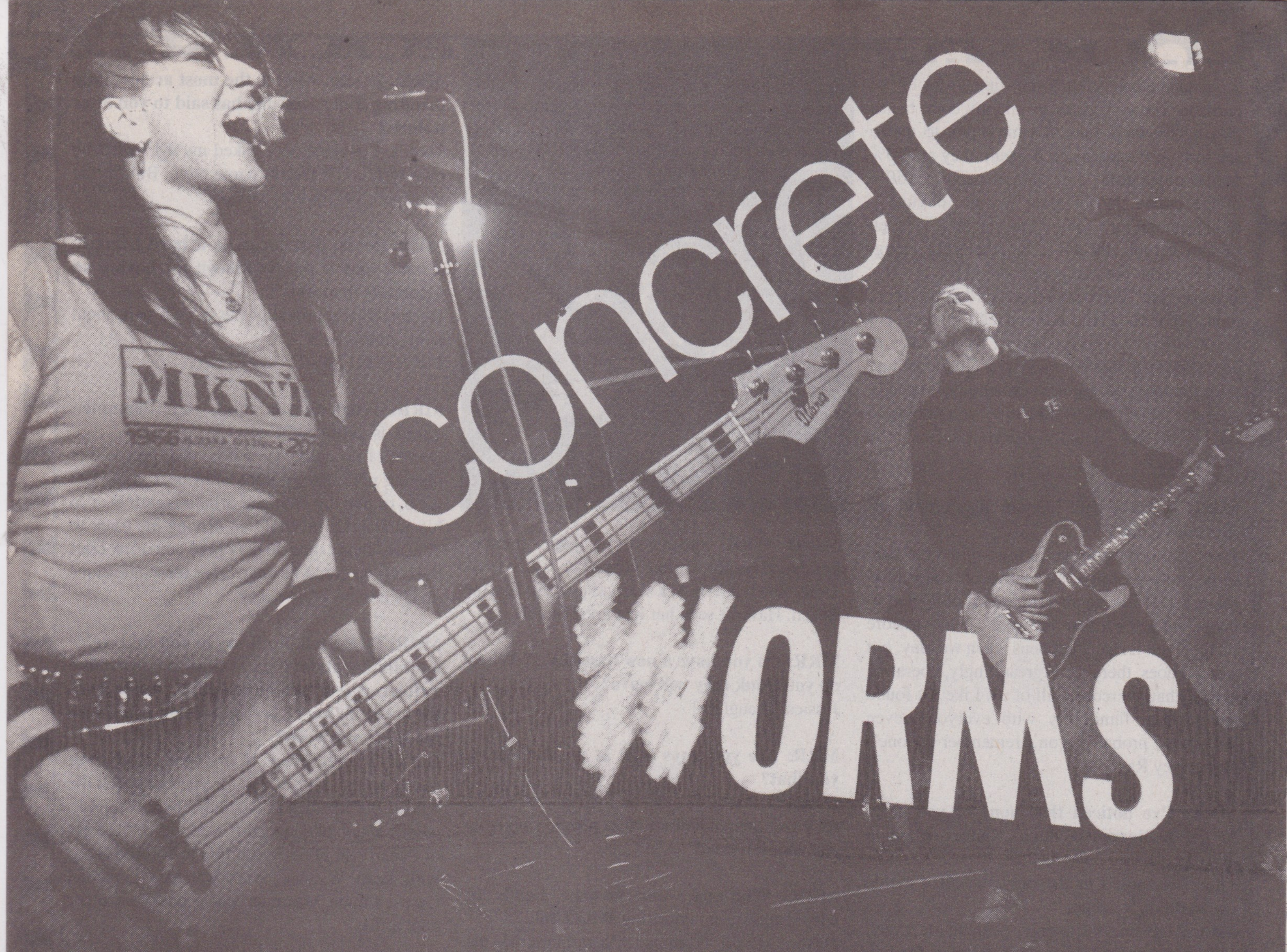
MRR: What do you think your drummer, Jared, is doing right now?
Dustin: I'm going to guess that he's either playing pool and drinking craft beer at the CC Club, or playing pool and drinking craft beer in his garage. Or he could be driving his truck to either of those spots to play pool and drink craft beer. Or he could be answering these questions on his iPhone as we speak.

MRR: Please tell him I say hi and that we're all thinking about him. Dustin, you draw like a thirteen year old on Special K. Aside from the art on *I Don't Care*, where can people see more of your work?
Dustin: Thanks, Drew. If you own a Slut River shirt, you can look at that, or you can check me out on the internet at dustinmcchesney.tumblr.com. I also had some stuff recently in the Fear of Punk//Fear of Art exhibition in Toronto along with Leah Wishnia, Alex Ratcharge, Nathan Gattis, Emma Maatman and a bunch of other cool artists.

MRR: Jessica, do you do any other creative bullshit like Dustin? Tell us about that. Or tell me to fuck off.
Jessica: I started trying to bake bread the other day. Yeah, the joys of unemployment. It's pretty non-creative bullshit in my opinion.

MRR: Are you still going to cover whatever bullshit Misfits song you were going to cover instead of "Bullet"?
Dustin: We played "20 Eyes" once in Milwaukee. It was fucking terrible, so no.

MRR: Thank you for your time. See you in the mosh pit and stuff.
Dustin: Thanks big D.



Concrete Worms

Concrete Worms is a Serbian garage punk power trio founded in Mladenovac. The band currently consists of Dragan (vocals, guitars), Dragana (vocals, bass), and Ilija (drums). The band released its debut album No Tip at All, *which was quite popular in Serbia in 1998, a couple of EPs and more recently, the* Cities of Death *CD, in 2011. Their music is fast, angry and energetic, and their lyrics typically cover such topics as love, good versus evil, the abuse of power, substance abuse and living on the edge.* Trashomi. *Interview done with great help from Nemanja. Photos by Sebastijan Iskra.*

MRR: How do Concrete Worms react to this summer heat?
Dragana: Concrete Worms love the heat, although the climate isn't what it used to be. We haven't run away from this country because of wars and poverty; maybe it's time to run away because of the climate—simply to go away to some tropical country.

MRR: Concrete Worms has existed since 1994. Time passes by and change is inevitable, sometimes maybe even desirable. However, do you recognize in your relation to the music you play, anything constant, permanent, or unchanging? What is the difference between today's Concrete Worms and the Concrete Worms from sixteen years ago? What is it that you will never change?
Dragana: When a band works for nineteen years, changes are more than necessary and desirable. If nothing new happens, the band breaks up easily. The important thing is that those changes are not forced, but spontaneous and unplanned. Eventually, those changes are unavoidable because we are different than we used to be nineteen years ago. Thank god! It should be like that. Everything has its own course. On the other hand, that which never change—what we would never change—is what we feel about punk music. Our feelings have the same intensity as when we were just kids. Perhaps they are expressed even more now because we are aware of it. I *know* now that playing in a punk band is one of the best things in my life!

In the totally fucked-up years of our puberty, we were constantly facing misery, poverty, depression and war. Even now, although you can say that our country has more or less guaranteed social peace, most things are the same. That all makes us feel unhappy, depressed, frustrated and neurotic. It is a logical sequence of events and the result is that we are all fucked up in this country! Punk music is not only a release of accumulated energy or a salvation from madness; above all, it's something positive, a source of good energy and a confirmation of life. Playing punk rock music makes us feel alive!

MRR: Is there any story related to the name of the band? Who is responsible for the name? Because, I must admit, it sounds great.
Dragan: You are one of the few people who consider it a good name. People usually take band names at face value, you know. Some are funny, some are hard-ass, or whatever. When Tasa and I decided to form this band, we considered a lot of possible names. At one time, back in 1994, he wanted to name the band Fighting Worms, which sounded like a high school band name, really childish and over-the-top aggressive. Our band was to be more adult-oriented with strong views and songs that really were about something. We liked the Worms part because it really sounded like the way we were in those days, or at least how the rest of society looked at us. To them, we were no more than small, easily ignored creatures, crawling around. The Concrete part of the name came out of our natural habitat. Later, I found out that there is actually a kind of worm that lives in concrete and fucks up construction. That only made it better. I hear they keep construction workers awake in the Middle East! In any case, people don't really get that from the name. They usually put it down to us having no sense of humor or a tendency to have a really hardcore aggressive name, but whatever.

MRR: Your first album *No Tip at All*, released in 1998, is the expression of simple, clear and energetic youthful rebellion. Can punk exist without rebellion? What are you fighting

against these days?

Dragana: I think rebellion is essential for punk music. The particular bad things come and go: wars, all sorts of violence, power politics, imbecilic political decisions. What remains is human stupidity. Stupidity is the biggest bullshit and the cause of all the particular bullshits. So you always have something to rebel against! Whether it concerns one person, a group, or the whole planet, your reaction must always be the same!

Ilija: Any kind of rock'n'roll is a sort of protest. In punk music, it is just more obvious. Everyday life gives you plenty of topics to express your discontent and discordance. Blah, blah, blah.

MRR: I noticed that your latest songs are more intimate and emotional. We can also see those emotions on the stage, during the show. Does that come with age?

Dragana: It is a natural thing for a band to evolve in time. The older you get, stuff gets more personal. It is important not to be ashamed of your feelings.

MRR: A girl in a band is not an exception anymore, but it's still not a rule, at least in Serbia. How seriously does the public take a woman with a guitar in her hands, here and now?

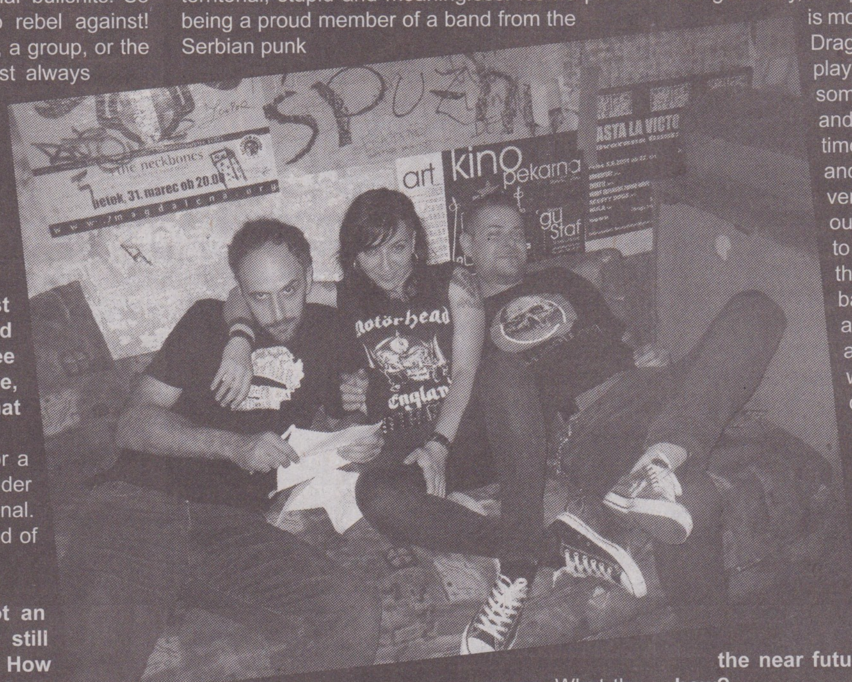
Dragana: Unfortunately, in Serbia no one with a guitar is taken seriously, just those with a criminal background and guns in their pockets. But if you're thinking about male-female relations, I never had problems. I hear some comments from time to time, but I don't really care that much. The attitude I take in those situations is the most important.

MRR: It is interesting that you make the guitars you use in your shows. What does that feel like? Do you ever consider making your own guitar brand?

Dragan: The feeling is great, really amazing. The fact that I can make an instrument that really plays well is just something else. I made my first guitar just to see if I could do it. When I saw not only that I could do it, but have a lot of fun doing it, I realized that I found a new calling. As soon as one guitar is built, I'm already on the next one. For the price of a really crappy, ugly guitar I can make a great-sounding, sexy-looking guitar that is 100% to my specs, from the wood to the hardware. As far as branding and patenting my guitars, I have thought about it, but it's one thing to dream of doing the stuff you like and get paid for doing it. The reality is quite different, especially in Serbia.

MRR: People used to say that there's no united and identifiable punk rock or garage scene in Serbia. How important is the existence of such a scene? What does that really mean?

Dragan: The scene has really deteriorated in the past years. A whole bunch of ugly things crawled in to the mix such as envy, an absence of any kind of unity and laziness. We have come down to 50 people in the audience in a city of two million, and it's not because people don't like punk music. Some bands from abroad draw in crowds of thousands. People are just too lazy to go and listen to a local band or a band from a different social or political group. It's very much segmented. People only support a certain specific number of bands, and that's it. It's all very territorial, stupid and meaningless. It's no picnic being a proud member of a band from the Serbian punk scene. What the fuck happened to individualism?



Ilija: Good bands are not the only condition to have a scene. Punk wouldn't exist without all the fanzines, record labels, recording studios, club owners, photographers, journalists, band managers, even fashion designers, but most important—an audience. So, for the punk rock and garage scene in Serbia, there are too many things that are missing. Many good bands couldn't stand the frustrating situation and simply gave up. Many more will do the same.

MRR: The internet, especially websites such as MySpace and YouTube, changed music greatly and made it easier to explore and hear something new. On the other hand, one can be overwhelmed by the infinite number of bands from different parts of the world simultaneously present on the network. Are you pleased by or afraid of all this diversity and constant presence and availability?

Dragan: The internet really helped bands get heard outside their own local scene, which is a great thing. Of course, everyone is free to make choices as to what kind of music they want to hear, but now with the internet, at least you have a much wider choice if you're prepared to do a little research. Diversity is never a bad thing, and even though there is a lot of trash, you can always find good music if you go beneath the surface. More than anything, the internet gives you the freedom to choose the kind of music you want to hear and not have it served to you by conventional media like the radio or TV. I'm pretty excited by the whole thing, I guess.

Ilija: I'm all lost in the supermarket; I can no longer shop happily.

MRR: You had the opportunity to play in the neighboring countries of Bulgaria, Romania, Croatia and Macedonia. What did you experience at those shows?

Ilija: A long time ago, we went to Romania and Macedonia. We had a great time there. Honestly, the trips were more interesting than the gigs. But we really like to play gigs in Croatia and Slovenia. We have some friends and fans there and generally, compared to Serbia, the audience is more into punk rock and garage.

Dragana: We've been regularly playing in Slovenia since 2008, sometimes twice or thrice a year, and have always had a great time! We really enjoy being there and playing the gigs and feel very comfortable because of our friends who always come to support us. So, it's not just the relationship between the band and audience anymore; a true friendship emerged, and it means a lot to us! But when we stay there for a few days, we realize what a bad situation we have here. The most ordinary things surprise us: the quality of equipment, the fact that everything functions well during the gig, and that no one screws us for the money!

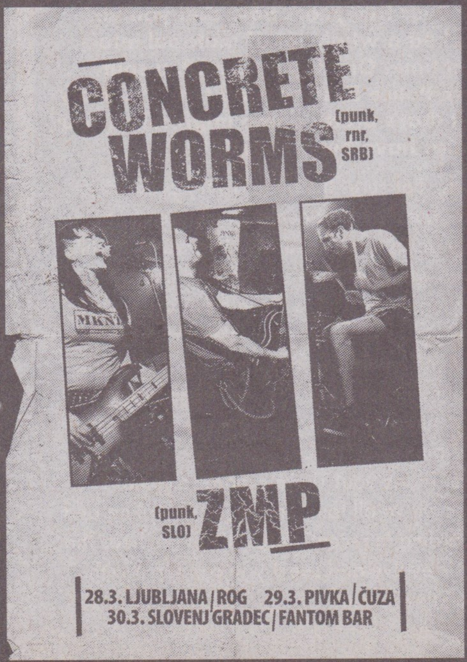
MRR: Concrete Worms in the near future: What, where, when and how?

Dragana: We're in the middle of arranging a small Bulgarian tour. It should happen until the end of the year. We're working on new songs and preparing for a studio recording soon. Also, we're going to release a split with our good friends, the Slovenian band Muskat Hamburg. So we're planning to do more gigs, more life on the road!

MRR: And for the end: "Punk's Not Dead" for you means...

Dragana: An awareness of living, a confirmation of life.

Ilija: It's an overused phrase. I prefer "Punk's Not Death."



WAR//PLAGUE

War//Plague is a Minneapolis-based metallic crust band made up of veteran punks from previous outfits such as Provoked, Calloused and many others. With their current EP Primal now out on Profane Existence, they now embark on their next release, which portrays the furiousity and rage that fuels their spirit in the DIY punk underground. Interview by Dyl Maxberry. Photos by Adam DeGrosse.

WAR//PLAGUE is:
Andy Lutz: Guitar/Vocals
Andy Lefton: Guitar/Backing Vocals
Vern: Bass
Chad: Drums

MRR: Okay it's been a while guys. What's going on in the world of War//Plague? I see that you guys have had a lineup change. It's sad to see Sam go. What's the deal man?!

Andy: Yeah, Sam had other obligations in life to tend to, and couldn't find the balance between his life and the band. Our good friend Vern came in to play bass and to be honest, he really was the missing link.
Lutz: It was sad to see Sam leave the band, but we are stoked to have Vern join us!

MRR: So you guys have been together for over five years now and you've packed a whole lot of material into that time. One full length LP, a split with Police Bastard, and two 7"s. Holy shit that's pretty damn impressive. You dudes have been busy!

Andy: For sure! It's been a very productive ride, but it's also been a challenge...in a very good way, of course! We won't sit still when we have all this angst and energy. Playing music now is much more productive than say...ten years ago. We're older, wiser and know what we're going for. In regards to our releases, we have all those previously mentioned and now are looking to release our four-song 12" EP.
Lutz: Thank you! There's more to come! I think we've all found more joy in writing and recording in recent years. It's fun to hear the music evolve and see if you can top it with each new piece.

MRR: You guys sent me the cuts to the new stuff you are working on that will make it the fucking fifth piece of material that you've put out! That's almost a release a year and it sounds excellent. Now I understand that this is somewhat of a concept album? Tell us a bit about that and what folks should expect.

Andy: Concept in terms of it having a backstory. Not so much in the musical sense, but that each song carries a theme. Lutz might want to elaborate on this as well.
Lutz: The concept itself is based on the Four Humors and how they tie into man's obsession with war; how personalities are connected with the type of war or events that have taken place. The Four Humors is a very interesting subject and there are different interpretations of it. But the basic idea comes from an old medical theory, which suggests that bodily fluids can affect a person's temperament or behavior. We thought it would be cool to take that idea and look at it in the context of war throughout history. This was something that we all worked hard on and put a lot of thought into, so we're all pretty excited about releasing it. Lyrically, it was pretty challenging, Sam and I split duties on this and really tried to map things out. We also had to make sure the lyrics and each Humor felt suitable for what we were all writing musically as a group. We had to figure out what periods in time, which wars and people or dictators we wanted to associate with which Humor. It really got the gears turning and in my opinion, led to some of our best material to date. If you'd like to learn more about the Four Humors, check your local library! (Ha ha)

MRR: So the new 7" is titled Primal and I've noticed that you guys have taken a step back from your crustier metal stuff and made just a raw as fuck blistering assault of tunes that get back to more traditional old school roots. This release is more in your face and doesn't have as much of a brooding desolate feel as some of your other stuff. You guys don't necessarily have to name drop but can if you want to. What are some of the sounds that influenced this new release past or present?

Andy: Good question, dude. Yes, the title Primal was Lutz's idea since we wanted to really focus on the aggression and roots of punk. I think our influences vary. But for me, looking at a mixture of Extreme Noise Terror and Totalitär to Driller Killer and more! Our previous releases were good for what we were doing, but some of it was testing the waters a bit here and there. Don't get me wrong, we love the older stuff (besides the production quality), but like I said, we really wanted to delve back into where we come from and where our hearts lay. Intros are good and working in clean channels is good as well, but you can overkill on this and these days some of those elements are used way too much. Sometimes you've just got to trim it up and go nuts! We're not going for a specific unique sound, but we don't want to be a clone band either.
Lutz: Yeah, I think it was really just a way to get back to our roots a bit, to look at punk in the "primal" sense. It's about the aggression and ideas. We didn't want to over think things too much, just pound out some truly energetic punk music. I personally tried to channel the energy I had when I started playing in my first punk bands, you know? Like, here's a riff, here's another riff, etc. Is it good? Who cares, play it with enough passion and energy and it will sound good! Of course we took that attitude and finessed it into a structured song, but it was really fun to write and record!

MRR: What issues are you exploring lyric wise in this latest release?

Andy: Everything from calling out certain corporations' ploys to infiltrate the underground to corrupt ideology.
Lutz: Yeah, you know? Punk stuff! (Ha ha)

MRR: Tell me about the song "Just a Punk Song".

Andy: Lutz wrote the lyrics, but it's an issue that is very strong with me personally. In regards to the previous question, it's about the facade that these corporations like Scion create to market their products to specific cultures...or in our circumstance, counter culture. Some known "DIY" bands have jumped on this bandwagon to get money or to play to a

"larger audience." Tying the Scion A/V name to your band and all involved seems fuckin' horrible to me. This is fine for whoever wants to do it, but when it comes to the love and dedication that many have put into the DIY community, it's an assault on those principles. It seems like these people have sacrificed their principles to cater to this shallow façade. All these soulless companies want to do is market their products...and nothing more. Look at their branding, commercials and marketing tactics. All they do is target specific audiences to sell their shitty product. Being involved with such a tight network, where the ethos was created to keep these corrupt drones out, then in an instant, all that effort is gone...poof! All in the name of "a bigger audience." If you jump from the frying pan to the fire, that transition wouldn't faze me if your heart was never in it. But for someone who has been involved for some time in DIY to then jump on to this crap, baffles me. There's a multitude of options to cater to a bigger audience without looking like a complete sellout and having Scion A/V strapped to your band.

Lutz: That's the essence of it, but lyrically it can be open to interpretation. Theoretically, nobody wants to get manipulated or exploited. At the heart of it, the moral of the song is: don't sell your soul for five minutes of fame.

MRR: I also heard some of the tracks that will be used on an upcoming release after Primal. Can you discuss or is this still top secret?

Andy: Um...it's sort of a secret. Although it's from the same session as Primal.

Lutz: Well, it's not that top secret as we talked about it earlier. It's the concept album that we just talked about, but we are currently working on new material now that Vern is in the band. So expect to hear more about that in the near future!

MRR: Do all of you do the song writing in this project musically and lyrically? Is it a collaborative process?

Andy: Musically we all contribute heavily. Lyrically, it's mostly Lutz. I wrote a small handful of lyrics on the previous releases, but recently I've been really focusing on the riffage.

Lutz: Yup, musically it's a highly collaborative process. We try not to rule anything out until we've tried it. But yeah, lyrically I tend to run that train. As I mentioned earlier, Sam use to write too. But doing the majority of the vocals, it's just easier for me to work the lyrics in when I'm writing them.

MRR: So... Andys: You both are artists in different ways. Leffer you are a professional 3D and visual effects artist for a living and Lutz you are a graphic designer. I know both of you have contributed artwork for the releases. Do you guys ever squabble over who gets to do the latest release or do you just take turns?

Andy: Ha! I don't think there's any competition in who's going to fight for the cover art or anything. Sometimes it's one of those things where we'll look at each other and be like "um...maybe if you want to do this...um, or maybe I can do this". But either way, it's always smooth. I'm always game to have a third party artist come in and surprise us with their ideas, etc. Gost did our art for the Police Bastard split and I absolutely love it! But I could be biased too, since he's a close friend and he's done art for my previous bands Flux of Disorder and Deadstate.

Lutz: Nah, we usually get things resolved, there may be a little head butting, but it's all in the best interest of the album. I tend to like keeping the creation of band art within the band, especially when we have two artists that we can make work for free (ha-ha)!

MRR: Any plans for tours in the near future? Mini-tours, nationwide, coasts or overseas? I know everyone in the band is pretty tied up career wise, family wise and what-have-you. I'm sure there are some folks who can't make it up to the frigid wastes of the north to see you guys. What's up?

Andy: Well, that's always a tough call since all of us are either tied up with jobs, family, life, etc. Yes, the day will come, without a doubt. But for now no major plans. We get requests...a lot, but this year just doesn't cut it.

Lutz: I'll tell you what I tell everyone: someday! But seriously, when will that be? I guess when we can get all of our ducks in a row. Until then we'll be ripping up stages in the TC.

MRR: All of you have been active in the Minneapolis punk scene for a long time and it's changed quite a bit over the years. What are some of the cool developments you've seen happening lately, venues, bands and all around DIY wise?

Andy: Minneapolis continues to hold true to the hardcore punk ethics and DIY values. It's completely self-sustaining. Yes, we've been here for quite some time, but there's always an influx of younger folks or people simply moving here that help keep the community strong. Having spaces like Extreme Noise Records, Triple Rock and other unmentionable DIY spots to play and such. There is a good handful of bands sprouting up that have a mix of the old diehards mixed with the younger diehards. Bands that aren't going for the latest and greatest "raw punk" sound. Needless to say, we have plenty of excellent spaces to eat, drink and congregate like Seward Cafe, Mayday Cafe, Hardtimes, and many more!

Lutz: There definitely isn't a studded jacket and mohawk on every corner anymore, but the city is still going strong, there's just more condos. Places, bands and people have come and gone, but the energy is still here. I've been noticing more "kids" getting into punk and coming to shows though, which is great. The generation gap might be a little bigger, but the music is still angry and pissed!

MRR: Want to add anything else?

Andy: Let me just step on this little soapbox here. Nothing to add, really (wink). Just know that we're in this for the long haul. We've seen idiotic "punk" trends come and go. MTV trying to do what they can to cash in. Labels that once were indie and dedicated to the DIY ways, now choking on their own vomit from whatever the flavor of the month might be. Death to farcical and superficial "punk." It's not a commodity, it's in our hearts.

Lutz: Not really, cheers for the interview! To any haters or shit talkers out there, get a life (ha ha)! Yup, that's about it. Read books and stuff, say no to drugs...

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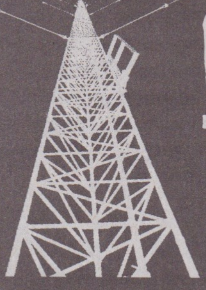

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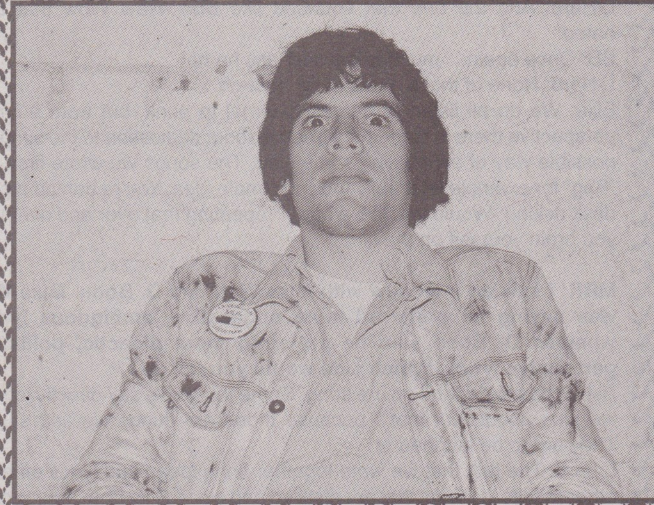
GOOD THROB



Good Throb is a London-based band that formed in 2010. Interview by Pat Daintith. Photos by Paco Mus.

MRR: Okay, introduce yourselves.
BB: My name's Bryony and I play guitar.
L-Hard: My name's Louis and I play drums.
KY Ellie: My name's Ellie and I sing.
Ash Tray: My name's Ash and I play bass.

MRR: Has Good Throb changed the way you play music, or your approaches to songwriting?
BB: I'd only really sung in bands prior to this—I was in a band with Louis called the Sceptres for four years. That was always more about taking fully formed songs and finding space for my voice. Making Good Throb songs is more of a patchworking of different ideas and it's opened my eyes to alternative ways of writing songs, how to deconstruct songs and put those elements together in new ways.

MRR: So you all write together?
L-Hard: Yeah we're really collaborative. Someone might come to practice with an idea but that's more likely to be a theme or a story than a riff.

MRR: Having been the main songwriter in Love Triangle and Shitty Limits, was it hard to give that up?
L-Hard: I really wanted to for this band, yeah. I don't like being the main songwriter, I like the idea of songs not belonging to anyone. Other people in this band come up with stuff I wouldn't think of. Plus, in other bands I'm in, the people usually bringing the ideas are kind of "hot shit" on their instruments, whereas with this one because no one is like that, there's an eagerness to feed off each other, which is refreshing for me.
BB: I feel like process is weirdly almost taboo, it's a thing people don't really discuss much, so there's little in the way of intra-band learning or method-swapping, and there's often an assumption that everyone does things the same way. It's only when I mention to someone that we fairly regularly write songs around stupid catchphrases or tour jokes, most recently like "Mummy I'm Ugly," that I realise maybe it's unusual to build a little perverse universe out of one fairly obtuse concept, rather than say, coming to practice with a riff that took you a week to write.
Ash: It's more likely to be a certain bit we might have heard on a record, or something dumb we've seen somewhere that inspires a theme. Then deciding together how that should make the song sound. I don't think we ever try to make things sound like "us," it'll more just be like, oh let's write a stupid Oi! number, or a song that sounds like being pissed off on the tube.
L-Hard: It's interesting how Ash and Ellie have gone the other way because this was their first band.
Ellie: I'd always wanted to be in bands, though, and had been going to gigs from a really young age. I'd ask other people to be in bands and they'd kind of dismiss it and fob me off because they didn't want some weird girl! It has been a way in for me. It does suck that it's really difficult to get into making bands, unless you have friends with the same ideas who are willing and have instruments. I did suspect our songwriting process was different, and the other three bands I'm in have demonstrated that; it's a different thing when you have the basis of a song handed to you already. Good Throb is special!
L-Hard: The flipside is the frustration if nothing comes to us. I mean, we have had that conversation where we agree to at least try to bring something pre-prepared

instead of being pissed off when our collaborative songs come out sounding shit, ha!
Ash: The process we have is super brilliant, admittedly it can be a bit tricky sometimes if we can't come up with something we agree on in the small space of practice time—but it's always cool to know that when we do start piecing ideas together we're gonna have something that none of us imagined the song to sound like anyway—and that has mostly turned out to be a really cool thing.
Ellie: We really never had any pre-conceived ideas of what we'd sound like, which is possibly part of this whole thing. We do reference bands or sounds in practice, but there's really no like "oh, Good Throb will be this type of punk".
BB: The only parameters were that everyone would do something in this band they had never done before. I'd had a guitar for several years but Louis pretty much locked me in my garage and made me get over my frustration with this very stripped down version of the Weirdos "Life of Crime" cover he kind of arranged for me. It was super exciting.
L-Hard: I started playing drums in No at the same time, so it was new to me.

MRR: You've obviously got musical interests external to punk, do they inform your ideas about progression as a band?
BB: I certainly feel playing guitar that every new song we write sits at the very limit of my technical ability at that point. Which is fun when you return to play an old song, which was at one point really fucking hard to play, and they feel easy! Obviously, even if I could, there are unlikely to be any epic finger-tapping solos in a Good Throb song, but certain elements of how we sound have progressed and maybe got a little more complex as we've got better at playing together.
L-Hard: We've never really talked about trying to "progress" though.
Ash: I think we generally avoid bigger picture thinking. We mostly hear something or have an idea for the sounds we want to make for a new song, then work out something similar (if not simpler).
L-Hard: I mean, we did try that reggaeton beat song…
Ellie: I vetoed that.
BB: Much to my sadness.
L-Hard: And the one that sounded like Bow Wow Wow that Ellie hated.
BB: Once again… much to my sadness ha ha!
L-Hard: None of that's about ability though.
Ellie: We do all listen to genres external to punk, but from a lyrical perspective there is something freeing about dedication to the simplest possible way of expressing something. The songs we wrote first, like "Bag" for example is a really fucking simple idea: You're behind a cash desk asking "Would you like a bag?" repeating that over and over until you brain yourself on the till...

MRR: I saw an interview with Mike Watt and D. Boon. Mike Watt was saying he preferred more suggestive, ambiguous lyrics, whereas D. Boon said he preferred more didactic, politically persuasive lyrics. Which side would you fall on?
Ash: It has to depend on the song. Some things we say directly, others we joke about, but that's because those are things we find stupid. They are to be laughed at.
L-hard: The fact that we write together firing ideas and lyrics off each other results in things that are distilled and clear. I like both approaches and lots of bands that do both, and songs that are thought provoking in an unclear, dreamy way.
BB: I like lyrics and songs that leave space for the listener. For example, the song "Bag" could just as easily be about the issue of "affective labour" and the turn towards being expected to pretend like you enjoy work. Grinning through gritted teeth being a political act and what not. It's cool to have lots of layers. With regards to that Minutemen debate, it's probably easier to find some intrinsic value of a personal opinion delivered directly with anger or clarity or realness, than it is to write something allegorical or a metaphor and have it come out sounding not totally corny; but I can enjoy either if done well. I mean, I like Ellie's lyrics precisely because they are also pretty funny, so it returns to that thing of a serious proposition delivered with humour, or style, I guess. Maybe humour, or at least sarcasm isn't that common in punk at the moment, I don't know?
L-Hard: Hey have you seen Hard Skin?
Bryony: Ha! Yeah, maybe we are Hard Skin's illegitimate children.
Ellie: I think we see humour in it because we're constantly joking about each other's arseholes in practice. I'm not sure if I'm didactic or not, because the lyrics are all personal or shared experiences within the band, although they do also feed into broader ideas. I'm quite a crude person, which is why I guess it comes out in crude ways.

MRR: Do you ever get irritated by being described as an "all-girl band" or as I read in a review "a naïve rock act?" I mean, you're not Rush, but you're not the Shaggs either.
Ash: I wish we were Rush.
Bryony: I wish we were the Shaggs! This issue is interesting…
Ash: I think it's totally boring.
L-Hard: I think it's amazing. I think it's amazing that a bunch of people in their mid-to-late twenties with a bunch of musical history and education behind them could be described as naïve. Maybe that means we've pulled something off. I think we try to pretend like we're stupid, we talk about being "bad," but there's a self-awareness to it.
Ash: If you come away from listening to our band thinking about whether or not we can play "right" you have missed the point. Also to publicly comment on the ability (and note we're talking about ability not style) of any band is kind of gross and suggests a lurking asshole to me. There was also that time we got described as Riot Grrrl on a flyer. Riot Grrrl's fine, but it's not us. Why didn't they just say we were a punk band?
BB: For me it's always a balancing act between "why can't we just be a punk band?" i.e. judged on our own merits, and then simultaneously really valuing the community of punk women that exists; as a global thing and then also as a local thing, of just being excited to hear there's a new band in London with a woman in it and wanting to support them, because it is still so male-dominated here.
Ash: There's definitely no malice to it, but it's lazy and thoughtless.
BB: I guess I find this interesting more than annoying because I enjoy thinking about the space women occupy in music-making, punk and elsewhere, although it is separate to our "project" with Good Throb, as it were. I'm always curious as to what informs, or doesn't inform the thinking behind, say, someone conflating all girl bands with Riot Grrrl. It's interesting to trace backlash to these assumptions, means and the effect it has, the distancing from what was obviously an important moment for women's punk history. It's interesting to me personally but not a thing we obsess over as a band.
Ash: When people say, "Hey girls I totally loved how you can't really play," I definitely love throwing back, "Actually I think I play really well" 'cause I do. If anything about the way we play suggests that we're looking for a pat on the head then it's something I'm blissfully unaware of.
BB: The naïveté thing does get to me though. The line between lack of ability as a badge of pride and then you know, three years later thinking you played a great set with no fuck ups, and some dude comes up and says, "it's so cool that you're barely holding it together…" Like, where do I go to take the test that stops people congratulating me for getting through the set?
BB: I remember when we played in Edinburgh and someone shouted out at the very end "That was terrible!"

MRR: Was there a reason you all moved here to London from other places?
BB: I moved here in 2008 before Good Throb began, because I'd been on the dole in Brighton after graduating, and wanted to get more involved in putting on gigs and doing stuff in the big bad city.
L-Hard: Ash and I moved from Reading, about half an hour outside of London. My friendship pool there had dried up.
Ash: We were getting the train to London three times a week, left alone in Reading just clinging to each other.
L-Hard: It was just a pain in the arse not to be here.
Ellie: I also moved here before we started. It's just a really good thing that we're a band and all here in London now!
Ash: It is really nice to be nearer to everyone and everything.

MRR: Standard question, list your other bands.
L-Hard: No! None! I will not say. My favourite colour is gold.
BB: Louis is in the Love Triangle, No, and Personnel for the avoidance of doubt. I also play drums in a band called Semi. I shout

"IF YOU COME AWAY FROM LISTENING TO OUR BAND THINKING ABOUT WHETHER OR NOT WE CAN PLAY "RIGHT" YOU HAVE MISSED THE POINT."

in Dregs and sing in the Forces Sweethearts and play bass with Ben in a band called Croup.
Ellie: I'm singing in Family Outing which I'm really into, it's more hardcore and very different to Good Throb. I'm playing bass in a thing called Yeast Extract, and have started on guitar recently with a nameless band. I picked up my first ever axe from the boot of somebody's Dad's car in Slough the other day! I'm excited about it.
Ash: I sing in Frau and play bass also in Personnel with Louis.

MRR: What band or musical event did you first see or hear that made you want to be in a band?
L-Hard: New Kids on the Block. Unfortunately I never saw them.
Ellie: Operation Ivy, Rancid, the Distillers! Some of my friends are still into that stuff, but that made me realise what I was into.
Ash: I grew up doing Spice Girls dance routines; girl power. I had teenage attempts to be in bands, I took guitar lessons and played drums but always felt like as a girl, even having guy friends who played, I'd always be given the cold shoulder. Maybe it's shit that it took Louis to encourage me to do Good Throb, like being told no by boys and then yes by boys... Making bands with women and now consciously wanting and finding all girls to play with in Frau is all very much on my own terms, and at 25 I feel like it took long enough, but is so worth the wait as its so much fun. Worth saying though in Personnel, I'm the only girl and that's also incredibly fun—not all my musical stuff is to do with exorcising demons, I definitely mostly play because I always just wanted to be in a punk band.
BB: I was similar to Ellie, getting into punk through those *Punk-o-Rama* compilations and weird abstractions that made my first conception of punk seem, bizarrely, like something that only happened in America! I suffered with that sort of imposter syndrome and as a result went the extra mile with voracious consumption of back catalogues to try and get over this intense fear of being called out as some kind of fraud. Coming up through the hardcore scene at the time in South Wales, women being in bands really felt like it was not on the table as an option at all. I moved to Brighton but still didn't do a band until I was 21, and I'd been going to shows since I was fifteen. I'd made a friend called Maya-Victoria who was a hardcore kid who'd got more into this avant-garde noise type scene, she sort of tricked me into being in a band by making out it was some like, performance art project, and so not subject to the insanely high standards I'd set, or rather had been set for me. That was an all-girl band called Back Stabbath. She had to almost literally drag me to the practice. It broke that spell that I could never do it, and pretty much blew my mind.
Ellie: I had fantasies as a drunk fourteen-year-old, singing songs in my head, hanging around town with nowhere to go except Woolworths. So glad I have an outlet for that now.
BB: The plus point of being a comparatively late starter does mean I don't have a back catalogue of heinous ska bands to hide.
Ash: It is funny how the bands you're exposed to as a kid, going to shows seeing only boys in bands, how much deeper into punk you have to get to realise there have always been women in punk bands, and that what you're doing isn't anything new, it's just hidden away from you.
L-Hard: I really feel there's been a sea change for this in the last couple of years, like it's getting a lot more even-handed with girls and guys, but that could be the kinds of gigs we play with this band compared to others. Saying that, when we toured the country with Good Throb last year, I did feel weird noticing how you guys would often be the only women at the gig we were playing.
Ash: I remember the Sceptres being the only band I saw with a girl in it and finding Bryony super inspirational. I thought she was the bravest person ever.
BB: Thanks Ash! I agree that the gender balance in bands in London is starting to get a little bit better, I felt noticeably more isolated playing a few years back. I dunno, if when Good Throb plays we might be in any way helping anyone to feel like they can make a band and not give a shit about any preconceived notions of how it "should" be, then that's pretty cool.

Second pressings of the first two Good Throb singles available soon via Play Pinball and Accidental Guest Recordings respectively, and Muscle Horse Records in the UK/EU.
goodthrob.bandcamp.com / goodthrob.tumblr.com

CREEM

This interview was done at my house on the morning after Creem played in Budapest, right after we finished breakfast and opened some beers.

Creem hails from New York. A city with a great history of hardcore/punk. In the very recent past this city and the whole East Coast saw a huge boom, being the nest of myriads of amazing hardcore/punk bands. Creem is one of them, who made their name by creating an authentic mix of punk/hardcore/Oi!. They not only sound like a combination of genres but they are writing a soundtrack for living this misfit life.

What a surprise I have fucked it up again. Maybe it's a curse. Could be, since it's the second Creem interview that disappeared before it could have been transcribed and printed in the pages of MRR.

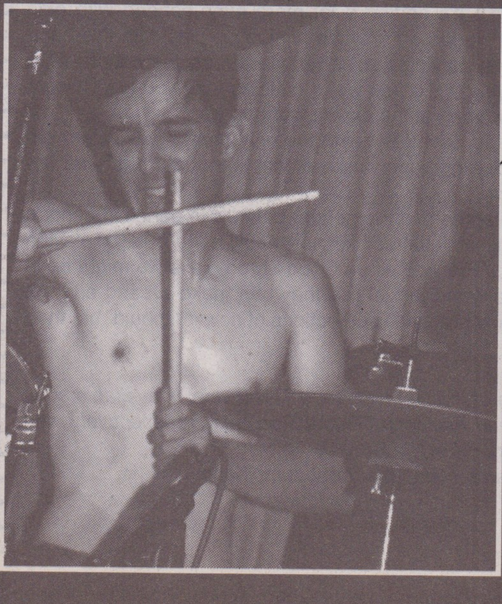
Who cares, I'm writing the story anyway. It will be different since Creem is not your average hardcore band. I know what we do is hardcore and punk, but there are times you can tell there is a fine line between the two genres. Time goes by as trends come and go. Sometimes the whole world feels like just one big scene, other times there is just too much shit talk, with the throwing around labels, like bro-core or gutter punk.

And here is Creem who just merge everything. Hardcore with Oi!, punx with skins at hardcore shows held in basements. Everybody just goes for the kicks and having fun, while leaving behind the everyday frustration. They rip, they smile. They put on Wire records and sing along, compliment on Hegel books, they say sick all the time and seem a bit too obsessed with Instagram. They climbed up street walls and tried to lift up a tiny, one-seated car. Bringing some ruckus for fun of course. They are touring along with Nuclear Springm with whom they share a member as well, Colman, who is a nice gentleman and who seems to keep the tour together.

We started the interview after a long night spent partying and stuffing our faces with midnight munchies. Everybody was kinda tired, I was way too drunk since I had brushed my teeth with a good morning beer. We were tripping on European coffee, which for the US bodies might have caused panic attacks, and to be honest I felt weird as well. Planet Mental was quietly playing in the background and constant nu-metal jokes were flying around. These guys were full of patches, some of them stank of beer but were articulated, funny and punk. We forgot to note who plays which instrument, we forgot to be ironic or try to be pathetically funny. What we had was a great, seemingly two-hour conversation on life as a punk in New York or all around the world. Of course we were specific about them but it was more of how they as individuals see this whole thing. Mostly it was Colman (bass on Creem and Nuclear Spring), Mike (Guitars on Creem) and Jay (drums on Creem and Hounds of Hate) speaking. Alex (Vocals in Creem) was quiet but when he started speaking he said such great things. Reggie who also plays the guitar stayed silent, which is a bummer because out wild on the streets of my town he was just an unstoppable force of energy and fun. The Nuclear Spring fellows seemed to be hung over too much but Lauren (guitars and vocals) sometimes gave her two cents to the table as well as Rob (bass in Nuclear Spring) but he seemed way too tired.

I started out by asking them what they thought about the fact that back in the day people rather just had ideas of what frustration they wanted to put into or express through their music, and weren't thinking about specific sounds; but now bands seem to have an idea of what they wanna sound like, either in music or in images of what will happen at their shows. The bio they gave me told me that all of them lived in one huge house and at one show they were setting up they started jamming "Chunks" from the Last Rights and Alex filled in for vocals and that's when they learned that he can sing.

Spontaneous yet satisfying fun turned into semi-serious business and this is how Creem was born. They had no specific plan for their music to unite everybody who has ever liked fast, short, noisy music. They had no such intentions. Today it's still just mostly Mike delivering riffs after nights spent listening to GISM and Poison Idea. They are a bit bummed on how everyone is comparing them to the Boston-sound while, as they said, it was just one guy and the rest only borrowed his description. For them it's more like Negative Approach. For me it's Life's Blood and they took it as a compliment.



Later on we talked about how everybody who has a specific agenda or plan to sound like something pretentiously new or pre-planned, only to achieve desired circumstances with their music, will end up failing. It should rather come from instinct as they say. So they had no idea in terms of what will happen to this band, how they will specifically sound or what people's reaction should be to their music. Drunkenly I kept on visioning aggro skinheads on LSD crawling on the ceiling, but even though they liked this picture for themselves they said it's enough if people come and seem interested in what they are doing. It just happened the way it is now.

At one point Mike started to talk about how Crass mixed avant-gardism with punk plus weird art and ended up sounding like they were recorded through a mobile phone; which is strange since there were no mobiles back then. And it still sounded visceral and natural, not forced or pre-planned, but if every band went for this, most of them would just end up being terrible. The conclusion around the table was: for big things you need specific times. We talked about the need for progression in punk. Either in sound or ideas. But since it's established as much as a culture could be, there is no need for progression if you like one specific thing that feels complete. They just wanna do their thing.

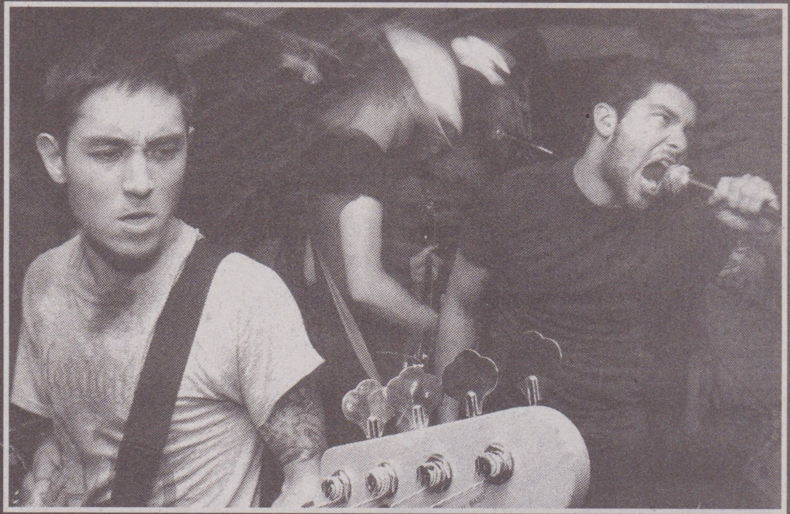
Still, even though punk has many tools, people can choose which one they want to express themselves with, it is not yet something that is easy to adapt to, only rationalizing and understanding it, instead of feeling it-because when

Text by Viktor Vargyai. Photos by Andrew Underwood, Peter Sterling and Tamás Benath

people try to analyze and learn punk they always fail. This is why academics can't understand punk since they don't have the heart just the brain for it. It still feels like we are holding ourselves like a secret. And who wants big things anyway?

We started to talk about lyrics, of how important they are in the sense of saying something new or original or whether these are just also tools, instruments in the mouth of the singer. Alex said his lyrics were simple but are completely his own and, just as a power chord that had been played before, even these lines mean a lot for him and could express parts of his view on the world.

But these guys are much more than just regular kids feeling angry of not having brotherhood in the pit. How you tell your story also matters and this guy-while on stage looking like a frightening manic psychopath staring with wide open eyes at the ceiling and never smiling-loses his vicious look when the band finishes their last note and he just transforms into a smiling, charming young man who is fun to have around, even if he is moshing on the streets with a plastic bag full of instant ramen soup in his hands or talking about post-modern dystopian books.



We discussed bands with agendas. Crass again and Earth Crisis got mixed in one sentence and we all together started to realize around the table that bands with the intent to change the world have disappeared and punk has just become so culturalized that we don't really need the world to change. Maybe just ourselves. Which could be depressing for some but maybe just as the world has opened itself people have just closed up themselves; thus this culture has become one's frustration. And since hardcore punk has become a culture you can indulge yourself in it.

I was curious how they saw themselves in the future. It's been heard of, some people planning to leave punk behind; but they did not seem to have such intentions. Colman didn't think he would ever give up playing guitar.Then Alex broke his silence with a long speech about punk being so much more essential in one's life and thus being much, much more than just going to shows, knowing bands, forming bands or dressing the way we do. It should be with you in your everyday life as well, while the world is forcing you to change and be a conformist. It's the attitude. It could be with you even if you have a family and kids and you are over 40 and although it's hard to leave it behind you are tempted every day if you wanna operate and survive in the world that surrounds you. I listened to him and lost myself in his words which again in my morning daze of tiredness and boozing were pretty touching.

On the one hand I feel comfortable that I understand him when hearing that it's much more than the rest of the world thinks and then I get frightened about whether we are just far too gone into our own world. Maybe because I was still drunk, but he just made so much sense. This is a struggle and we are kinda losing it but there are people still fighting, staying young, smart and ugly.

We started to talk about the gentrification of New York, because sooner or later it will happen to all the cities and we could be thrown out of all the spaces that real people made cool. They said the city has changed even though it's still a huge and strange town, but they also enjoy the everyday life of middle class bourgeois and feel themselves a bit wrong in it too. They are just broke kids too, who wanna have cheap rents and not be bothered. But despite everything they didn't seem scared or sad. Only Colman was a little worried when he said he might have lost his job for this tour, but Lauren started to calm him down stating he did not know it for sure yet.
We could agree on one thing: punk life is not the normal one and sometimes you have to come to terms with the nonsense bullshit. But these guys still live in the same house and just hate to work.

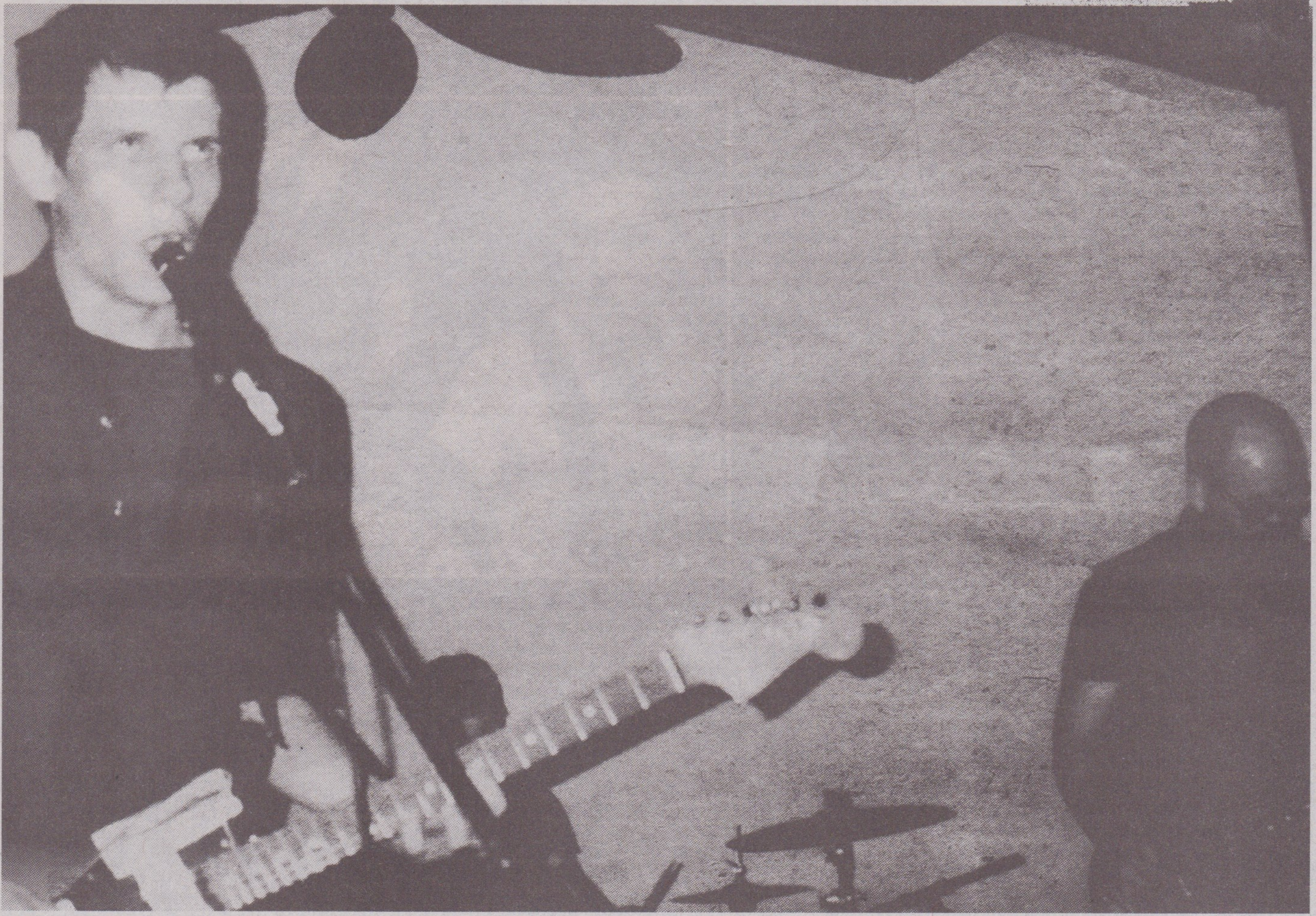
The New York scene seems to be on a boom, who remembers since when. They said maybe Perdition was the band who kicked life into the city, but nowadays a lot of young kids are attending shows and forming bands. It could be that there are 300 people at a regular gig and everybody is going crazy, doing something crazy. New bands are being appreciated and there is just life in the scene. Bands are hanging out since there are many bands with shared members. Lauren is in La Misa and some of them just formed a new band called Garbageman which, as they stress it, is a real band.

Since this interview was done in Eastern Europe I asked them about the differences between touring Europe and the States. They came here with a door deal and the only requirement in the booking sheet was to make them feel at home and book them a DIY show. Although every night they got food and a place to sleep, they still said it's cheaper to tour in the US since the gas price compared with Europe is still amazingly low.
And although Europe has a better infrastructure in hosting bands, it's maybe better for those acts who are kinda nameless in the States but here they are big hits. They forgot to name examples, but we all know those that came to life because they were too stupid to go to college and too lazy to work, so they formed a hardcore band with an ever-changing line-up to rip off Madball songs and tour the world.

A friend of mine told me once that for Europe the seemingly cruel conditions of touring the States makes a contra-selection of bands, and emphasizes the rock'n'roll gene in American bands. Kinda like either you are super good and then will survive or you are not even officially born. Creem seemed to argue that this is not the case. Not just because they have seen Slang from Japan lately who blew them away, but because again, touring America is not that hard as they say and bands who tour a lot and have been playing for a long time sound cool. The fuel is cheaper and there will be people to book you, at least in their living rooms. So there is no such thing as rock'n'roll gene in Americans. It's all about playing a lot of shows and focusing on how to play them.

At the end of the interview I realized that everything that had been said got lost and we could only rely on the capacity of our memories. But we don't have to worry because, as their driver Sascha summed it up, it was just a bunch of bullshit anyway.

SAFEWORDS



Safewords is an easy band to peg. They have a thin, handsome gangly singer with an oversized sunburst hollow-body guitar. He sounds sort of like Ian Curtis. Who cares, right? Same shit as it was ten years ago. But wait, who can you think of who actually pulled that off? What makes Safewords a band worth your attention is that they do what they do with such proficiency while tweaking and slanting their approach in a direction that's fresh but familiar. Not to mention that the frontman of this gothic deathrock darkcore whatever, whatever, whatever used to play in Minneapolis favorites, Formaldehyde Junkies as well as the Sinks. Their bassist, Jed, is no slouch either—being one of the more prolific and appreciated musicians in the Twin Cities underground freak community.

Anyway, enough of this awful preclude for these jokers. I probably could've just written "Formaldehyde Junkies Dude Makes Gothrock Now" and you probably would've read it. But just to clench it for you, Safewords truly do sound something like a combination of the Wipers, Agent Orange, as well as Joy Division. Not even my words but I agree with them. Weird, wild stuff.

I used the magic of technology to get Safewords' singer/guitarist Colin, living in Raleigh, NC, on the line with their bassist, Jed, and myself, in Minneapolis. Interview by Drew Ailes. Photos by Adam DeGross.

MRR: So guys. The questions I have are kind of disorganized because I am disorganized.

Colin: [laughing]

Jed: Sick!

Colin: Will everything be all jumbled up in his interview with all the questions and answers disorganized?

MRR: You're one of those bands that doesn't have a ton of interviews, so that makes it easy on me. I get to ask you questions like, "why are you guys named Safewords? Are you dangerous lovers? Chuckle chuckle," and stuff like that.

Jed: You're saying there're no shitty interviews yet, so you could write a shitty one?

MRR: We could. Or it could just be a conversation. Or if you could tell people about your band, you could do that.

Jed: Okay, we'll stop bullshitting and answer the question. Why are we named Safewords? Colin, do you know? We were Safewords for a while but we were going to be Voight-Kampff. But I had already told people we were Safewords so we stuck with it.

Colin: That was a weird text message thing while I was bored at the airport. I think I was going to see Joey. But I was texting Jed and Joe at the same time. I texted Jed first and was like, "how about Voight-Kampff", and you said, "no, we're Safewords, I like it."

MRR: Is Joey from St. Louis in Voight-Kampff? What's the deal with that, are you still in Voight-Kampff? You moved to Raleigh, North Carolina but you're in a band in St. Louis and a band in Minneapolis. What are you doing?

Colin: I ask myself the same thing every day.

MRR: Are you that indispensable as an artist?

Colin: I highly doubt it. Uh, I'm still in Voight-Kampff. We've been writing new songs and sending stuff back and forth. I flew back to St. Louis and we played a show there, then Chicago. Then a month later, I flew into Minneapolis and we did that Terma Fest show with Safewords.

MRR: So those are your two bands right now? Do you have anything going in Raleigh?

Colin: I did just start something. I think it's going to be called Davidians. It's with basically a bunch of Double Negative dudes. Three guys who were in that band at some point in time, and then me.

MRR: Jed, you're in Claps and what else?

Jed: Two other bands. Well, I'm in four other bands right now that aren't Safewords. I'm in Safewords, Claps, a brand new band called Submission that's Tina from Permanent Vacation and Skorpian from Cokskar and his own fame, along with Ben Jones from the Funeral and the Twilight. We've only played one show but I think it's going to be pretty sweet.

Colin: Is Johnny from Mystery Date no longer in that?

Jed: Yeah, Johnny's in so many bands now that he had to bail.

MRR: What's it like?

Jed: Dark with a girl singer? I don't know. It's gothy. Basically deathrock shit. I always have a hard time explaining stuff like that without using examples, although examples are sort of meaningless. But like Xmal Deutschland and Siouxsie and the Banshees, that kind of stuff. It has dark guitar and is sort of bass and vocal driven. It has a lot of floor tom drums. Then I'm in Temple, you know those guys?

MRR: Yeah, I didn't know you were in Temple! What are you doing?

Jed: I play guitar. It's me, Micah, Calvin and Beau. I play guitar in that band, synth in Claps, bass in Submission, and synth in another new band called Bloat. It's heavy, droney, stuff with no vocals and it's...dark. They're all very similar in that they're dark bands.

MRR: Would you say Safewords fits in that genre?

Jed: I would. I'd say Safewords has other influences too. I'd say it's dark in nature but kind of faster than a lot of deathrock is normally. I feel like there's sort of this thing going on all over the country where there're deathrock bands popping up. There's a term that I kind of hate but is kind of funny, "G-Beat," which is all the dudes in D-beat bands that are forming goth bands now. It's a dumb term. I don't really like it.

MRR: Is that all over the country or just Minneapolis?

Jed: It's all over the place. I read that term on the internet on blogs where people are always talking about these trends going on. I would never seriously say I was in a "G-beat" band because first of all, I was never in a D-beat band. What I was trying to say is that all over the country there is a lot of newer and dark stuff happening. Some people call it "G-Beat," "Nu-Goth" or try to demean it but there's this wave going on and that's sweet. I think Safewords would fit into that.

MRR: I think the most accurate comparison is Agent Orange meets Joy Division meets the Wipers. None of those three bands are considered to be deathrock, except for arguably Joy Division. So Safewords sounds a little like all that but is a little darker.

Jed: They're all bands of sad guys.

MR: Colin, are you a sad guy?

Colin: I'm so sad. I'm such a sad guy.

MRR: Are you?

Colin: No! Not really.

MRR: You always seem to be in a pretty good mood when I see you.

Colin: Yeah, yeah. I mean, there's some of that, but I think I keep it at bay when we're hanging out. [laughing]

MRR: Well, if you ever want to punch me in the face, let me know.

Colin: There's far worse than me, but I'll put that in my pocket.

MRR: So who is drumming for you guys these days? I know you had Jeremy from Wicketran and formerly of Stnnng, but I thought I saw Matt Castore (Condominium) drumming for you guys.

Colin: That's right. Matt Castore drummed for us for Terma Fest. Skorpian was going to do it but he was out of town on tour with his black metal band.

Jed: I think they want to remain somewhat anonymous. I don't know. I don't know how black metal works. I feel like it has a lot of rules.

Colin: I can't picture those guys getting too upset about that but I can picture them being bummed, so we'll leave the name out. So basically Skorpian was originally supposed to drum but I think his phone was messed up.

Jed: He was in too many bands and doing stuff. He had just started at Medusa and was doing too much shit.

Colin: Yeah, so, Jeremy really wanted to play drums and I had already played with him in a previous band with Phil in the early stages of Getting Even. So yeah, we called Jeremy up and he was down and excited to play. But he ended up later not being able to do it. He had to focus on, y'know, real life—which is totally understandable. So we got Skorpian to do it and Johnny from Mystery Date and Cozy wanted to play as well, so we recorded and played those songs. So when we came back to Minneapolis for Terma Fest and Skorpian couldn't do it, Matt had already recorded everything so he unfortunately, maybe for him, already knew the songs too well. So we asked him to figure out the drum parts.

MRR: Did you have to arm-wrestle or pay him?

Jed: No, not at all.

Colin: Matt's one of those guys...I called him up and gave him this long-winded explanation and then went silent. He just said, "...yes." That's the way he operates. [laughing]

MRR: He's a difficult guy to read. I think it's one of his biggest strength's because people will sit and divulge all sorts of stupid shit to him and he's not doing anything intentionally, but he's waiting for the moment he should respond.

Colin: Like when he's waiting for me to say something relevant? Yeah. I've probably said more stupid shit than that.

MRR: Well you two have a long history together. What about before Formaldehyde Junkies? Were you in some embarrassing high school shit like a nu-metal band?

Colin: Yeah, I was in a nu-metal band.

MRR: Would Formaldehyde Junkies have been some high school shit for you?

Colin: Oh, I wasn't that young. I was like, 20.

MRR: Oh yeah, you're deceptively older.

Colin: I was 20 when we started. I turned 21 right after.

MRR: So who is actually drumming now?

Colin: I think that's kind of up in the air. It depends on what we do. I don't really want to say anything because I don't know what's going to happen.

Jed: The Safewords that is real is the Safewords that is recorded. Half the record is Skorpian and half the record is Jeremy. So if we tour or anything happens, it would be unknown who is drumming. It could be one of those guys or it could be Matt Castore. It's kind of up in the air.

MRR: How did you guys end up working through Deranged? Was that through Voight-Kampff? I know they announced they were putting out both bands around the same time.

Colin: Something had happened where Gord got ahold of the Voight-Kampff cassette that we

self-released and was talking to Joey. He was asking about other music going on and he told him to listen to this song by Safewords. Gord pretty much emailed me right away and said, "I need more." I said, "here you go," and he said, "there's a record here, we're doing it."

MRR: This is the LP that's half Skorpian, half Jeremy drumming?

Jed: Yeah, it's fairly old, honestly.

Colin: Yeah, Side A is pretty old. For the most part, those are the first six songs we ever wrote. There're maybe, three others that didn't really make the cut, like the first one we ever wrote, which is probably why we excluded it. But yeah, Side B, we knew I was moving to North Carolina and we had a lot of ideas that we had never finished, so we figured it was our last chance and we should lay them down real quick before I moved.

Jed: We were already kind of broken up when Gord approached us to put out the record.

MRR: So now is there a fire under your ass to do more stuff?

Jed: It's weird. It's cool to see this much momentum behind it. It makes it possible, even though we live in different places and could have a different drummer, that we could tour with this momentum.

MRR: Let's move on to the real questions, guys. Did you manage to catch Soulfly and Sevendust at the Gathering of the Juggalos?

Jed: No. I missed out on that.

Colin: I was washing my hair that night.

MRR: Okay, so do you guys ever have any hesitations on becoming too famous?

Colin: [laughing]

Jed: Not really. That's not a concern of mine. That's just me being honest, really. I mean, if I'm famous I'm still going to wake up in the same bed and be the same guy when I wake up.

MRR: You don't think you'll wake up in maybe a bigger bed made out of platinum or gold?

Jed: Well, maybe a platinum bed, yeah.

MRR: Here's one that can actually be serious. So you two are kind of weird—I know you personally so I can say that. Jed, you look like me with cool jewelry.

Colin: I know you and I have had some weird nights, but that was a pretty fair description.

MRR: Yes, you guys are strange. Not overtly but I don't think someone is going to talk to you and not pick that up. I've been struggling with this concept for a while; how mainstream culture is about marketing weirdness to people for the purposes of them picking it up through Urban Outfitters...anywhere that sells neon tights or whatever. Part of me feels offended by that because I've been a weird motherfucker my whole life. I don't get to take it off like an accessory. I feel like my weirdness is being compromised. Do you ever feel that way?

Colin: You know, it's all about the family, Drew.

Drew: [laughing] Thanks, Coach.

Colin: I think Jed needs to take this one on because of the neon tights comment. He didn't have any neon ones, but there was a phase where he was wearing Wicked Witch of the West tights for a while.

Jed: Yeah. I would honestly wear tights like that because it was better than wearing long underwear.

Colin: Those guys got really stoked. Everyone we were hanging out with would have fights over who was wearing the tights that night. I was like, "you guys can have them."

Jed: Yeah, everyone wanted to wear my tights. I used to wear them under my jeans that had a lot of holes in them.

Colin: But yeah, I think we could get a lot of dangly jewelry marketed at Urban Outfitters and shit. Right, Jed?

Jed: Maybe. I don't know. That's a deep question you asked, honestly. Things come in and out of trend and yeah, I've worn dangly earrings for a long time. But I'm not that offended that dudes are walking around with dangly earrings. I remember a time when I was hanging out with punk kids and I was listening to Sisters of Mercy in my room and people who came over said, "What is this?" and turned it off and put on Amebix. That was being a young fella—I would listen to punk shit in the daytime, and all my friends were in punk bands, but I would go home and listen to Depeche Mode in my room and be sad. And now it's en vogue in a way and normally I might feel that, "hey, this is my thing, what are you doing here?" but at the same time I don't feel that way at all.

I'm really excited that just the other day there was an amazing show at my house with this awesome band from Baltimore called Curse and the Funeral and the Twilight, and Claps and Submission all played here. Other people would call it goth shit, but it was all dark music with DIY aesthetic and it was fucking awesome. That's happening all over the place. When Claps was first starting out I was afraid to book it at punk shows, thinking that people wouldn't like it because it wasn't punk enough, but it can happen now. Maybe those were my own hang-ups, but that was like, five or six years ago now... It's cool that it's happening. That's all I'm saying. If there's shit with inverted crosses at Urban Outfitters, that's sick. In five years, they'll all be wearing some other steam-punk shit or something and I'll still be wearing this shit. At least I can still get it or make it myself.

Colin: I don't think it matters. It's bullshit fashion anyway.

MRR: Right. I get you. Alright guys, any other stuff you want to touch on or say?

Colin: I have no idea.

Jed: One of the main things I wanted to say that I kind of said earlier is that...I'm really excited that in the world of DIY shit, it seemed like when bands were starting out they'd get shit on like, "oh, it just sounds like Joy Division," but it's cool that we've moved beyond that and I'm happy at how much shit I like is coming out now. Safewords could do an entire tour with DIY bands that have a same dark aesthetic. You couldn't do that some years ago.

Colin: When we started this band it was because the music we wanted to hear wasn't being made. Which is kind of self-defeating because you can't really listen to your own fucking record, you know? But no one else was doing it so... Although, by the time someone is hearing our record or reading this, they might not believe us because now there's all this cool shit happening. I just hope that people who are releasing records in a similar vein don't get written off as part of a lame movement.

Jed: I'm just excited that people are out there doing cool, dark sounds. And it's real. It's not throwback bands, it's people writing good material.

MRR: Any bands you want to mention? I know you guys played with Population from Chicago.

Jed: Yeah, Population from Chicago are great and there's a lot of sweet stuff going on in the Midwest. There all sorts of bands in Chicago like Population...

Colin: I feel like Jed can't say it because he's in the band, but when we went to see Temple together we kind of shit our pants over how awesome it was. So I will say that people should listen to Temple because now he's in the band, he can't say it. But I know when he wasn't in the band he would've said it.

Jed: Yeah, there's a whole bunch of...geez, there's so many bands. Almost too many to list. I'm just super excited it's happening.

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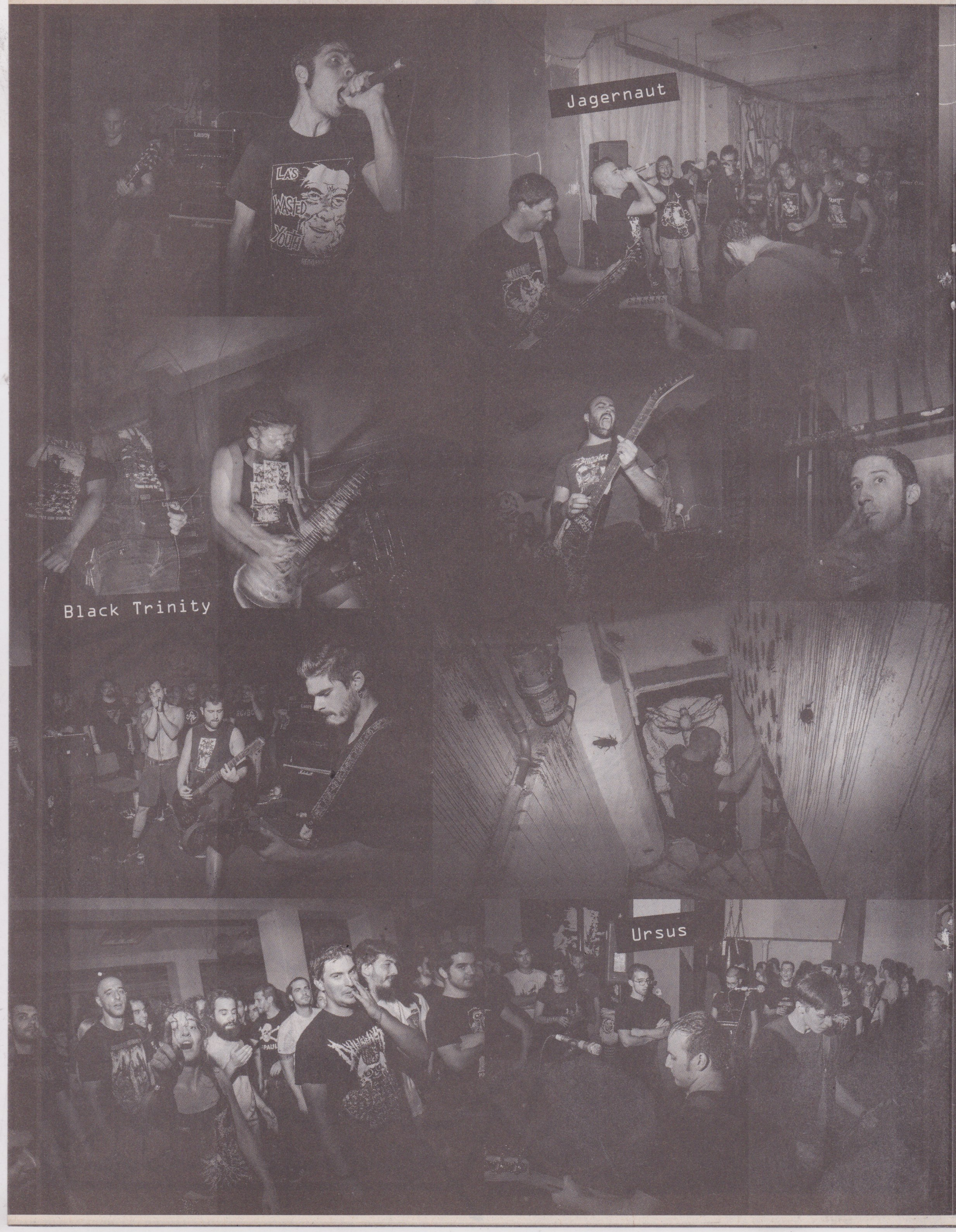
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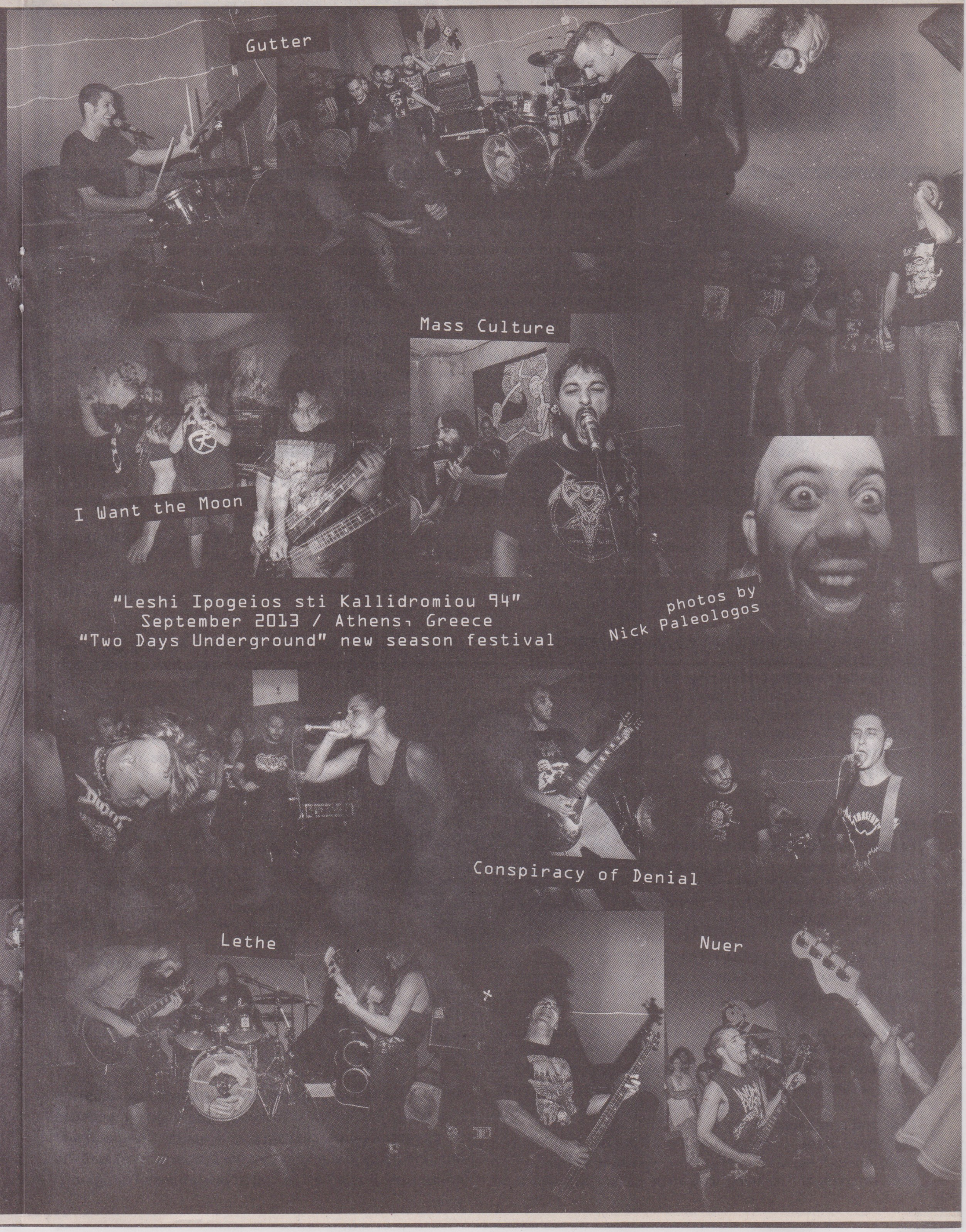

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THE MOB

While the Mob was not the first anarchopunk band I discovered, they were definitely the most influential in my development as a politicized punk. They were so unlike most anarchopunk bands of that time, which were just copies of themselves, with their militaristic drumming, feedback and vocals that were more like dogmatic preaching than truth seeking. The Mob's lyrics and music, which most people misconstrue as gloomy and dour, are actually honest and beautiful, expressing discontent and poetically illustrating the grim reality that is our world. As most of y'all know, the Mob reunited two years ago and they basically picked up where they left off, back to playing squats, benefits and fests. They have a new single,** Rise Up!* ***coming out on their record label All the Madmen, which was resurrected along with the band. This interview with lead singer Mark Wilson, who answered these questions on behalf of the band, was conducted right as all the pieces to complete the single were coming together. Former** MRR* ***contributor Lance Hahn, who was known for his mid-2000s stories on anarchopunk bands, was working on a book about the Mob at the time of his death, as that book was left unfinished so was the story of the Mob. Intro and interview by Ari Perezdiez. Artwork by Wilf. Photo by Penguins.

MRR: Can you describe your first introduction to punk, I know y'all were from a small town; what was the scene like there?

My first knowledge of punk came from reading about it in the *NME*. They were talking about something that sounded fascinating; there were no records, nothing you could listen to, just talk of it. I remember thinking fuck yeah! I really hope I like this music because everything else about it sounds amazing.

MRR: How did you first become politicized? Was it through punk or another outlet?

I remember seeing the Black Panthers at the 1968 Olympics and being very interested. I remember seeing the Front de Libération du Québec on TV when I was a kid in Toronto. I remember really well listening to Bob Dylan doing "Hurricane." As long as I can remember I can remember being politicized.

MRR: Did you grow up in Toronto?

I was born in Manchester in the UK. When I was about eight years old my parents moved to Toronto and we spent five years there before moving back to England. When we came back we lived in the West Country and I hated it. As soon as I was old enough to leave I went to live in London. The funny thing is that I now live in the West Country again, near Bristol, something I would never have believed if you'd told me back then!

MRR: Can you give us a description of what the anarchist punk community was like in the '80s? Is there anything different culturally to the anarchist punk community of today or has it stayed the same (squats, zines, infoshops, etc.)? Is there anything you would want to bring back from then and implement today?

You know, to me it seems quite similar, there's a lot of good being done, there're a lot of people working together to help achieve change. The thing that holds it back (as always) is petty infighting and cliquishness. There are always a bunch of people who really mean it, who live what they talk and another group who just follow the fashion; but I don't think we should be so hard on them. It's a spark and a spark can flicker and burn and it can come back later on in yours or someone else's life and make a difference. Anything that makes people question their lives, the world, their dinner, you know, it's all good.

MRR: Y'all helped start the Black Sheep Housing Co-op and another co-op in Hackney; can you explain how it came to be?

We had an involvement in two housing co-ops in London. We were squatting in Hackney in Brougham Road and it was the last row of traditional houses in that area to be demolished. We started a co-op and saved the houses and even though the area looks entirely different today, they still stand. At some point I moved over to Islington and along with a load of mates from the Wapping Anarchy Centre and the Centro Iberico, we formed Black Sheep and went to Islington council to ask for houses. At the time the hyper left wing council was doing everything it could to forge links with anyone they considered "oppressed." Although they clearly didn't like us at all, they just couldn't think of a way to refuse our request as they had helped nearly anyone who had asked them. We went into the newspaper shop the day after our meeting with them and we were on the front cover of every paper calling it "Punks Paradise" etc. The press went mad! It was such a mad thing we had pulled off! We had four houses and we restored them all ourselves.

MRR: That is so amazing! In my experience it seems like today it's so hard to keep squats going because of government crackdowns and such; I could never imagine a city just giving you the property. How was the co-op run? Some sort of collective process I imagine?

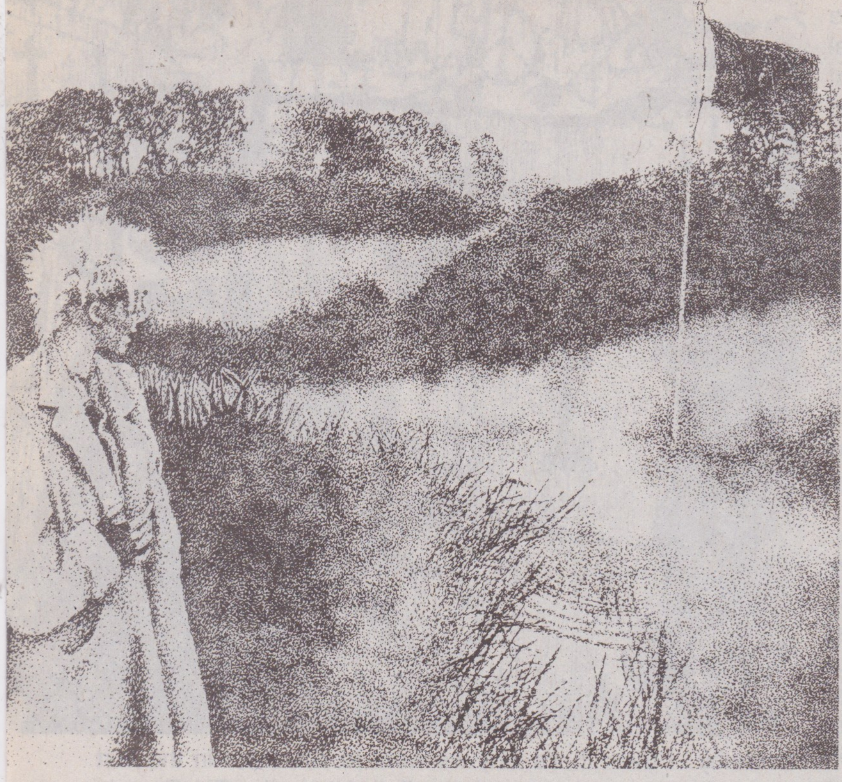
These were the days of Red Ken, aka Ken Livingstone, the former leader of the Greater London Council and radical Labour politician. The fact is they were a bunch of pricks just like any other politicians but we could work them a bit and take advantage of their “right on” beliefs. I can’t imagine we would have got away with it at any other time or place. The co-op was run pretty much like all co-ops I’ve ever had anything to do with: there was a small group of people who did most of the work, although when we did the physical restoration work on the buildings we all put in as many or as little hours as we could or wanted to. Then at the end we tallied up all the hours we had worked and divided the money we had been granted between the hours that we had each worked and we all had a little cash bonus and somewhere to live! I think they gave us something like £10,000 for each of the four houses, it was a small amount to restore such big houses, but it was a huge amount to us!

MRR: Have your politics changed from when you were younger?
I find I get more radical the older I get. I’ve got less and less patience for imbecilicw politicians and civil servants. I get angrier about their stupidity and downright inability to make a decent job of anything they attempt, whilst telling us what to do. I’ve spent a lot of time playing “the game” over the last 30 years on and off and I am one hundred percent convinced of my childhood beliefs now more than ever. The more I get to know them and am forced to work with them at times, the more I hate these idiots.

MRR: At the time of your first foray into anarchopunk there were bands playing upbeat or aggressive politically literal music. To me you have always stood apart, in that your music was darker, more melodic, brooding and personally political. Can your tell us your inspiration and motives for creating music so different to what was going on at the time?
We just did what came to us. I never felt like we had to sound like everyone else and I could never understand why people did that. Maybe our music was taking in different influences? We were playing with a lot of different types of bands and finding merit in lots of varied stuff. We were hanging out at festivals with the so-called “hippies.” My songs were about what was happening to me, to my friends, to all of us. About the pain and the loneliness of the “freak,” the odd ones out, never understood. More people get it now than ever before. We’ve somehow survived and now it’s almost celebratory. Everyone has always thought of the Mob as depressing. But ask anyone who’s been to any of our shows; it’s not like that, not at all

MRR: I hear hippie thrown around as a insult to any conscious punk; is that what you meant by “hippie?” Who were some of your influences back then? Who did you consider your peers?
Yeah that’s what I mean by hippie; for some strange reason if you care about anything or anyone or the world more than you care about getting drunk, you are a hippie. Well for my money, the hippies and the punks shared a lot of beliefs, not least the desire for a new and better world. We hung out at free festivals and squats where the two groups were hard to tell apart. We played shows with Here and Now, who were definitely hippies, and they had a song called “Floating Anarchy.” I think that’s why we went to see them in the first place. They played gigs with the Fall, Alternative TV, Zounds and plenty of other people that we admired and respected a lot. Alternative TV was possibly one of our biggest influences. Through them we met Grant who was their sound guy (and later went on to work with the Fall and the Smiths) and he produced our first single. When we reformed, Grant was one of the first people to make contact and he came to work the mixing desk at a couple of our first shows.

MRR: The Mob reunited to play a gig with Rubella Ballet, Zounds, Andy T and other anarcho acts in 2011. Can you tell us your motives for reuniting?
My then girlfriend, Leah, was arranging a secret party for me to show me what the Mob had meant to people. To cut a long story short, I found out and decided I wanted to do it. In the last 28 years it never occurred to me we’d do it again. Also I had heard Kalashnikov Collective doing a cover of “No Doves Fly Here” and was really moved and impressed. Curtis and I



got together to see if we could still play, it took us two or three seconds to decide that we wanted Graham to play the drums (we had several drummers before but Graham was the original). We didn't know where to find him after 30 years but the next day he walked up and knocked on my parent's door by pure chance. We've had a lot of this magic happening! The first show sold out and people came from really long distances, both in time and distance. It was amazing and has continued to be ever since.

MRR: Whoa, what a coincidence about Graham; like it was meant to happen! Your records are mainly self-released through All the Madmen, which started out as a zine, then progressed into a record label. You have recently resurrected it as a collective record label. Can you tell us how that works?
Yeah the thing with Graham was just another in a long line of mad coincidences. You would need a lot more time than we've got here to explore them all, but one day I'll try and write it all down. There is a whole story about how Jamie Hince comes to be producing our single as well. Anyway, as for All the Madmen, I was sitting round with my kids and talking about All the Madmen and I suggested we see if people would give us £50 for a share in a record company and very little prospect of ever seeing their money again. We put it to people and they signed up in droves. Within a couple of weeks we had about £7,000 and we started making records.

MRR: What are your future plans for All the Madmen?
I would quite like it if we could roll out the same idea in the States. It would be easy to set up and we could all benefit together. We could press our stuff over there and your stuff over here. The only trouble is it soon starts eating all your time, and I never really had any to start with.

MRR: Would these record collectives be two separate entities or would they share finances?
Well that would be for everyone to decide, but the model we used to raise the initial money would work anywhere and I'm sure we could work it out. All we really need is someone to drive the idea. Most of the business here is run by my daughter Tess and Des Hoskins, they are starting to get a bit overwhelmed by it all, so if anyone is interested I'm sure we could work out the rest.

MRR: Do you want to talk about your new upcoming single *Rise Up!;* how did that come about? Do you plan to do more releases in the future?
Well the main reason I stopped playing with the Mob all those years ago was that I didn't have any more songs and I couldn't see where they would ever come from. I felt I'd said what I had to say. Then we started again and the same ugly monster reared its head, then from nowhere I started writing a bit again. We've got a few other things we are working on too. But *Rise Up!* is the first and I like to think it's pure vintage Mob; we've been making a video for it this last week with some Italian filmmakers. I feel confident in saying it's going to be really good. There has been a lot of magic involved with it and some amazing people have helped us. There have been some really special moments, Jonathan from Belgrado, who has done some of the art, he had studied Wilf (our original and long deceased artist) for some years and he's drawn Raymond (who is also long dead and really important to us). Jamie who did the recording and production, Janine from WOMAD who helped us to use the Real World studios and Doug, who is the "star" of the video. All these people had been "touched" by the Mob at some point and were really pleased to be involved.

MRR: Real World Studios, you mean Peter Gabriel's recording studio project? That place is almost like a spa! Tell us about your experience recording there.
Well it was great. Janine, who works there for WOMAD and is a massive fan of the band, suggested it and showed me around. They had just had Jay-Z and Kanye West in so I was in good company, ha ha. The people there were great and it really didn't cost much at all, I was amazed! We all stayed the night and got fed well, it cost £500 plus a bit for an engineer, that's including three rooms to stay over in. It was along way from recording the Ching demo in a basement of a squat in Brougham Road.

MRR: Where will we be able to watch your video and pick up your single?
The vinyl just got in, we've had the sleeve and posters ready for a few weeks. You can order it through the All the Madmen website, or download it on iTunes. But if you buy the record you get stickers and other stuff, also it helps benefit the project. It's good and I'm really proud of it. The video will be on YouTube, it's nearly finished.

MRR: When not touring, what do you like to do in your free time?
I've never got any free time! But if and when I do, I love to travel, to study green architecture and especially small and low impact stuff... I like to plan and scheme and start balls rolling.

MRR: The Mob gave support to a cause 5,000 miles away from where you lived; regarding the recent ongoing political repression of anarchists in the Pacific Northwest. Can you tell us how you became aware of this and why you feel it was important to support such a cause?
It was a complete fluke that I came to know so much about all that. Leah Plante had been writing to me for a while about the possibility of getting the Mob to come to Portland. I'd felt a connection with the West Coast ever since we started playing again and was keen to go and play there. I knew how much people there had wanted us to play. Anyway, as time went on I started to learn more about the case and then, Leah suddenly became big news. Well the rest is history. We had been in a studio in England rehearsing this new song

LET THE TRIBE INCREASE!

"Rise Up!" and I was getting mail from people who were in serious trouble and the e-mail addresses they were using were coming from riseup.net. Not for the first or last time the synchronicity of things was blinding. I feel a deep affinity to those involved. I was thrilled to see those young people stand up for themselves and their rights.

MRR: So the fact that your song and an anarchist tech collective share a name is a coincidence?
Completely. We were writing the song and I went outside to get some reception on the phone and a couple of emails arrived, they were from addresses using riseup.net. It was the first time I'd heard of it. Given that we had so many coincidences going on I wasn't even surprised, it's just been like that a lot. Of course I then looked into it and found out what great work they were doing and their connection to the grand jury resisters. We were due to fly out any day to the West Coast and I kept thinking to myself "I hope no one at the border notices any of this."

MRR: While it seems you play a lot of fests now, how are the smaller gigs compared to those in the '80s? Were there also tons of people singing along and crying?
That is something I talk about a lot. Back in the '80s there would be 30 people and a couple of dogs showing up for a gig for most of "our" bands. This stuff is much more popular now! The one thing that I am most happy about with our recent gigs is that they somehow manage to capture the feel of a Mob gig from back in the day. The feeling of warmth and camaraderie and sense of "family." I'm amazed that that feeling follows us everywhere we go. To the non-believers we are a miserable depressing band but to anyone who ever comes to a show, well, you know it's not like that at all.

MRR: I do and the times that I saw you, experiencing the interaction between the music and the fans was almost surreal! Which do you feel has been your most memorable show?
There have been several! The show in Austin was amazing because it was just so emotional for everyone involved. I think a lot of people across the States had waited a long time for that outpouring of emotion, there was a huge feeling of relief. Hard to explain, we had great gigs in Oakland, and earlier in New York. My favorite over your side was at Blackwater in Portland. That really felt like coming home to me! The first gig we did in Bristol was a monumental event as well, not a dry eye in the place. I think we've done over 40 now and they are still getting better.

MRR: Any last words?
Years and years ago I answered some questions for Lance Hahn at *MRR* and at the time would never have dreamt I would be here now. Being interviewed again and plugging a new single, having toured the states, visited so many countries and met so many wonderful and lifelong friends. I'm sure if Lance was still with us he would have been very happy. So, as well as dedicating it to the Grand Jury Resisters and riseup.net, this is for you Lance, RIP.

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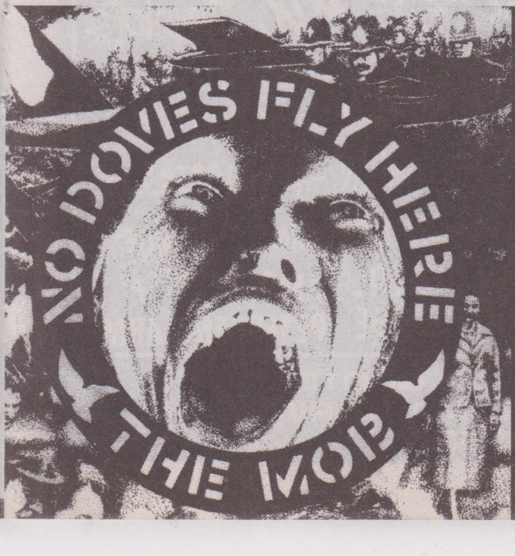

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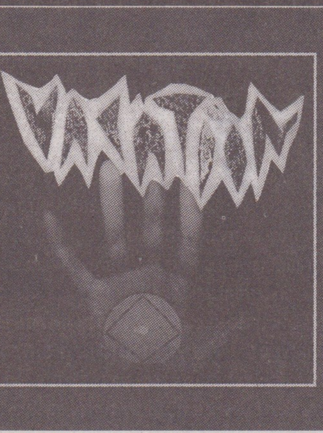

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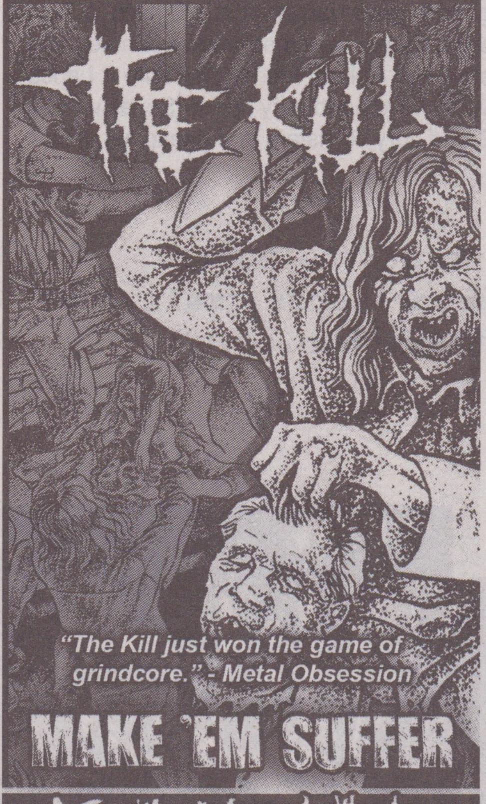

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Generación Suicida is quite simply one of the best punk bands going right now. They have made a name for themselves by writing catchy tunes that sound somewhat similar to bands like Masshysteri, but do so with their own unique touch. I first heard Generación Suicida a couple of years ago and was immediately hooked. Their live performances are energetic and some of the best fun I've had from seeing current bands in Los Angeles. They have released a demo (on tape, 7" and 12" format) on Symphony of Destruction, a 7" single on Mata La Música Discos and have just released a new LP called Con la Muerte a tu Lado *on Going Underground Records. They are to embark on a tour of Europe this December as well. Interview by Mark Ocegueda, photos by Ben Pep, Ian Absurdo, Felipe Navarro Delgadillo and Louis.*

MRR: So let's start with the basics. Who is in the band? Where are you from? And when did Generación Suicida form?

Tony: I'm Tony and I play guitar and sing. I'm from Watts in South Central LA.
Kiwi: I'm Kiwi and I play drums and sing. I am also from Watts in South Central LA.
Juan: I'm Juan and I play Bass. I'm from Anaheim, Orange County.
Mario: I'm Mario and I play guitar. I'm from the Mid-City/Korea Town area.
Tony: Generación Suicida has been a band for approximately three years. We started in the winter of 2010 and our first show was with Tuberculosis, Rabia al Sistema and Kruel at The Piñata House in South Central Los Angeles. That first show was pretty nerve wracking and I don't think we were any good at all, ha ha. We were pretty terrible.

MRR: Why did you start GS and where do you draw your inspiration from sound wise and for your lyrical content?

Tony: We started Generación Suicida because, at the time, everyone was making hardcore/raw/crusty D-beat bands in LA. It was boring to go to a show and see five bands that all sounded the same. We wanted to make something that was catchy and would make people wanna pogo and dance super hard.
Kiwi: Everything influences us; like work, cops, love and hate. Many of the songs are very personal. I think that one of the things that we like to do is to write music that people can relate to. Sound wise, our musical influences range from Gorilla Angreb to Eskorbuto to the Ramones. Pretty much, anything catchy with powerful hooks.

MRR: What's it like in South Central LA and how does living there influence the music that you write?

Tony: I can't really explain what it feels like to live in South Central LA, because I've lived here all my life. It would be like asking me "What's it like to breathe?" I can only compare it to other places that I have been to. It's definitely not a quiet area or a quiet part of town! The life here just seems to be more vibrant and energetic than other places I have seen. As a friend of mine once described it, "It's like an urban jungle and the streets are hot." Ha ha. As for how it has influenced our sound, I guess you can say it lends us a certain raw feel. We record using home studio equipment and a lot of our equipment is second hand from local yard sales and Craigslist.

MRR: Not to call anyone out, but someone recently reviewed Con la Muerte a tu Lado and kept insisting that Generación Suicida was from East LA. How did the band react to that?

Kiwi: We wouldn't have tripped on it so hard, but it wasn't the first time that people have erroneously referred to us as being from East LA. We've seen it in other reviews as well.
Tony: At first, it was probably just an honest mistake. However, we can't help but feel that we keep being referred to as being from East LA because we're Latino punks from Los Angeles. Plus, where else would there be Latino punks in LA if not in East LA, right? The truth is there are Latino punks all over Los Angeles County and even in the neighboring counties, like Orange County.
Juan: During our first trip in Canada, this guy kept telling us, "This ain't East LA, so you can't just leave your stuff lying around" and all this other stuff. Even after we told him we were not from East LA, he still insisted on saying that we were. I'm not even from LA. I'm from Orange County!

MRR: Tony and Kiwi have been in a relationship for quite some time now. How has being in a band as partners affected the dynamics of your relationship?

Tony: Being in a band with your partner is awesome! We live together, write music together and share the road together. It's like being on a never-ending date, ha ha. Although, sometimes we do argue and I think that might make the other guys feel a little uncomfortable.
Kiwi: It has done quite the opposite affect in that it has made our relationship stronger! We are constantly learning from each other and when obstacles arise we work together to solve them. I'm just really happy that I am sharing an awesome experience with my other half. Nonetheless, we are not a perfect couple and at times we argue on the road. It's not anything extreme. I wouldn't be in a band with someone I didn't get along with. Plus, I really don't think neither Juan nor Mario would be in the band if Tony and I were constantly arguing. Something the band has learned is that Kiwi is always right, ha ha.

MRR: You recently played Distort Vancouver. How was that experience?

Tony: Distort Vancouver was awesome! We had been to Canada earlier in the year and we didn't think we'd be back so soon. We played two shows, one at Wise Hall and an after party show under a freeway overpass at 5am. I don't think I played as well as I could have during the 5am show because I had lost my contacts earlier that day, so on top of being super tired, I was also blind as shit. Regardless, both shows were amazing and Vancouver is always a fun place to play. I can't wait to go back!
Mario: Distort was great I really enjoyed the shows and seeing Proxy, Desperat, Bi-Marks and Bellicose Minds (they never disappoint).

Also, we enjoyed the trip a lot more this time around since we had more time to actually see Vancouver and hang with some cool people. We had car troubles last time we were in Canada.

MRR: Obviously a lot of punks in LA speak Spanish and what not. How do mainly English speaking punks react to your live performances?

Tony: A lot of people are very supportive of the band, regardless of whether they speak Spanish or not. I think music can transcend language barriers. Often times, people don't really care what the lyrics are, as long as you can feel the emotion and the energy. Even though I feel that way, I'm sure there are some people who can't really get into it because they don't understand.

MRR: Generación Suicida is about to embark on a winter tour in Europe. Which countries are you going to visit? Which bands are you most looking forward to playing with? And what is most exciting about touring Europe for the band?

Mario: We're playing nine countries total: Spain, France, Netherlands, Belgium, Denmark, Sweden, Germany, Croatia and Austria. Personally, I'd like to play with Suicidas, I think we should be playing a few shows with them. I never thought I'd get to go to Europe, let alone tour it. I'm glad I'm going to go and do something I love in another country and to share the experience with friends.

Tony: I'm looking forward to playing with Suicidas and Nueva Autoridad Democrática. It would be awesome to play with Telecommande in France though.

Kiwi: I'd like to play with Telecommande as well! That would be a pretty cool show.

Juan: I'd like to play with Belgrado. They were tight down here in Los Angeles!

Tony: I think the most exciting thing about touring Europe for all of us is just the travel itself. I can't speak for everyone in the band, but when I was a young kid I never even dreamt about touring Europe while playing with the band. To be honest, I never even thought we'd play Canada, ha ha.

Kiwi: I think the only thing I'm worried about is the weather. However, a winter tour in Europe? I hope we don't all freeze!

MRR: So the artwork for the LP is fucking cool. Can you tell us about the artist that did it?

Tony: Our good friend Guillermo Millán did it. He's a top-notch artist that does artwork for a bunch of other bands and labels, including Pesadilla Distopika, Verdugo Discos and of course Generación Suicida. He also did the artwork for our split with Catholic Spit. Unfortunately, Guillermo is a starving artist, so he works full time in a factory and only draws in his very limited spare time.

MRR: Tell me about your family background? Did your parents or grandparents immigrate to the United States? Do you ever go back to visit?

Tony: My parents are both from Mexico. They both came to the USA when they were about sixteen years old, around 1968. They just got their citizenship about ten years ago. We used to go to Tijuana all the time, almost every weekend, but I haven't gone back since I was eighteen (about eight years ago). To be honest, I don't really feel super connected to Mexico. I like it and I understand the customs and culture, but I feel more connected to Los Angeles and its culture. I think Chicanos in Los Angeles have their own culture that is neither tied to White Anglo Saxon Americans, nor traditional Mexicans from Mexico. It's a beautiful thing and hard to explain unless you experience it firsthand.

Kiwi: I was born in Guatemala, but came to the United States with my mother and sister when I was a one-year-old. I've never been to Guatemala and know very little of the culture.

MRR: How long has everyone in the band been involved in the scene in LA? How has it changed over the years?

Tony: I've been playing in bands since I was fourteen. My first band was called Vakraant. It didn't mean anything. We just thought it sounded cool, ha ha. Of course, the scene has changed a lot since I was a kid. Shows used to be about just getting drunk and partying. These days, I feel there is a bigger focus on the actual music and bands.

Kiwi: I've been into punk since my mom gave me a Ramones CD when I was fourteen years old. My first attempt at a band was when I was about sixteen. The band was called Infamy and we played only one show.

MRR: What are some of the most memorable shows that the band has played?

Juan: Some of my favorite shows have been in Oakland. I remember playing the Pink String, which is this house with all the windows broken. It was a crazy show, with the living room packed as fuck, people hanging out of windows and barely any room to breathe. I prefer small intimate shows like that way more than playing in a huge warehouse or venue.

Mario: I've had a couple of memorable shows, but I have to say the recent show we had at the Rat House was fun! If you weren't there you missed out! Also, the bands that played at the show, Tozcos, Damages, Stoic Violence and Bed Bugs were great.

MRR: Are there any other projects that the bands members are involved in?

Mario: Tony and I are in Ekolalia together. We play a harder style of punk, more along the lines of Eskorbuto, RIP, or Special Duties.

Tony: Yeah, after Rayos X broke up, I still had songs left over that I wanted to work with. So we created Ekolalia and I used those same songs for our demo. You can listen to the demo and the band at ekolalia.bandcamp.com.

MRR: What is in store for the band in the future?

Tony: We have a split 7" coming out with our friends Catholic Spit. It should be out by December. After we return from Europe in January, we will be hitting the recording studio to record our second LP, which will be out on Doomtown Records sometime (hopefully) in the spring or summer of 2014. We also plan on going on a tour of South America sometime in 2014 as well.

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Primitive, raw noise attack from Halifax with a sound as cold as their winters. With guitars that transport you to a static-y sonic wasteland where you can hear the desperate cry of vocals that are just out of reach. This four piece raw D-beat band has been ripping out ragers for a little over a year now. After a handful of tours and two releases, their newest being their Uniformed Cowards EP, Life Chain sat down with us to tell us about Halifax and their last year as a band together. Interview by Amelia Eakins. Images provided by Liz and Rosie.

LIFE CHAIN

MRR: Who is in Life Chain? What do you do in the band?
Liz sings and writes the lyrics and also does most of the artwork for the band. Rob plays Guitar, Julia the bass and Ben is on drums.

MRR: What other bands have you been in? What did you play in those?
Ben sang in Mean Mug, played drums in Primitive Accumulation, Natural Abuse, Ratbag, Criminal Intent and played drums and sang in Contagium. Rob played bass and sang in Contagium, played guitar in Ratbag and sang for Criminal Intent. Julia was in a terrible band that doesn't need to be named. This is Liz's first band.

MRR: Has it always been this lineup?
Yes, it works well. We are able to practice and write songs easily and get along when we are on the road.

MRR: How did each of you wind up in the band?
Rob wrote some songs and started jamming with Ben after Contagium broke up, then Julia learned bass to play with us and after some hesitation, we convinced Liz to sing.

MRR: Did you know each other before the band? How long had you all been friends?
We have all known each other for a while now. Rob and Ben have been friends for many years and have played in bands together for a while now. Julia moved to Halifax a few years ago and since then has been active in the punk music scene and had become close to all of us. Liz moved here a few years ago from Montreal and this is her first band. However, she really brings a lot to the table—along with her wonderful vocals and energetic stage presence, she does lots of art for the band. We have all lived together in the past and that has also played a role in all of us becoming closer.

MRR: Do you have a lot of people making asshole comments about not liking female vocals? What bad feedback have you gotten, if any?
We haven't really heard anything bad, at least not to our faces. We've heard comparisons to lots of other bands with female vocals like Warwound, Rubella Ballet and Lebenden Toten. We don't think we really sound like those bands, but it's cool to hear people say that. Some people think the delay is weird, but that's about as negative as it has been. The fact that we are a raw D-beat band with female vocals sets us somewhat apart within that genre, or at least that's what we have heard.

MRR: What has the response from your community been like?
We get a positive response from all of the different scenes in Halifax. When we played our first show the reaction from the crowd was really strong and that doesn't really happen often here. We aren't playing anything new, but in Halifax it's not something that other bands have done before. We try not to play very often but have had the opportunity to play alongside some wonderful touring bands recently such as Weak Link, the New Flesh, Hoax, Hassler, the System and Doom.

MRR: How has being from Halifax shaped your taste in music or sense of punk? Hope this is not a dumb question considering it's the internet age, but it seems Halifax is a little isolated from the rest of Canada and the world.
None of us are from Halifax originally, but we've all lived here long enough. Because of the internet, blogs, zines, etc, it's really easy for us to seek things out. That isolation only serves to make us more excited about having bands come play in Halifax, as well as going to see bands play elsewhere. It also motivates us to tour and try to spread our material around, because if we don't put effort behind it, no one is going to seek it out on their own.

MRR: What is the punk community like in Halifax?
There are a lot of small scenes in Halifax that are somewhat separate, but no one holds any animosity towards each other. The city is too small to not get along just because we like different styles of punk.

MRR: What other bands are you in now?
Ben plays drums in Abject Pax, who play dark anarcho punk, Concrete Asylum, which is fast and furious UK hardcore-influenced punk and sings in Mean Streets, a side project of sorts that plays desperate and negative hardcore punk. Julia plays drums in Vixens, an all-female snotty hardcore punk band and plays drums and sings in Primary Stress, a two-piece melodic crust band.

MRR: You went on an East Coast tour. Where did you go?
We played in Boston, New York, Worcester, Holyoke, Rochester, Ottawa and Montreal.

MRR: Any favorite shows?
They were all sick. It was actually the best tour we've been on even though it was so short. The shows with Cleansing Wave and Negligence in

Worcester, Survival and Creeping Dose in New York, and Death Evocation and Hoax in Holyoke were the favorites. Our Canadian dates were just at memorable and well received. We played with Asile in a little café in Ottawa and with Truncheons in Montreal.

MRR: Any good stories? Van troubles?
Thankfully there weren't any van troubles this time, except for a giant crack across the windshield. We drove through the worst blizzard Montreal had seen in sixty years to kick off the tour. It made the five-hour drive to Boston take about ten hours. We played an attic above a large housing complex in Rochester where kids set off fireworks, then tore down the roof supports and ceiling beams on New Year's Eve.

MRR: Any upcoming tours? Fests?
We just got back from a weekend in Newfoundland. We played Rrröööaaarrr fest in Montreal with the Mob, Negative Approach, Green Beret, Blue Cross and many more. We're also went to Distort Vancouver with Mob 47 and Desperat in September. We're planning to tour the US this winter and anyone who is interested in booking a show should write us!

MRR: You have released a demo tape. Did you hand-screen the J-cards? How many tapes did you make?
We made 200 tapes on our own, and W-Tapes from Texas did another 100 for us. Liz hand-screened all of the J-cards, and Julia made all of the inserts. We still have a few demo tapes left for those who are interested—get in touch.

MRR: Any other releases in the works?
Our EP, *Uniformed Cowards*, is out right now on Imminent Destruction in the UK and Adalante Discos in the US. We are also working on some new material for a tape on Black Konflik out of Malaysia.

MRR: What cool things do you guys do outside of the band?
Julia is a classical pianist and a math major, Ben runs a small distro, Liz does a lot of screen printing and makes lots of posters and Rob writes code. We all play in lots of bands, put on shows, bring bands here, and go on lots of road trips.

MRR: What do you do for work? Is the economy in Halifax rough right now?
Liz works in a café and is also a baker for a catering company, Ben is a carpenter, Julia is a student and a calculus teaching assistant, and Rob is a computer programmer.

MRR: Are there dole punx where you are? Are you a dole punk? Are all Canadian punx dole punx?
As far as we know, most punks here are working or still living off their parents. Welfare seems more difficult to acquire here in Nova Scotia than it is in other cities throughout Canada. There are folks here on welfare, disability, and other forms of assistance but we are not among them.

MRR: Do you still do tape trades?
Yes, we do. We have copies of the demo left to trade and copies of other demos from other projects we are involved in. If anyone is interested in trading please email the address provided in the last part of the interview.

MRR: What's the punk community like in Canada?
Since we are so far away from most of the larger active scenes we don't get to experience it all firsthand, as in all the shows and social settings. From our perspective though there is lots going on. There are many punk fests such as A Varning From Montreal, Rrröööaaarrr fest in Montreal, Distort Vancouver and Not Dead Yet in Toronto. There are lots of great record labels, zines, distros and bands of all punk genres in Canada too. Many bands from Canada tour throughout North America, Europe, etc and always seem to leave a positive and lasting impression.

MRR: Where can you buy MRR in Halifax?
At the moment there is nowhere to buy *MRR* in Halifax. Some of us have a subscription and then share the issues among one another. The café that Liz works at did carry it for a while but has since stopped because of a problem with the Canadian distributor. Hopefully it can be carried somewhere soon, as there are lots of anxious readers out there that wait for *MRR* every month!

MRR: Any other bands from Halifax we should check out?
Concrete Asylum, Abject Pax, Vixens, Napalm Raid, Word on the Street, Grump and Contagium.

MRR: Should we go to Halifax? Why is it worth taking a ferry to your…is Halifax a city?
Yes! There are enough kids to make it worth your while and you can play a couple of shows. We will host you, feed you and show you around the city. There's no ferry, just a long barren fourteen-hour drive from Montreal or twelve-hour drive from Boston. Halifax is a beautiful coastal city and is definitely worth a visit and has some great bands to see and play shows with.

MRR: Where can we find Life Chain merch? How do we get in touch with you?
W-Tapes in Texas (w-tapes.blogspot.com) released our demo tape in the Unites States, Imminent Destruction Records in the UK (imminent destruction.blogspot.com) and Adelante Discos (adelantediscos@gmail .com) in Texas released our 7". Our releases can be found in some great distros such as Soaps and Spikes.

MRR: Any last words?
Thanks to you and *MRR* for the interview! Thanks to Omar and Adelante Discos, Phil and Imminent Destruction Records and to all the folks who have put on a show for us or supported us in any way. If anyone wants to get in touch, write rawdistort@gmail.com. We have a blog up at lifechaindbeat.blogspot.com. Support the real shit! xo up punx xo

GAG

SHAVE YOUR HEAD. CONVULSE IN PLACE. REJECT NORMALITY. STARVE THE PSYCHE. LET THE BLOOD. EMBRACE REVULSION. REJECT CORPOREALITY. REJECT CHAINS. SCORN REALITY. SCORN CAMO. WORSHIP THE FOG. GET INTO GAG. INTERVIEW BY ARI PEREZDIEZ. PHOTOS BY MARTIN SORRONDEGUY.

MRR: Who the fuck are you? What do you do in Gag?
Jose: Guitar.
Skarn: Bass guitar.
Ian: Guitar.
Jeff: Drums.
Adam: I dance for the band.

MRR: Do you have a dance background?
Ian: Didn't you used to break dance?
Adam: Yeah

MRR: Can you talk about break dancing?
Adam: I was in the play Grease.
Jose: Did that influence punk for you in any way?
Adam: Mmm, I don't think so.
Skarn: Well the jackets…
Adam: Yeah, I had long hair and I cut it and so I had a very similar haircut to what I have now, in the play… so yeah maybe.

MRR: So Gag is on tour right now, what's your tour looking like so far? Where are you playing? How many dates? Where are you going?
Jose: I think it's 56 days, and we're doing a full US tour. Right now we're in San Francisco, tomorrow we'll be in LA and then we're just gonna do like a perimeter thing, go around and zig-zag back from Chicago.

MRR: Jeff, I heard you got married on tour.
Jeff: I got married in downtown Oakland at the court office by a woman with no teeth. Also she got our names wrong and called me Mr. Davenport.

MRR: Y'all are from Olympia. Do you maybe wanna give us a scene report?
Ian: Olympia is alright, there are a lot of good bands. It's just kinda weird because it's a collage town, so it goes in waves of being really, really good and shows being crazy and well attended, to people just not giving a shit. It just depends on the semester really.
Ian: Yeah the summer is bullshit in Olympia.
Skarn: It's really transient, like all the people in Olympia I was friends with for seven years have all moved away. Shows are weird because half the time it seems like the college kids are a part of the scene and then for whatever reason they just drop off like every other year. So I feel like every year is different for punk shows in Olympia.
Jeff: Yeah, Olympia takes it hard sometimes. This is like my fourth group of people that are into hardcore in Olympia and a lot of people choose to not do it anymore after a certain point. There are even people from Olympia who choose to not do it anymore which is devastating because Olympia is such a small city.

MRR: Wouldn't you think it would be the opposite because of the long and rainy winters? Most people would want to hide then and not go out to shows?
Skarn: It's weird because for me the summer is so dope and it's part of the reason I'm there, just because it's so beautiful and worthwhile. The rain in the winter just makes you miserable and you are inside all the time. In the summer, it's like where the fuck does everyone move away to?
Jose: They just visit home when they're not in school. Also the cool thing about winter in Olympia is that people are just in school so when you have a show people will just… Jeff: …people just want to go to the show.
Jose: Every thing is walking distance so you can walk in snow or rain in a rain jacket and be fine, you can get anywhere in like 20 minutes max.
Jeff: They want something to get away from school.
Skarn: Everyone's pretty productive in the winter because you just can't fucking go outside, you just have to make music, you have to go to shows, you have to contribute creatively otherwise you just go crazy I guess.

MRR: How do you guys feel you can contribute to keeping the Olympia scene going at the current state right now, do you seen any solutions to that? Or do you just see it perpetuating in a cycle?
Skarn: I guess just like keeping things interesting, continue to reach out to new people, new venues and make sure it doesn't get stale so people don't get bored; so we don't get bored. Always kinda push it to new territories including reaching out to new people, for me that's really important.
Jeff: Yeah I think last year Olympia got a little stale because Gag was one of the only bands that was active in Olympia. There were a lot of bands there but Hysterics weren't playing very much. White Wards

was not playing at all. Sonskull and all the perennial bands broke up and stopped being bands. The last year or so there've been a lot of bands popping up. I think the best way to do it is to just keeping reaching out to people, finding new venues and doing more than one band.
Skarn: Booking interesting touring bands.
Jose: It's been sick because people have been finding out that Olympia is a place to play. So we have some great bands come through this year. Anasazi came through, that was a really fun show and Lumpy and the Dumpers,
Ian: Needles and Manipulation came.
Jose: There are so many good bands. Also I think a good thing about the Northwest is we have so many homies, like, Seattle comes and plays, Portland comes and plays. We have our Vancouver dogs come up and also our Bay homies like Jeremy always makes sure his bands come up here, which is sick because his bands are great.
Jeff: Olympia actually has it pretty lucky for such a small city, because even in the early 2000s it was a huge mecca for touring bands. People wouldn't really play Tacoma or Seattle, they'd come to Olympia because people in those other cities were burned out. And it's coming back, I feel like a ton of people who are touring are coming through Olympia.

MRR: Tacoma has a reputation for hardcore, do you feel yourselves in any way connected to that? Do you feel like the hardcore scene in Tacoma is still active in a way? Or separate?
Jeff: It's just different. It's more like contemporary hardcore influenced and it's on a larger scale.
Jose: It's not a house show town, you couldn't do it at a house, you'd have to do it at a venue, which is great, but we're just disconnected from that whole scene. We play those gigs sometimes but it's very rare that we do.
Ian: Gag has never played in Tacoma I don't think and it's 20 minutes away, ha ha.
Jose: White Wards played Tacoma three times and we've been a band for five years.

MRR: Most of you are in other bands. What are they?
Adam: Soul Coffin, ha ha. It's just sick, it's cool.
Ian: Soul Coffin is Scotty's brainchild, we don't know what it's about yet because none of us have heard it yet, but it's gonna be sick.

MRR: Is it mysterious?
Ian: It's very mysterious, ha ha. I consider myself to be very good friends with Scott and I don't know anything about it. I'm in the band apparently.
Jose: Basically the band is from the future, like myself—it's kinda trying to disguise its self to be from the past. For bands, I sing in White Wards, I play bass in Sterilized, drums in Dirty Joe and the Brick Walls and drums in Love Interest. We have a couple other projects that we're jamming. I don't know, we'll probably have demos up eventually. Crawl Space will be a band hopefully soon.

MRR: What kind of music is Crawl Space?
Jose: It's gross. I have a bunch of songs written, it was just a solo thing at first but I think I'm gonna do it with a couple of my friends and it's just like, mid-tempo, late Peni stuff is what I want it to sound like.

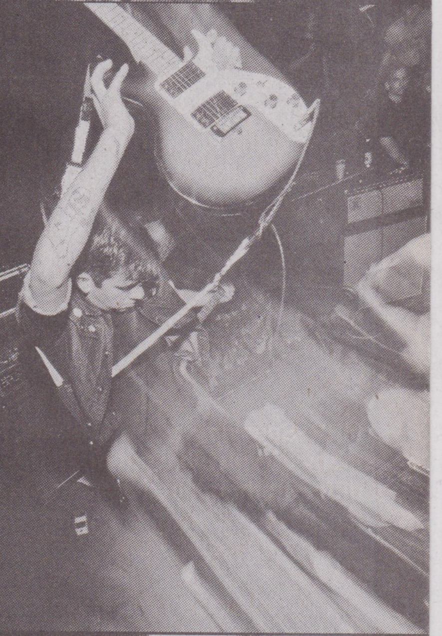
MRR: Can you tell me more about Love Interest? I know a lot of people always talk about it but never seem to know anything about it.
Jose: That's Ian's brainchild, you have to ask him about it.
Ian: Love Interest is me, Scotty, Joey and a couple other friends. Our singer just moved back to LA, so in January he's going to come up. We're just gonna start demo-ing and recording these twelve songs we have written and hopefully putting them out in some form.

MRR: Do you have any plans to tour?
Ian: I think we're going to do a little Northwest tour in January and then once we get records out I want to tour.

MRR: Can you talk about Gag's influences, not just in musical terms but also aesthetically? I hear all these comparisons with different genres and bands and I feel like none of them really pinpoint what ya'll are about.
Jose: I guess when we started Gag we just wanted to be hard, simple punk because a lot of other bands were getting a little more layered. So we just wanted to be in a band that we could just have fun in and play—and it just kind of escalated quickly and we all got really into it. Just with our new stuff, I think it's still simple and hard but we just try to make it as gross as possible. I feed back as hard as I can all the time and try to keep the drums really rudimentary; all the tones are really gross too.

MRR: Where does that grossness come from?
Skarn: ...Our souls probably, ha ha.

MRR: What's so gross about your soul?
Skarn: I guess it sort of feels like a lot of the time, my soul is drowning. This music is an attempt to surface and float about the deep undercurrents that are trying to keep it at the bottom of the ocean. [communal laugh]
Jeff: I think the coolest way that Gag is described is primal. It's very primitive and it's easily accessible to all people, which makes it really cool because every one's really excited about it because you hear it and you wanna mosh.
Jose: It's cool because one time on our last tour, my guitar amp broke, so I just couldn't do anything, so I thought, "I can't play anymore so I'm just gonna pit." I was just pogo-ing and being stupid the whole time, it was so much fun.
Adam: We have multiple songs where I have no vocals and I just get to dance, it's my favorite.



MRR: You write most of the lyrics Adam? Where do you feel your lyrics come from?
Adam: Yeah, I write all of them. A lot of the early stuff was more personal, like the demo stuff, but then it just kinda got a little weirder because I got a little weirder. They grow with me a little bit.
Skarnn: It goes with the ebb and flow of life.
Ian: It's the "Even Flow."

MRR: You guys talked the other night about how on tour you watch Martin Lawrence every night. Is that real?
Jose: It's not every night, I did bring my copy of *Black Knight*, it's in the back, it's chilling next to my Gameboy DS with Pokémon.

MRR: How do you think Pokémon relates to punk?
Jeff: Jigglypuff is a lot like Gag, when you think about it.
Jose: You gotta catch 'em all. I don't know, like records and stuff.

MRR: Do you feel like Pokémon trains young record collectors to buy into the useless commodity of vinyl?
Jose: Ya, I definitely think that's…
Jeff: Whoa whoa whoa, [communal laugh] Gag records are not useless.
Jose: Pokémon is where I started the idea of collecting things I thought where really cool. But then Pokémon sucks because I can't sell my game to somebody when you catch them all. You can buy a record for like four bucks and then sell it for like 80 dollars later.
Jeff: Well, the market's good enough…
Jose: If you wait long enough the record will be worth something, unless it's like garbage, you know what I mean? There's always garbage when buying records.
Skarn: I think Garbage records in general, like the band Garbage, go for some money.

MRR: Speaking of releases, lets talk about your releases. How many do you have out right now? This year you released four different things in a really short time.
Ian: We got *This Punk Shit is Cool, But I Hope I'm Rob Zombie When I'm 28* which is a 12", we got *Gasmask '95* which is a flexi, we got *40 oz. Rule '90* which is a 7" that Justin from Warthog Speak did, and then we repressed just now the *Skimask '95* 7". And we also have a Gag tape that our friend Bill is doing.

MRR: Do you have most of those on tour with you right now?
Ian: We have all of those except for the tape, which we're picking up on tour. We have the *Live on KBOO* tape. Shout out to Kevin.

MRR: Are any of you 28? Are you Rob Zombie yet?
Ian: No not yet, we're almost there.
Jeff: I've got two years until then. I don't know what'll happen at that point.
Ian: I think since I'm the youngest, as long as we're Rob Zombie by the time I'm 28, we'll be good.
Jeff: I'm pretty sure if anyone's gonna be Rob Zombie at 28 it'll be Ian.
Ian: I have the most time.

MRR: Ian, you have to start growing those dreads out.
Ian: I'm not gonna do that. [communal laugh]
Jeff: I think the band would break up if that were to happen.

MRR: I'm 28 and I'm not Rob Zombie yet, so I'm sorry.
Band in unison: You look the most like Rob Zombie actually. [communal laugh]

MRR: Hey, that's rude!
Ian: No way, that's a compliment! We named our record after Rob Zombie, he's beautiful.
Jose: Yah, he's so good looking. Ugghh, White Zombie is so tight, I love White Zombie!

MRR: Do you think White Zombie influences Gag? Aesthetically?
Jose: Kinda. Well I don't think they necessarily influence us but I think I could sit there and say, "oh yeah definitely!" Maybe not consciously influence us but definitely I could see it.
Ian: Yeah, definitely aesthetically.

MRR: What are your other aesthetic influences?
Ian: Scott.
Skarn: Scott.
Jose: Scott.
Jeff: Twisted Metal 4.
Ian: Rob Zombie and White Zombie.
Jose: Scotts's like our mastermind, he's done pretty much all of our stuff except for Nick. Nick Wortham who did the cover of *40 Oz. Rule '90* and the cover of *Skimask '95.* That dude's art is sick, so good. And then our homie Jason/Laura Pall Mall he did the insert for *40 Oz. Rule '90* and he's done some shirts for us.
Jose: Oh yeah he did, he's a fuckin' killer artist who is all over the place this year. He did also do stuff for Lifeform, he's on Blotter tour right now, which is so dank. He also did the cover for the Sentenced 7", which is sick.
Ian: He did the new Hysterics record too and that art looks really good.
Skarn: Yeah he's killing it this year.

MRR: Is he from Olympia?
Ian: He's from Austin but he was living in Olympia.
Ian: They kept him held up in the basement for the last few months working on art.
Skarn: He had a little art shut-in, I guess for a couple months now; just in the house making art every day, exchanging like five words a day—he's pretty quiet. We fed him very healthy food. He's really good at chopping vegetables. Actually I don't cook. Alex who we live with did all the cooking.
Ian: I also took him to Cabela's [the outdoors store] for lunch a couple times.

MRR: The outdoors store?
Ian: Yeah they have a grill, you can get buffalo burgers and stuff. It's really weird but it's funny so we eat there a couple times. Also Cabela's is like the sickest store.

MRR: What are your favorite things at Cabela's?
Adam: The fake animals.
Jeff: I got this sick knife from Cabela's… [Flips out a giant knife]
Skarn: …that he cut his fucking thumb open with!
Jeff: I stole this $100 knife and because of karma it cut me while I was cutting this security thing.
Jose: I haven't been there in a long time, but my favorite thing from Cabela's is my sleeping bag.
Skarn: I guess the guns, but I kinda wish it didn't exist.
Jeff: Yeah, I kinda feel that way but they have an entire section called "Camo."
Jose: The department is called "Camo" and they have orange camo, real tree camo, traditional camo, urban camo, pink camo, camo everything and digital camo but I'm not down with that.
Ian: I got this pink real tree camo case at Cabela's.

MRR: Do you think that would save you in the woods when the revolution comes? Someone would see your iPhone I think.
Ian: I think you wouldn't see it because its camouflage.
Skarn: The woods are all pink in Washington too, so it fits in.
Jeff: I'd also like to give a big shout out to Cabela's loss prevention. They're hella chill and they just kinda let you go if they aren't ones with guns.

MRR: So what your saying is, "steal from Cabela's."
Jeff: Oh, absolutely.
Ian: Yeah steal from everywhere.
Jeff: Don't buy anything from Cabela's, it's fucked up. Take all that you want.
Ian: I buy food at Cabela's because I'm a fan of food and fine art. I'm a foodie. I got a prime rib sandwich that was to die for, they also have elk burgers. They have these things that are called chuckwagon nachos where they slice potatoes right there and then fry them. It's like four pounds of potato nachos and they put four pounds of cheese and it's four dollars. If you ever want the most amount of food you could ever get between six people and you wouldn't be able to finish it for very cheap, go to Cabela's.

MRR: Do you think digital camouflage ruined hardcore?
Jose: Fuck yeah, punk is dead because of digital camo.

MRR: What do you feel is the future of camo and hardcore?
Jose: Hopefully everyone starts wearing grey, because chains are dead, camo is dead. Fog is what's next. Gag is a fog worship band now. I feel like nu-metal has been bogarting fog for far too long. We got a fog machine and we're gonna fucking use it! That's part of the process of becoming Rob Zombie when we're 28, definitely step one.

MRR: Do you feel like the internet, in conditioning people to expect rapid gratification, has made them approach punk with a short attention span?
Jose: It has drastically changed punk. It's really crazy you can totally see it; you don't have to work for it. All of it is just given to you, which is I guess cool. Although I feel you have to need to work for it to appreciate it. When it's so accessible I feel like that is why it's hard to get people to pay for shows. Five dollars is the most I get people to pay for shows which is how it's been since the eighties. But everything else in the entire world has gotten more expensive. Imagine being on tour back then and being Black Flag and getting paid probably the same amount that were getting paid now, but gas is like cents on the dollar.

MRR: Totally! Do you have any advice to other people who book shows on how to support bands and make sure they are adequately compensated?
Jose: Be fucking ruthless. Some people will do anything they can to not pay. My friends are cool in Oly, they understand that we aren't letting them in for free. Also, I understand if you don't have money, because I'm there too. But if you want to use your food stamps to help buy water for the bands, like buy two cases and that pretty much pays for your admission, or make a meal for them. Cleaning up afterwards, working the door or helping with flyering are also ways you can contribute if you don't have money.
Ian: Also, you can put up the band after the show. People can do stuff, it's not like the shows are sprung on them the day of; they know it's going to happen and people use the excuse of not having money.
Jeff: Furthermore, fundamentally you have to make people care and you have to make them feel like they're part of the punk scene and get them to want to pay for something. When you feel included it's like you are betraying your friend if you aren't helping them.
Jose: Then there is the other side of the coin, where you can just enable your friend where they do or say something stupid. That doesn't mean you have to be down for what they said or did, you can check your friends and one of the most important things about having friends is that you can say, "Hey you are being a fucking idiot."

MRR: Do you feel like that is a big issue in your scene? Where people act the fool and aren't checked and in return are just enabled to keep fucking up?
Jose: I've been on tour a lot this year so I've been able to scope out a lot of scenes and a lot of places pretty thoroughly. At this point I feel like everywhere has that problem. I thought it was a Pacific Northwest thing. I was at shows and some dude was actin' a fool and being an asshole. Then everyone was like "oh it's just whatever, he's just gonna do that" and I said "Why don't you just tell him to stop? Why don't we check this guy?" It definitely happens in the Northwest a lot too, but I like to think that hopefully that's getting better.
Skarn: For me it's more of a problem of people not going to shows rather than going to shows and acting the fool. If someone comes and acts up and it sucks, they can leave if they are too unruly, but to me the bigger problem is people not coming to shows.
Jeff: Also Olympia has notoriety for having a no-tolerance policy of people being idiots. I've seen it go in waves but ignorance doesn't last usually, which is nice.

MRR: Any last words?
Jose: I wanna shout out to Dirty Joe, Dirty Ian and Regular Mike. I miss you guys, see you in two months.

Force-Fed Drugs

Force-Fed Drugs first hit the scene early last December on a crisp winter night. All was quiet and kids stood around the small blue room wide-eyed and expectant. "Animal Authority," their first song began with the savagely violent wail of a guitar and gave way to a slow and brutish bass. The room opened up into a pit swallowing the singer whole. Since then I've been to at least four or five more FFD shows and each time I'm impressed by their ruthless riffs and overall showmanship. In the Hudson Valley area where FFD was first conceived, powerviolence and hardcore aren't really so prominent, so their shows are complete step out from the norm. With their three vocalists and vastly differing and vocal styles FFD is in a class of its own. If you get the chance to see them live you definitely should make a point not to miss it, but if you can't you should check out their seven-track demo I. Interview by Aida Riddle. Photos by Jesse Santana.

MRR: Who is Force-Fed Drugs? What do you play? Why do you play?

Erda: The question is not "who is Force-Fed Drugs?" but rather "who is not Force-Fed Drugs?"

Flo: I'm Flo, I play bass and do backing vocals.

Erda: I'm Erda, I play guitar and do vocals.

Flo: We play mean, fast/slow punk. I write music I would want to listen to. Sounds overly simplified but there's not much past that in terms of what I write sonically.

Mimi: I do vocals and I think we aim to play fast angry punk. I'm from Boston, Erda's from Brooklyn, Flo's from NJ, and Jack's up by Albany.

Jack: Drums. We're all from different parts of the northeast. So far we've mostly been based in the Hudson Valley, but that's in a state of flux now. We play something in hardcore that we'd like to hear but haven't, I hope.

Erda: I think we all have very different aims and outlooks in life but our collective aim would be angry loud music for sure. That's what brought us together.

Mimi: Yeah—to add to Erda's first comment—we're besieged, whether we like it or not, by information at all times. In this chokehold of societal ideals and mores and aesthetics that feel so out of touch with our own, so Force-Fed Drugs is an attack right back at all of that.

Erda: People in our society are also literally fed pharmaceutical drugs at an age too early to understand what they are or the implications of taking them. But I guess that's answering a different question. Why the music we make has taken this particular form is hard to say because we all draw from different influences. I can only speak for myself: My anger regarding modern existence takes the form of slow brooding and manic rage. When expressing this anger sonically I try to incorporate both to express these feelings most accurately and evocatively. I also try to explain where these feelings physically stem without betraying their form. That would be my musical aim for this band. All our intentions acting together form the strange and twisted being that is FFD.

MRR: Who writes the lyrics and what messages are you trying to get across if any?

Flo: Erda, Mimi and I all have written lyrics. I'm not too interested in discussing the goal of songs for which I wrote the lyrics—the listener may glean whatever message they will and even the more obscure lyrics are still very direct and shouldn't leave much room for interpretation.

Erda: Yeah I agree with Flo. My lyrics are super literal. If I had to put them in a box I guess they are calls for the complete negation of the forces that destroy what I love.

Mimi: Mine too. "You are everything we are against, keeping us fenced, replenish the basic foundational the volatile. Up front, direct, no fucking guile. Your law = cluttered, obtuse, inane. I, unfettered unregulated, wholly sane. You, to me, besieged by information, delineations distorted, overlaps, your word, traps, blackout, blinking, burning. Cancelled eyes, concussed. This way all out of life lust." There are so many people who just stagnate in their own super closed mentality and are so dulled blunt by animosity that they are not open to the nuances

of what punk music is but rather blindly attack it for all that it isn't. They suck.
Erda: I agree with the sentiment though; I personally don't care much about people that are antagonistic towards punk. If there weren't people like that punk wouldn't be punk.
Flo: Yeah I'm with Erda here. Punk is for the punks and it's really not worth worrying about outside opposition to the genre/culture. Genuine internal criticism, sure, but external hatred? Let them be happy with whatever boring, sonic abortion the kids are listening to these days...

MRR: What are some of FFD's influences?
Jack: I guess it's sort of hard to answer that one. We're all into some very, very different things, so I guess FFD is reflective of our common ground.
Flo: Crossed Out and some others.
Jack: Well, I wouldn't say that we even try that hard to sound like Crossed Out, or any OG powerviolence. We like the fast/slow dynamic, and we try to be as heavy as possible, but I don't think we end up sounding close to those bands, which is welcome for me. More of a reverence than influential.
Erda: I think originally when Jack and I were jamming, Despise You was a big initial influence. Now with all four of us we all have different influences and bring different things.

MRR: So then how did you guys meet and decide to form FFD?
Jack: I knew Erda was into some good punk and we had talked about jamming together for a while, but for one reason or another we put it off until last fall. We did finally have a free afternoon, so we got together and he showed me some riffs he already had. We put those together and it became "Cities/Burn/Dear Pigs."
Flo: Ran into jack and Erda at a Root Cellar show and they asked me to attack the bass.
Jack: We were like, "Flo, can you attack the bass in our band?" and he was like, "Okay."
Flo: That's how the conversation went.
Erda: Yeah, Jack and I started jamming originally and I was like, "Alright, I'm down with a two piece band." There are some super cool PV and grind bands that are just two people. Then the idea of someone who just did vocals came up. We had the idea that another vocalist would help flesh it out more, add more variety. Soon after I was at party and I saw Mimi who was wearing a Discharge back patch. That was super exciting to me because you don't see many punks up around there. I introduced myself and said I was in a band looking for a vocalist and asked if she'd be into it. We tried it out and I think it was a perfect fit. She definitely brings another layer of twisted to our sound. Her influence and musical style helps us stray from any powerviolence formula which I'm happy about. Flo came after that. I'm super into the idea of having a bunch of vocalists, whether it's hardcore band or folk or pop band, whatever. We've been slipping pigs hallucinogens at donut shops ever since.
Jack: So after Flo and Mimi joined we had about one practice together without a show to prepare for, but the punk space at our school was open a few weeks down the line so Erda hooked it up and we ended up booking our own first show. We hadn't written "Cradles" yet, so our set was about six minutes long including a Despise You cover and some amp issues. Old Wounds from NJ also played (great dudes) and I remember one of those guys telling us afterwards that he was bummed because he had left to use the bathroom and ended up missing our entire set. Those six minutes were a lot of fun though; there aren't a lot of punks upstate, but there is never any shortage of people who wanna drink 40s and hit the pit.

MRR: Since you guys are all living in separate places how do you plan to keep on making music and are there any plans for a tour or an album?
Jack: We don't really have plans for anything right now.
Erda: What's the point? I think generally we want to record the new songs and play some shows starting at the end of August? I think? Right guys? Please?
Flo: We have some stuff written for another tape or a 7".
Jack: Yes. We have some new material coming along for the first time in a while, and I think we'll be able to stop turning down shows too. Well, as long as you're okay with booking us on a lake of fire, under the light of a full moon.

MRR: How long did it take to record your demo? What was the process like? Did you guys become best friends along the way?
Jack: We recorded the instruments and a little of the vox on four-track one evening in December 2012 in our friends' basement, then we didn't get to finish the vocals until a little over a month after that. The night we did instruments was pretty intense since none of us had been sleeping much due to school and work (and were on uppers to compensate), but it was, until that point, the longest we'd spent in a room together and we did have fun. I guess I had either less or more fun than everyone else because I recorded it...
Flo: What jack said. I was finishing a chapter of my senior thesis between each song.
Jack: Okay, yeah, I guess I was having the most fun. We had only played our first show about a week before we recorded, and then we couldn't get together for a while. In the meantime, I mixed the only song we had vox for, "Animal Authority," and put it online so we'd at least have something while we were off doing other shit. I don't think new bands usually function that way but people liked the song, so that gave us some motivation to work a little harder.
Mimi: Yeah, it was like the most exhausting night, ever. It was the last night of the semester before winter break. I had never recorded anything before and the process definitely felt like an entirely different medium from the live show—way prefer the live show to the recording. I'm sure most people would agree with me. We released "Animal Authority" after that and then when we got back to school finishing up the rest of the demo went pretty easy. This was definitely the time when we started to really solidify, or something, as a band... also playing in Providence a little while after that.

MRR: What show did you guys play in Providence, again? I forget.
Mimi: We played at some warehouse space with Sunk Heaven, Playground Jerks, and Power Masters.
Flo: Providence was definitely a good experience since it was our first time playing out of state and we were stuck in fairly close quarters for much it. If nothing else we got a bunch of really annoying inside jokes out of it. If I remember correctly we got a decent reaction at that show and it was good to play to a crowd that actually had kids into punk and metal in it since we never got too much of that in the Hudson Valley—with some exceptions, of course.

MRR: What does having three vocalists do for the band? How do the styles differ?
Erda: I try to do screams and the rare guttural thing. I don't know how to describe Flo's voice. It sounds like a dark hardcore band's vocalist to me. Mimi does a cool sing-songy thing. I think it comes together pretty well. It sounds super weird and fucked up and strays from the formula. These are all things I like. I like it when there are as many vocalists as possible in a band and everyone contributes their own style. As long as it there's not too much going on at once.
Jack: Who knows? In the future, we could have four, five, or even six vocalists.

MRR: How can we best get in touch with you and check out your music?
Cassettes and mp3s are available at forcefeddrugs@bandcamp.com and email us at forcefeddrugs@gmail.com.

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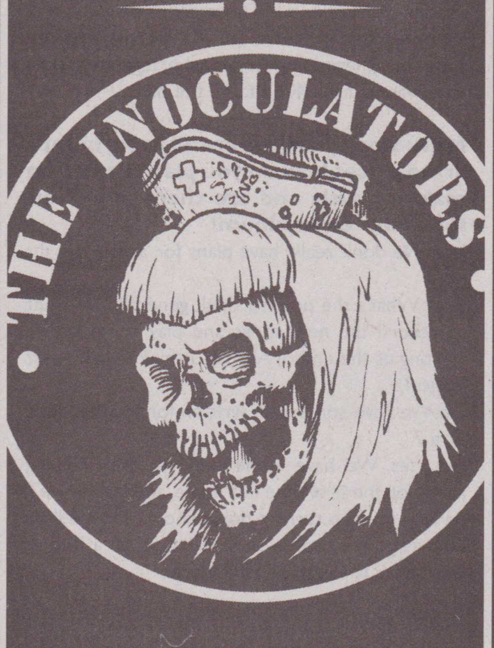

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Bad American

Bad American is a slew of dudes who bring up the grime of reality most try to avoid. Listening to the new Bruises 7" will help one visualize all people in the community becoming immensely uncomfortable when exposed to the true essence of their being; two-faced scoundrels ripping off their husbands and wives to fill the void and pursue a self-fulfilling prophecy of scum. Other than addressing filthy commoners in their lyrics, Bad American provides a multi-sensory experience at each live show that makes you feel like an idiot for not annihilating the closest breakable while disregarding sensitive people's feelings. The purpose of the music is to instigate. So call out all annoyances and beat them brutally because we are all bad Americans. Introduction by Clifford Castoral. Pictures by Steve Topp. Questions by Lammie, also known as the Flake. Answers by Ray and Cobra.

MRR: First off, who is who? Let's round up the usual suspects.

Ray: I'm Ray and I sing. Cobra does guitar. Jamie plays bass and Aaron is behind the drums.

MRR: Let's start with the obvious. Why the name? Is there a particular bad American we're talking about or is "the American" bad in general?

Ray: We were trying to think of a good name in the early stages of the band. I remember saying I wanted to use the word "bad." We were in Double Decker (a local record store in Philadelphia) and Jamie just started rattling off different words. Then he said "American" and I remembered that some French girls said that we were "just bad Americans" during a skate trip in Spain years ago because of the way we were acting. There it started.

Cobra: Most Americans are big jerks! They are rude, disrespectful, thoughtless, just out for themselves. I deal with the public all day, so I get to see a bunch of idiots. It's shocking to me when someone is actually nice to me and goes out of their way. That's messed up!

MRR: How the hell did the name Cobra come about?

Ray: Cobra is what Cobra does. Fill them in.

Cobra: I've had this nickname so long now that I'm actually a little fuzzy on how it started, because I haven't thought about it in such a long time. I believe I was on tour as a roadie for a band I used to be in and we were in North Carolina playing a show at a place called the Lizard and Snake in 1996. I think someone said that I needed a tour nickname and I said, "Like what, Cobra?!" and they loved it and from that point on I was Cobra. So I guess I actually gave myself the nickname.

I used to smoke back then and one day I asked someone for a cigarette, but I actually said "You got a cigarette for Uncle Cobes?" So at that point I actually gave my nickname a nickname and to this day people still call me Cobes too.

MRR: Age-wise Bad American is a diverse bunch. What kind of consequences does it have for the band?

Ray: We are three old fools with a young drummer. We want to make noise and destroy. Consequences? I think the only thing the other guys worry about is my actions, not my age.

Cobra: Who you calling fool, fool? I think we're pretty cohesive as a band. I'll be 44 in November of 2013 and I think Ray and Jamie are both 36. The biggest stretch in age is with me and the drummer. I think he's 21 or 22. I don't even know, but I'm old enough to be his dad. I don't feel any age gap with him. It's all about the music. Plus he's a good dude!

MRR: What makes guys over thirty play in a hardcore band to begin with? Didn't anyone ever tell you you're supposed to outgrow punk in your early twenties? Do you ever get shit for being old in a scene that mainly consists of teenagers and young adolescents?

Ray: I hear about the age thing every so often, but as long as the music is genuine, who the fuck cares? I skate with kids and adults from ages all over the board all the time. It is up to the individual. Age is just a bullshit number. Bad American is my way of venting and dealing with society and its morons.

Cobra: I've been into this type of music way too long to walk away. It's now sorta defined who I am. I'm what they call a lifer.

MRR: Perhaps Ray is right in saying that age is nothing but a number. However as time passes, things change. I know Cobra is married with two kids and has a steady job to support his family. How does this affect the music, if at all? What are the pros and cons of being an adult punk rocker?

Ray: I will always have problems and issues no matter how old I am. This is just my way of expressing myself.

Cobra: The pros of being an adult punk rocker? I guess I can afford equipment and records now. Being older, married with kids, really

changes things a lot! When I was younger, I was on the road for six weeks, then home for four and then back out for six. You know, back and forth for years. Now, I probably couldn't do more than one week without feeling super guilty for being away from my family. Along with that I need to make money to support my family. Even in little ways, things have changed. I have to find the perfect time to even play my guitar because my daughter isn't a year old yet and I trade the time watching her off and on with my wife. I can't even play the guitar loud in the house anymore. There are a lot of shows that I miss because I work late or I just don't want to take the time away from being with my family. Family trumps shows!

MRR: How about touring? I figure that's a hard thing to pull off with a family and a steady job.

Ray: The only family I have is my best half: my wife, Michele, and our two dogs, Zero and Stanley. The answer to touring is to take time off and seize the day. I have sick days to use up and personal days for time off. As far as the rest of the gang goes, they have more going on. But I can just leave home to go on tour for a long weekend or even longer. Are you asking us to come to the Netherlands?

Cobra: Yeah, it makes it very hard, but I wouldn't write touring off. My job is what makes it tough! In March of every year I have to pick my vacation weeks for the following year from April to March. So, in order to plan for a tour I would have to coordinate with Ray and hope we'll both get the same week or weeks off, since he works at the same place as I do and he deals with the same vacation pick. Then there's the other two guys to arrange our schedules with. I'm not saying it can't be done, but it's definitely hard.

MRR: Another thing that interests me is how hardcore changes over time. I'm in my mid-twenties and have been listening to DIY hardcore and punk for barely a decade and already I see trends come and go. It makes the whole thing feel disposable at times. Do you have any thoughts on this? Has this been a constant throughout this music's existence or is it a relatively new development perhaps caused by the almighty World Wide Web?

Ray: This has been around forever whether in punk, metal or rock. I think that is why I don't go see new bands that are hyped beyond belief. I fear I'll just see the same overdone, over theatrical antics. I am stoked to hear a new band that does it just through their music. Then when I catch a live show and they pull off a rad set, it makes me like the band that much more.

Cobra: Yeah man! I've seen hardcore make a full circle with everything in between. At this point, it's proven itself not to be disposable.

MRR: Furthermore you guys must have seen many bands, labels, fanzines, record stores and people come and go throughout the years. Many people seem to get burned by this over time, turning them into jaded and bitter old men. Did you ever struggle with these kinds of sentiments?

Ray: I am old. I am jaded. I have been burned. I am still here while others have turned a shoulder or hopped on the other side of the fence. Punk is not perfect. There will always be problems.

Cobra: I've seen quite a bit from the time I first got into punk and hardcore, which was sometime around 1982 with the spring of 1984 being the first time I went to a show. I managed to hang on for the ride while many, many others went belly up. That's fine. I really don't care about anybody else, but one thing that does bother me is when the dudes that did drop out proclaim that punk died. Perhaps it died when they lost interest! Now, I'm not saying that punk has been awesome the whole time. There definitely have been times I thought there was a huge dry spell.

MRR: Your first EP was the first record I heard by you guys, but there was a demo tape before that, right? How many did you do? Did you sell them at shows?

Ray: There was a demo. I know we did less than 50. We sold most at shows. The demo was our little taste of what we do. I think after we listened to it we moved into new material. The song "Bad American" off the demo was later used on the LP.

MRR: You released the EP yourselves. Was that out of necessity or principal? Were there interested parties? Did you try to find any? Was it a fulfilling or frustrating thing to do the release yourselves?

Ray: Whenever you self-release something it is total fulfillment. No matter how frustrating the process will be, the end result is in your hands. I consider that chapter, however long it lasted, a personal bookmark. I love vinyl too. There was no talk of a CD-R or another tape. If you want to do it, do it right.

Cobra: From what I remember, a local label mentioned something to Ray about putting it out, but for whatever reason, we never pursued it. You know, I'm sure every band wants a label to release their music and that's cool, but there's so much more to it when you take that step and do it yourself. And then after it materializes you have another process to deal with which is hustling to sell it and get it out there. We self-released the 12" too.

MRR: There are two versions of the EP. The second pressing has different artwork. How did that come about?

Ray: That artwork was the limited cover, right Cobra?

Cobra: The first pressing had two versions: 100 on black vinyl with a fold over black on white screen-printed sleeve with the Flag design, numbered. And 200 on mixed junk vinyl with a screen-printed glued sleeve cover with the Glasses and Roses design. This pressing was split between us, Bad Recordings and our friend who was starting up a label called Discontent. The second pressing was of 100 black vinyl with the fold over cover and Flag design, but this time it was red ink and not numbered and only released by Bad Recordings. I screen-printed the sleeves myself.

MRR: The few reactions to the EP I came across were pretty mixed. It seemed each positive came with a negative. What did you think about that?

Ray: What I think of everyone's opinion? I personally don't do this band for some scene points or recognition. It is my way of coping with reality and I still can't get a handle on it. I can't keep my mouth shut. I won't let people walk all over me. I won't take your remarks with a brush of the shoulder. I like our music and as long as I like it, fuck it.

Cobra: I disagree. We actually got really good reviews. The only time we got anything negative was the *Maximum Rocknroll* review where Marissa Magic said something like she was into the raging tunes until she read the lyrics.

MRR: I recollect that you got compared to Sex/Vid a lot at the time. Did that make sense to you or do you think it was just a whim of that particular period—Sex/Vid being the most talked about band in hardcore at the time, which people seemed to interpret as them having the monopoly of playing fast noisy hardcore in the Void tradition?

Ray: Maybe it was just a whim or perhaps it was just a real weird coincidence. Sex/Vid is a rad band, so to me the comparison is cool as shit.

Cobra: I don't see the correlation. I've never

really agreed with any of the bands that we were compared to except maybe that the song "Bad American" has a Fang thing going on.

MRR: I also remember that reproaches were made on the lyrical content. At one point you even got labeled sexist. I couldn't figure out where that came from. All I could come up with was that the song "Rodent" could be interpreted as an angry song about an ex-girlfriend. Is the song about a girl?

Ray: I love it when I hear things like this. Seriously, people are so quick to judge. I keep my lyrics very vague on purpose. It drives people to dissect them and interpret it in any way they want. Honestly, they are wrong in 95 percent of the cases. The lyrics are supposed to make you think and not just assume. For the record, when I'm yelling, "We were never friends!" at the end of "Rodent" it's not about a girl. The whole song is about people who try so hard to be cool in a huge crowd, or at a bar. People who say things like, "Do you like punk? Yeah, me too. Good Charlotte is awesome!" Or, "Hey man, I skateboard too. I go to these contests and like win them, you know." It is like drilling to the side of my head. As "Rodent" states, "We were never friends. We never met before. I was never at the tavern. I'm so fucking sure. I have no idea who you are and I don't care!"

MRR: After reading into your lyrics a bit, I got the feeling frustration seems to be the root of pretty much all your lyrics. Would you agree? Is there anything you want to talk about?

Ray: Bad American and my other band Tile are my ways of counseling for free. I could sit in a room and just say I have issues and not go to work, but that's just not an option. Each show we play is like a great counseling session where I just let loose, get everything off my chest, and when the next day starts I let it all start piling up again.

MRR: People aren't exactly spared in your songs, Ray. Do you consider yourself a misanthrope?

Ray: Misanthropy: A general hatred, mistrust or dislike of mankind. I can agree with that.

MRR: You don't seem to be too happy at your current workplace. Was Dave Dictor right in saying "I hate work and you should too"? Is it a punk's duty to loathe his job?

Ray: I loathe going into a job that is as mismanaged as mine. I just work to get paid. Punch in and get the fuck out.

Cobra: "Work, work, work away the years of your life/work, work, work, never see your wife/work, work, work, sweat and tears/work, work, work, lost my years…" You should too hate work!

MRR: A necessary evil…

Ray: For sure.

MRR: The two of you both work for UPS, right? How bad is it? Is the workplace fertile ground for good hardcore?

Ray: We do work at the same building but not at the same time. Cobra comes to work as my shift is almost done. That is how we met. It has its days of being awful. Others just cruise by with no problems. I have met many people at my job who are in bands but none are hardcore bands. It's mostly cover bands, hippy bands and wanna-be-the-next-big-thing bands. They have their acquired taste and I have mine.

Cobra: I happen to be a driver and Ray loads the package cars in the morning. He's loaded my truck in the past and he's a good loader. You know, I try a certain method to reduce stress. It's called "Don't Give a Shit!" But, the best way to reduce stress is to play hardcore and smash things!

MRR: Your second release was the *Pretty/Ugly* 12". How was that record received?

Ray: I have seen many good reviews and that is cool. There was someone who we sent our music out to in order see if they wanted to put it out and they basically said, "punk really doesn't sell." So we did it ourselves again and we're okay with that.

Cobra: Nothing but great reviews! We blew through about 50 copies at Double Decker in about two weeks. The owner said it's been his best selling record ever. It sold better than Pissed Jeans who are local too. I'm really happy with the way *Pretty/Ugly* turned out.

MRR: The 12" is definitely different from your previous release. It's cool to see a band develop. The new songs are longer and more mid-paced than the earlier material. There's also more dirge to them. Was this a conscious decision or did it just come about?

Ray: It just happened. We all have our influences when we make music. Some days we want to play fast and in your face and other days we want to play slow dirge and get it all out.

MRR: The guitar sound is different too. Did you get new gear or did you record differently this time around?

Ray: Cobra?

Cobra: Same gear. The recording wasn't as raw as our other recordings.

MRR: Are you content about the way the record turned out? Were there things you did differently after the 7"?

Ray: I am. We tried someone else to record us and they did the best they could. I am never truly satisfied about what I do so I just try to move on, but it is hard.

Cobra: Yeah, I'm way happy with it. Well, actually, content is a good word for it. We'll be moving on to someone else to record for our upcoming 7". Always keep it moving and different.

MRR: The artwork on the sleeve of the 12" is a collage. I read that it was a reference to the Freeze's *Land of the Lost*. Is that correct?

Ray: We asked our friend Sara Dee to do what she loves: making collages. She knows the band. She does the best flyers for punk shows.

Cobra: I contacted Sara Dee after I saw some cool as shit flyers that she did. I gave her a picture of the Freeze's *Land of the Lost* LP and told her to pull some inspiration from that for our record cover.

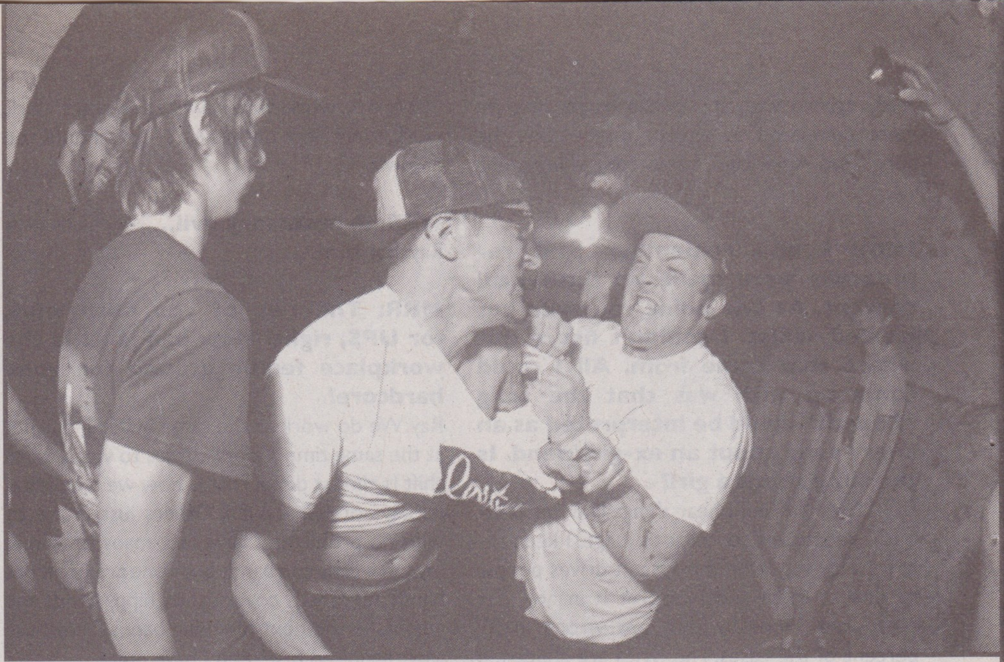
MRR: Bad American doesn't sound anything like the Freeze though. Do you consider them an influence? Are there any particular bands you consider an influence at all?

Ray: My personal influences would be Poison Idea, Fang and one of my favorite bands of all time Crud is a Cult (mid 1990s straight edge hardcore band from Philly).

Cobra: I love the Freeze! *Land of the Lost* rules! One of my top ten records ever! But an influence? Not musically. I'm not sure if any particular band influences my music.

MRR: There have been some line-up changes since the release of the 12". Are you still the well-oiled machine of the *Pretty/Ugly* recordings?

Ray: Yes, my brother who drummed on both the EP and LP has moved on. His work schedule was killing him and made it really hard for us to play shows. He also found out he was going to be a dad so he wanted to focus a bit more on family life. Kyle replaced him for a while, but school took up most of his time, which made it hard to practice. In the end it made him quit the band. Aaron replaced him, which brings us back to our first drummer, which brings us full circle. Aaron left the band two weeks before our first actual show, because he was going to Spain for six months. Now he's back and a better drummer than ever.



MRR: You released a new EP earlier this year called *Bruises* on 1124 Records. What made you work with the label and how come you're not releasing the record yourselves this time around?

Ray: I know Scott from 1124 from one of his early releases. He released a record of my friend's band Blindside. Scott asked us about the previous releases a few times, but at the time we were focused on doing them ourselves. He asked me to do the next release persistently at Double Decker once; he is a good guy and puts a solid effort into all his releases.

Cobra: I just want to point out that I really appreciate Scott for going out on a limb with adding us to his label. It is primarily a straight edge label with NYHC type of music. He has released records by Triggerman, the Killing Flame and Inhuman. Bad American is very different from most stuff he's released.

MRR: Furthermore the French Shogun Records just released your first full-length called *American Dream*. How did that come about?

Cobra: It all stemmed from Phil picking up some of our records for his distro and somewhere along the way he asked us if we'd be interested in doing an LP on his label. So we started writing like crazy earlier this year. We worked out an aggressive timeline during which we had to wrap up the recording, artwork and everything else so we could get it all to Phil in time for us to have copies for our Midwest tour—which we are now on as I write this.

Ray: Phil has been super cool to us.

MRR: Now that the new record's done, what's next? What's in the future for Bad American?

Ray: With *American Dream* under our belts, we will just continue to play and push the album. We are stoked with the complete package for sure. The writing never stops either, so we will just continue doing our thing and kick out those jams.

Cobra: We've really been in the right groove with song writing lately. This is a relief. Every now and then you just go through a slump, where you are scrapping more songs than you are keeping. We have more of the downer mid-paced songs going on now. That's just how I've been feeling lately. We'll probably do some long weekends and hit the East Coast with some rad bands that we've met on this tour.

MRR: Is there anything you'd like to add? Anything I've forgotten? This is your chance to say hi to your moms and peeps. Don't say thanks!

Ray: I hope this interview brings people to a better understand of what the band is about and what I have to say instead of them making bad assumptions, which seem to be a common thing in this day and age. Don't read too deep into things. Check out the new records. Thanks to Jamie/Double Decker Records for letting us use his basement for practice, and anyone who supports Bad American, thank you.

Cobra: My mom actually came to one of my band's shows in the '80s and I had no idea she was there or even had plans of showing up. But it was nice to know she showed some support, contrary to everything she's been laying on me for years.

Bad American has just finished their Midwest tour. If you didn't catch them live, get off your ass and set up a show for them in your hometown. You can contact the band at badamerican.lv@gmail.com. All their vinyl releases are still available from the band directly through their online store here badamerican.bigcartel.com.

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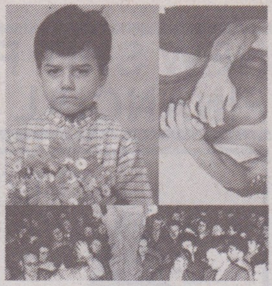

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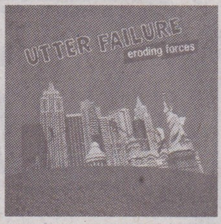

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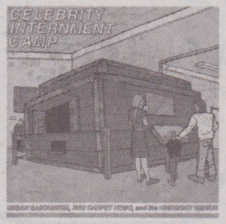

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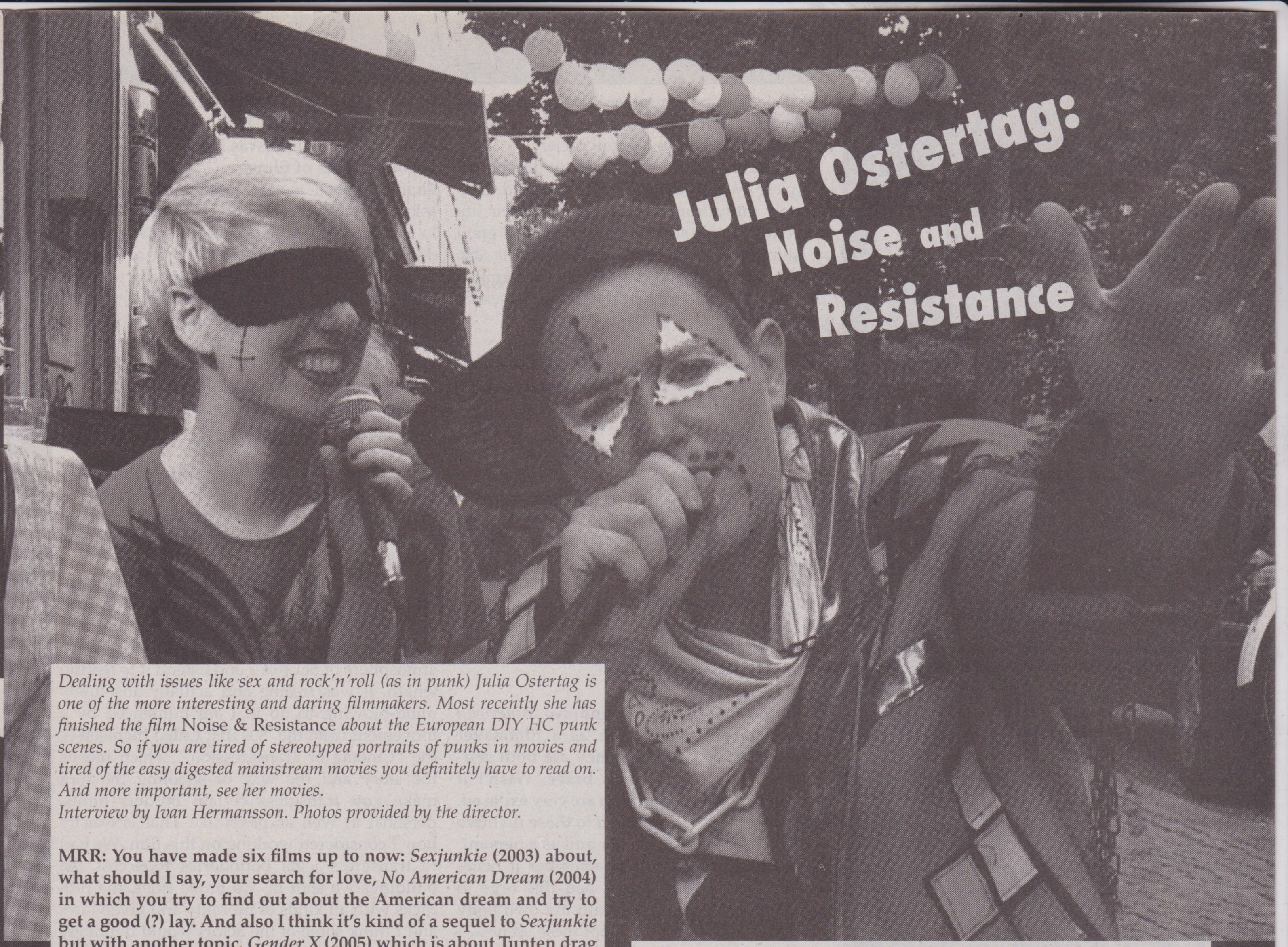


Julia Ostertag: Noise and Resistance

Dealing with issues like sex and rock'n'roll (as in punk) Julia Ostertag is one of the more interesting and daring filmmakers. Most recently she has finished the film Noise & Resistance *about the European DIY HC punk scenes. So if you are tired of stereotyped portraits of punks in movies and tired of the easy digested mainstream movies you definitely have to read on. And more important, see her movies.*
Interview by Ivan Hermansson. Photos provided by the director.

MRR: You have made six films up to now: *Sexjunkie* (2003) about, what should I say, your search for love, *No American Dream* (2004) in which you try to find out about the American dream and try to get a good (?) lay. And also I think it's kind of a sequel to *Sexjunkie* but with another topic. *Gender X* (2005) which is about Tunten drag queens (what does Tunten mean by the way?) and their lifestyle, sexual identity, and maybe also their search for identity. *Saila* (2008), a somewhat surrealistic punk dystopia with an excellent soundtrack. *Under the Red Umbrella* (2009), a documentary about an American, anarchist independent sexworker in Berlin and her views of her profession. And at last *Noise and Resistance* which is a documentary about the DIY punk movement in Europe. Is there anything you want to add?

Hey Ivan, I'd like to add that *Gender X* is not only about Tunten (which is a special Berlin term for the kind of, mostly gay, guys that dressed themselves up in a trashy female "genderfuck!" style with a political intention in the '80s. The term used to be derogative and got kind of reclaimed, similar to the term "dyke" or "fag" in English language.) *Gender X* is also about transgender in general and transgender means that gender and sexuality is considered to be fluently and not only binary—so that means there is more than just two genders and also that these two genders are *not* really separated, and that as a person you can identify with the opposite sex whether you have surgery or not. I find this very important to mention because even though the film mainly portrays guys that created a female identity, the way they talk about it also refers to all kinds of being or feeling transgender.

MRR: As I can see it your main focus is primarily sex (or love?), identity and alternative lifestyles. How come these sometimes closely linked issues interest you most?

First of all: sex is one of my favourite obsessions. About sex and love, I can only speak for myself, but to me these issues are the ones that really touch everyone on the most personal level and it seems like they are the most unpredictable ones in life. I think one can decide, I want to learn about filmmaking or guitar playing, and then if I do it long enough I'll get better. Maybe one can also decide to be a good lover if it comes to sex with the right training...

But I think it is almost impossible to really learn that way if it comes to love itself—every time you fall in love with someone it is completely different and you find yourself overwhelmed with these strong emotions. Actually I think in the end love is about the irrational and the subconscious and the loneliness of being human.

So as you see I have a quite dark vision of love. For me, sex and love are really close connected. And I agree with what another famous filmmaker said (I forgot who exactly...) that every good film is about love and death. And that goes also for my film *Saila*. This film is highly personal although I let other people act in it, but most of these scenarios are my personal fantasies.

So next thing is, if it comes to identity: from an early age on I never could identify with the classical gender roles offered in society or if it comes to film, in mainstream cinema. There is hardly any variation from gender stereotypes—still there is hardly any interesting female characters in mainstream cinema—the heroes and main characters are basically male and the female persons are offered some side roles as lovers or wives—and still end up as either victims or sex symbols, most of the time. That is mostly also because 98% of these films are still made by (white, heterosexual) men.

From an early age on I felt attracted to both sexes and then also to non-typical gender roles which I would comprehend under the term "queer," which means neither gay or lesbian but anti-heteronormative. That is why I feel the urge to portray identities that are not so accepted or even oppressed or denied by mainstream society and under-represented in mainstream culture. I personally think these gender types and identities are so much more interesting and beautiful. And I think that if people would be conscious of their different identities that

they have within themselves, it would be easier to tolerate the difference in others. This could in the end lead to a more tolerant society.

Do I have to say anything about alternative lifestyles? Well, underground culture and films can only grow from people that live their life differently, so this surrounding in which I grew up is definitely part of the process and is also part of the film itself. And always remember, "there will be no revolution without sexual revolution!"

MRR: What's your connection to the punk (sub)culture. I guess that it isn't just a thing that you portray?

I grew up in that subculture and I do not think I could have become the person I am without punk. I think there was, is and hopefully always will be a certain rage and a longing for a world without rules that connects us "punks" no matter which cultural background we grew up. I think most of the important influences I came across—no matter if un film, underground art or music—was through a non-profit underground and therefore punk-ish surrounding; and I guess it is pretty clear that I am not only talking here about the Sex Pistols.

MRR: Both in *Sexjunkie* and *No American Dream* you are active both as a filmmaker and, I guess, as yourself. They are both self-exposing, which I think is brave. Wasn't it hard? I mean, you as a person are very exposed, what have the reactions been to these first two movies? Both as a filmmaker and as a person?

That's nice. Well I do not remember it being hard because at this time I had this urge to express and to experiment with my own body and it was a lot of fun to shoot these scenes—I mean sex scenes in abandoned factories.

I have to say I had a professor (actually, herself a radical feminist) who in a way encouraged me and that also made me feel safe, in the way that there was someone who understood what I was trying to say. It sometimes felt awkward to present those films, but then at the same time thrilling I have to admit... and hey, the German Goethe Institute paid for my trip to the US with *Sexjunkie*, this "controversial piece of film" and I ended up giving a lecture with it at Berkeley Art School, so I cannot complain!

Interesting thing is: the American audience considered this film instantly as political because of me as a female expressing my views on sex and love in it and they found that challenging and radical in a positive way. Whereas in Germany I had tons of comments like, "so if there is sex in your film, then it's porn, right?" which really bored me pretty soon.

A funny side effect is also that now I do not have any objections if I ask people to expose themselves in front of my camera, because I have been there myself, I know how it feels and it definitely can be fun! Another kinky side effect is that these films made way for some real cool flirts... Let's say, there was a topic to start with that made things sometimes quite easy. Oops. But that wasn't my intention!

MRR: In the rest of the movies you as a person have stepped back. Did you get tired of exposing yourself or was it just because these are other types of films?

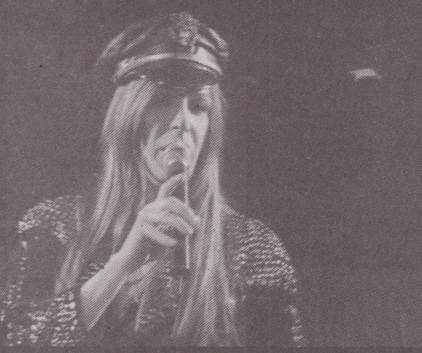
That is indeed a very good question: I was asking this myself recently and I haven't come to a clear result. When I shot *Gender X* I felt I definitely wanted to try another type of film and wanted it to be a classical documentary—well, and in a way I got a lot of acknowledgement for that. I had ideas of making films with myself in it, but then I am also more afraid of the exposure now, I have to admit. Actually I was "acting" in the hardcore version of *Too Much Pussy* by Emilie Jouvet, but to be in another director's film is for sure another story.

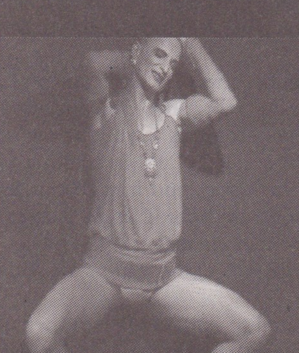
MRR: How was it to make *Saila*, which was your first "ordinary" movie, compared to making documentaries? And was it hard to get ahold of punks to act and bands for the soundtrack?

I wouldn't call *Saila* an "ordinary" movie, more a feature length experimental film. And experimental film is where I come from. The original idea was to see if it is possible to take the atmosphere of *Sexjunkie* and extend it to feature length. It was freeing and actually absolutely mind-blowing to do it. I am influenced by a movement from the '80s that called themselves the "Cinema of Transgression," which means the story and the way of shooting the film make you transgress certain borders/limits, personal as well as physical... That is exactly how I considered working on this film. We had to transgress legal boundaries to access the buildings we shot in, we broke rules, the film fucks with all kinds of morality and given laws and I think some of the actors would definitely transgress personal boundaries while shooting, it was for everyone a quite intense and unique experience. And it wasn't hard at all to find "actors," not in Berlin! We became like this film guerilla gang for half a year in which we had our shootings, sometimes very spontaneous and chaotic, sometimes planned and even with a script. It was a wild energy and it was amazing. All of the musicians were also very generous with their music. The bands Cyrrus and Phal:Angst from Vienna even wrote special songs for this film as a soundtrack.

MRR: Personally I think *Gender X* is a very interesting movie. Maybe because the drag culture is very unknown to me (except for the popular culture side of it like a Swedish Folkhem drag called Babsan and some old glam bands). How did you get in touch with this scene and what are your connections to it? Do you know any of the persons personally? And what's the story about Tunten drag queens and Berlin? For me who has grown up in a small town in Sweden it's both interesting and very cool.

For me, I was never directly confronted but I think my fascination with "in-between-gender" characters and bodies started early, and mirrors the fact that I never really felt well with being considered a "girl," I mean with all the typical attitudes. I mean from the '70s on, the entire





film stills from Gender X

punk and pop culture coming over especially from the UK was very androgynous, it started out with David Bowie, whom I had my first real crush on I think, Ziggy Stardust.

Then I met one of the film protagonists and really appreciated his way of sharing his thoughts and letting me have a look at that boys-who-are-girls thing. And then I noticed that there is so many different aspects to transgender and doing drag and shifting gender that there have to be more persons in the film—and after I started shooting in Berlin, I got to know most of them personally. I mean once they figured I am cool and do not exploit them I was invited to all the parties and they were really offering me to be part of my documentary. That is how I got to know Berlin at first. I am still thankful for that. Because in my view there is a lot of freedom to that way of life, if you do not define yourself so strictly you also offer freedom to others. And that is what Berlin was about since the early '20s—it has always been a "queer capital" where people could take on other identities and that is why from the gay scene also a drag queen and political "tunten" scene could grow here. In a political sense drag and transgender activism is one way to demonstrate and create gender identities that are opposed to this capitalist patriarchal society.

MRR: Are there any connections between the drag scene and the DIY punk scene?

Unfortunately not too much. I can only speak of Berlin. There is and there were some places where it mixes—for example, that special place portrayed in the film called *Black Girl's Coalition*, the Afro-American punk/drag queen Paisley Dalton really managed to connect the squatters and the DIY punk scene with her parties. Sometimes there is some overlapping between punk and drag at the so-called "Tuntenhaus" an ex-squat inhabited by queer people, or at the "Schwarze Kanal" wagenplatz. But I still think that the scenes are more or less separated and I would love to see them submerge more. That goes especially for the punk scene which I find in some ways still homophobic and not very open if it comes to people who look, dress or behave differently.

MRR: In *Under the Red Umbrella* you portray a very conscious and strong sexworker in Berlin. She seems to have a big distance from her profession. She has actively chosen her profession and seemed very happy about it. To me that isn't the ordinary way that prostitutes are portrayed. What is your personal view on prostitution? Is it work just as any other labor where we sell our bodies to a buyer? Is it up to the individual if she or he wants to buy or sell sex? Is it possible to differ between the "OK" prostitution and trafficking (the last one could be easy to solved with i.e. licenses).

For me it was very important to show that there is a form of sexwork that is free of victimization and that there are indeed people that choose this very profession deliberately, as opposed to the views of mainstream culture and press that always paints the same picture of the poor girls and puts all forms of prostitution in the same drawer. At the same time most men pretend to not be customers, although the existing statistics prove most men have been at least once in their lives a client of a hooker. So the whole issue has many layers. And as my protagonist says in the film, "as long as we cannot have open discussions about sex, sexworkers will always be seen as victims." And so I think there are definitely various forms of prostitution. My protagonist is referring to a form of prostitution that is self-organized; free of pimps and the sexworkers themselves can decide which kind of "sexual services" they offer. And safer sex is here obligated.

This for sure has nothing to do with the well-known problems of trafficking and forced prostitutions where women or even children are kidnapped and sold. My personal view is: I could never imagine myself to have sex for money (unless I could choose the client—but most of my sex partners are constantly broke anyways, ha ha). But seriously, this topic is highly political and I find it very interesting how differently people deal with their sexuality. In a way I think everybody should have the right to use their body in the way they want as long as it is self-determined and consensual with the needs of others. One reason that sexwork is taboo is because it is opposed to the institutionalized form of love a.k.a. marriage. So in this way there is also subversive potential in that profession.

MRR: When you made the movie *Noise and Resistance* you have met a lot of people. Which people made the biggest impression on you? Did you notice any big differences between the scenes and differences in the attitude towards punk in the different countries? Or are the DIY punk and hardcore scenes homogenic? By the fashion amongst us it is easy to draw that conclusion.

I wouldn't rate the people I met and that directly leads to your next question: from my point of view and from what I experienced during the shooting of this film I can say that the political punk DIY scene throughout Europe is very diverse and offers space for a lot of various directions and aspects in different countries. That is also why we decided to make this film the way we did it: traveling, talking to people and filming their actions without exactly knowing what would happen. I think mostly it comes across when you compare other countries with the Russian scene; these guys are putting their lives at risk by being anarchist punks and antifascists living in Russia.

You mention "fashion" but that to me only relates to a certain aspect of the crusty punk scene. I think *Noise and Resistance* follows a different aim and the film emphasizes punk as content or even philosophy, not as style. So in Barcelona/Catalonia we have the history related anarchist and squatting element, in Sweden we found there are special feminist activism and more girls in bands than in other countries. In the UK we found the original idea of the Crass collective most interesting to illustrate.

Noise and Resistance

MRR: Your films aren't the ordinary easy digested entertainment. Especially not (in my view) *Saila* and *Sexjunkie*. Do you make any money out of it? Can you make a living out of your movies? Otherwise what do you do to get bread on your table and a roof over your head?

Oops...money is not my favourite topic and it is hard to tell, it changes from year to year and from film to film, it is definitely a mixed bag. I always managed to raise small funding for my work but most of the time not enough to make a living of it. But lately there are incomings from my documentaries and my next big project might even get support from Arte. I work on other commercial film productions but I try to reserve as much time as possible for my own "not easy to digest films!"

MRR: I know that you have a daughter. Has she seen any of your movies? Does she like them?

Ha ha. Well, she has been in the cinema for the premiere of *Noise and Resistance* and she liked it; and she has seen *Gender X* I guess. My other films I considered at the time they were made as too X-rated for a not-even teenage kid... but who knows, maybe she watched them secretly?! No I don't think so. By the way, she is seventeen now.

MRR: Are you involved in any creative activities other than filmmaking?

There is hardly any time left, but I used to paint and do photography before I made films. And I just re-started playing electric guitar!

MRR: OK, give me three books, three films and three bands or songwriters/composers that the readers and I can't miss?

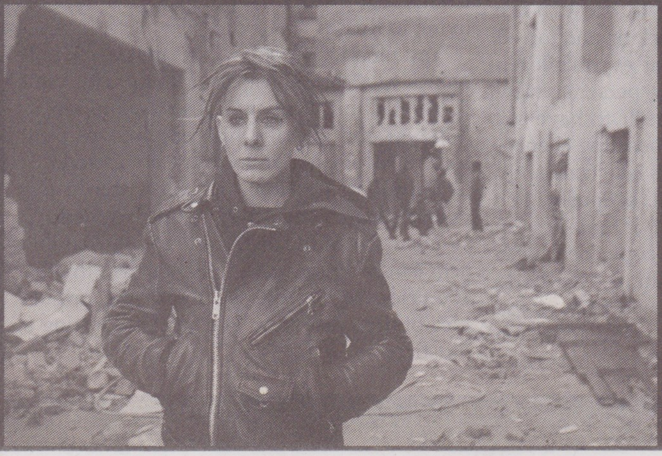
This is really hard. Books: *The Speed Queen* by Stewart O´Nan, *Baise-Moi* by Virginie Despentes (I like the book better than the film), *The Road* by Cormac Mc Carthy. Films: *Fingered* by Richard Kern and Lydia Lunch, *A Gun for Jennifer* by Todd Morris, *The Devil's Rejects* by Rob Zombie. Bands: That is the hardest question of them all! How can I narrow it down to three bands? L7, Doom (he he both the band *and* doom metal in general...) and 16 Horsepower.

MRR: So at last, what projects are you working on now? And the best of luck to you in the future!

Right now I am working on two or three documentaries that are all about cool female musicians of different genres. One is about Screamclub, a punk electro hip-hop duo from Olympia, they're now living in Berlin. (When you are reading this, the film will be out and it is called *And You Belong*, so check it out!)

But apart from that, my bigger future plan is to make another fiction film, a punk film about the highs and lows, the fun and the desperation of living different lives and to shit on society values. So right now I feel I am a story collector. I am trying to write down all the weird episodes that me and other folks remember, you know the situations that make you think, "this is insane, could be out of a movie!" And I hope at some point I can make a script and later a film from that, with actors and friends, who knows. So if anyone feels like they have a good story to tell (no names for sure) then I'd be very happy if they contact me.

www.julia-ostertag.de / www.saila-film.de / www.noise-resistance.de



Saila

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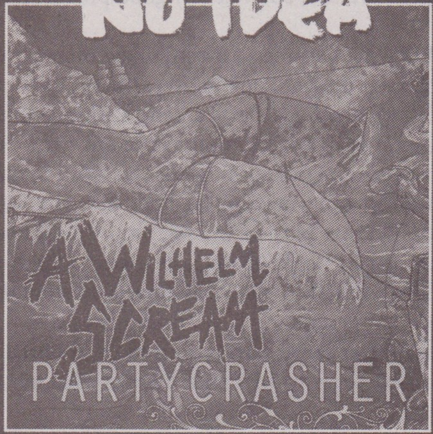

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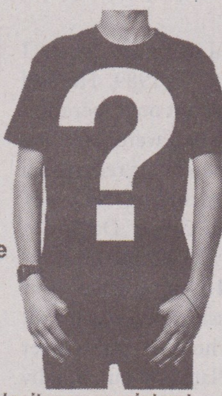

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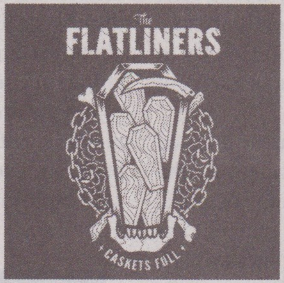

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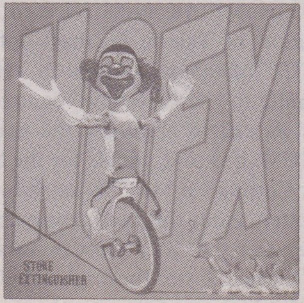

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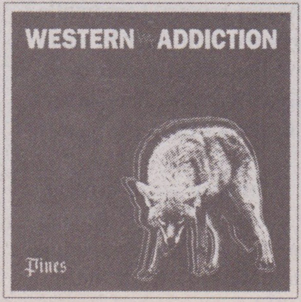

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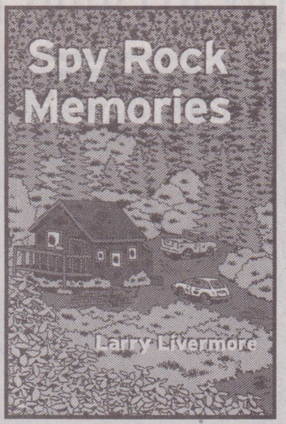


Spy Rock Memories
Larry Livermore
240 pages • $12.99
Don Giovanni Records
PO Box 628, Kingston, NJ 08528

I first met Larry Livermore when I moved to California in 1989. He and David Hayes had just put out Operation Ivy's *Energy* and the two were releasing a flurry of soon-to-be-classic records on Lookout Records, including Neurosis' *Word As Law* and Green Day's *39/Smooth*. Within a few months, David Hayes had left and jump-started Very Small Records, kicking off his own series of classic releases on that label. Larry and Chris "Chrisser" Applegren (who had taken over David's place at the label) somehow decided that Blatz and our equally unmelodic friends Filth should be a part of the otherwise melodic Lookout roster and both bands released a 7" as part of a ten-band series of 7" EPs in 1990. We were all in the same scene, going on late-night adventures, playing shows at 924 Gilman, and hanging out at Fraggle's back yard parties. I was busy stirring up shit with my *Berkeley Sucks* zine and Blatz's always-chaotic live shows. I always assumed Larry identified with my rabble-rousing because he was also a rabble-rouser. This memoir confirms my assumption.

Starting in the late 1970s and running through the 2000s, this extremely well written book chronicles Larry's discovery, embrace and eventual departure from a small plot of land in Mendocino County in Northern California. Towards the end of the tale, the rise of Lookout Records figures into the story.

Mendocino County is on the northern coast of the state. It's called the "Emerald Triangle" because it's the marijuana equivalent of the Golden Triangle: the infamous opium-producing region of Asia. Covered in thick forests and blanketed with fog and rain much of the year, Mendocino's primary export used to be wood. Logging has been replaced by marijuana over the last three decades as the main economic engine of the area. Much of the county is filled with obscure out-of-the-way communities chock full of weirdoes.

In the late 1970s, Larry is neck-deep in punk rock after coming out to California for the 1960s hippy explosion. His brother-in-law asks him to keep an eye on some land he'd just bought up on Spy Rock Road. It is on a rugged mountain 4,000 feet above the tiny town of Laytonville. In that odd, coincidence-laden way that only happens in real life, Larry, the ex-greaser and total city kid, grows to love living on the side of the mountain. At the time he bought the house he lived in there, it was nine miles from the nearest paved road and five miles from the nearest power line and telephone line.

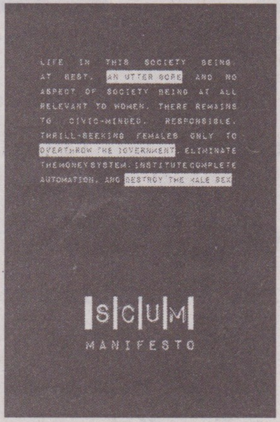
Larry is unforgiving in his self-analysis of himself as an arrogant city-kid who blithely imagines he can easily live in such a remote area. He suddenly realizes that he has no real idea what the heck he's doing. During the intense blizzards that cut the mountain off from the rest of the world, he literally is risking his life. This arrogance shows up again when he starts sparring with local newspaper publishers and politicians—his eponymous newsprint fanzine, *Lookout Magazine*, comes out of this conflict and makes him a household name in the area. Sometimes cursed, sometimes praised, but, like any good provocateur, always noticed.

Along the way we read how he becomes a mostly-liked member of the community and how his later project Lookout Records has its roots in his first decade on Spy Rock Road. He starts a band with two local kids, called the Lookouts—one of whom went on to become Tré Cool from Green Day. The first release on Lookout Records was a full-length by the Lookouts. He also talks about meeting another kid who DJ'd on local radio station KMUD. That kid is Chrisser, who would later move to the East Bay and co-run Lookout Records. Sweet Children who would soon change their name to Green Dvay travels up from the East Bay to play for a handful of people and Larry instantly asks to put out a record with them. In spite of these connections to once-obscure music, this memoir is accessible to any reader regardless of what music they enjoy (if any).

I've been privileged to know Larry for almost 25 years and as exasperating as he can be (I'm sure he sometimes feels the same about me!), he's always been an excellent writer and very clear yet passionate communicator. He loves to debate—even when the other person may have more experience with the subject—and it was fascinating to read about his often-heated written arguments with locals during the heyday of Lookout Magazine. Like most of us, Larry's personal politics have changed as he's grown older for better and/or for worse, and it's interesting to see this manifest in the final section of the book, when he's discussing his departure from the mountain. He's refreshingly honest about his ambivalence about the state of the mountainside community at the time he left.

Spy Rock Memories is an extremely readable, accessible, well-written memoir that humorously follows a man's journey to the unknown and back, with some snotty asides and hilarious anecdotes added to make reading it smooth, quick and extremely enjoyable.

—Jesse Luscious



SCUM Manifesto
Valerie Solanas
80 pages • $10.00
AK Press
www.akpress.org

In October AK Press released a new edition of Valerie Solanas's infamous *SCUM Manifesto*. Written in 1967, the manifesto has become controversial for its call to eliminate the male sex. SCUM, it is said, stands for the Society for Cutting Up Men. So much has been written about this fascinating text over the years that it's almost impossible to pin down an accurate appraisal of the manifesto. The original publisher, Maurice Girodias, a sort of Malcolm McLaren type, saw the statement

as a parody: think Jonathan Swift's "A Modest Proposal" or the Dead Kennedy's "Kill the Poor." Lester Bangs saw the punk rock in Solanas, and dreamt about what a great front woman she would have been. Others have attested to the seriousness of Solanas's convictions. Her 1968 shooting of Andy Warhol is often cited as evidence to the sincerity of her mission.

But what makes each new version of the *SCUM Manifesto* special isn't the actual manifesto. That can be found for free all over the internet. What makes each new version of the manifesto special is the texts it's packaged with. The last version of the manifesto was put out by Verso in 2004. In that version the manifesto served as a footnote to philosopher Avital Ronell's long-winded essay about Solanas. Ronell's essay added very little to the discussion, although she tried very hard by quoting Derrida and other French philosophers. Ronell kept her distance from Solanas. She always looked from the outside, and was never really able to make sense of her fascination with Solanas.

On the other hand, the foreword by acclaimed queer author Michelle Tea, that comes with the new AK Press version, does exactly what Ronell's essay was afraid to do. Tea's foreword is an anecdotal map of similarities between her own life and Solanas's. Starting with their abusive fathers and stepfathers, extending through their lives as prostitutes, their dreams of violence, and into their lives as writers. Tea's foreword briefly removes the sociopath tag from Solanas, and brings her closer to home. She makes Solanas someone the reader can identify with. Not someone who was insane, but someone who was pushed over the edge by a sexist society that dominates everything. Tea makes Solanas tragic in her struggle, and ahead of her time in her revolt.

But Tea's foreword doesn't just humanize Solanas; it also reminds us that there is a brilliant, double-edge to the *SCUM Manifesto*. The manifesto is both "real and totally not," as Tea writes. There is a political reality hidden behind the absurdity. When I first read the *SCUM Manifesto* years ago I was enraged and angered by it. I saw it as counterrevolutionary and ridiculous. I felt unfairly attacked simply for being a man. Tea's foreword reminds me that the anger I felt at Solanas's words is akin to the anger women, queers and would-be Valeries feel everyday when they are absurdly attacked by all the bullshit society throws at them.

This new edition from AK Press is essentially a repackaging of the version they put out in 1996, and retains the biographical outline by Freddie Baer. But the addition of Tea's foreword rounds the manifesto out, placing it in a context that can be helpful for both radicals and punks. Unlike Ronell's introduction to the Verso version, which painted Solanas as a psychotic to be ogled at and theorized about, Tea's foreword recognizes Solanas more for her struggles than for her eccentricities.

—Brandon Freels

If Nothing Else the Sky
Dave Roche
96 pages • $5 ppd US, $7 ppd world
Self-published
PO Box 221041
Chicago, IL 60622

Fans of *On Subbing* will recognize Dave Roche's conversational writing style, and his comic asides. This newer work combines those with an adventuresome spirit as he takes us with him on a zine tour south of the equator. Although he considers it a zine, it has a spine, so it's a bookzine. It has the typo-cabulary of DIY embedded with all the celebrations of it, and I'm sure those who are familiar with his writing will be rewarded with a new tale.

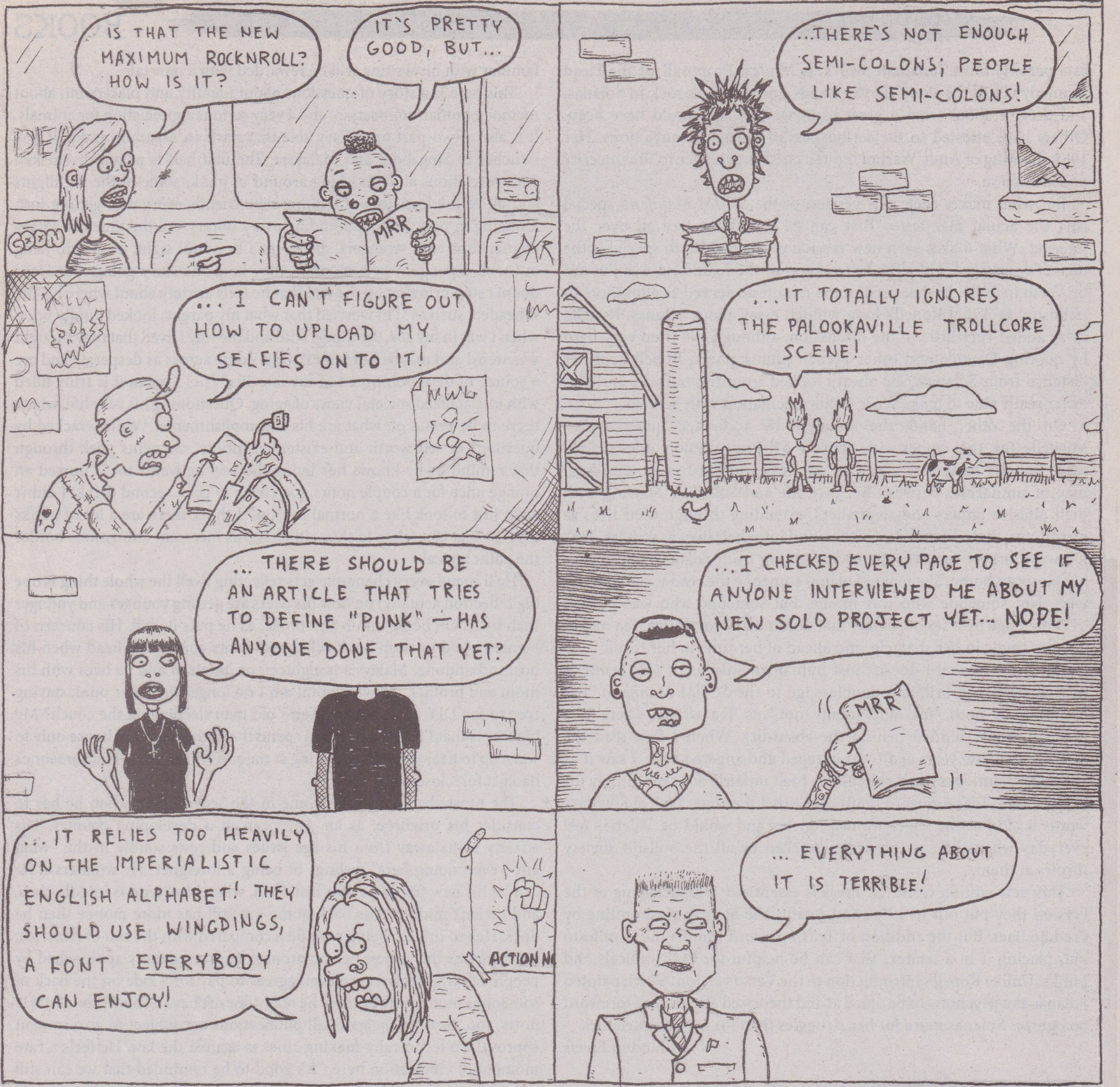
This here is a story of questions about identity and placement, about memory, human connection, and a very serious appreciation for animals. It is also a two-part tour diary, one that starts in Australia and half way switches to Singapore and Malaysia. The first half is primarily stocked with revelations about sticking around in punk, some of the highlights and all of the lowlights of making new friends every day, getting lost, lounging in parks, art, and finding every library. All the times he forges connections with strangers, discovers a beautiful sight, or gets to hang out with a penguin or a monkey, they keep the story going. But Dave doesn't stop bringing up the fact that he feels anxiety about where his life is headed, such as "I'm worried that what my parents looked kindly upon when I was in my 20s, the things I did and the way I lived that they thought was weird and maybe kind of exciting, come across as desperate and are a source of disappointment in my late 30s." (*sic*) I mean it is truly filled with internalized societal views of aging. Questioning his very life, what's there to be proud of, what are his accomplishments? While wracked by questions of self-worth and existential futility, moments peek through that remind us he knows he's living the way he wants to; "I nursed an orange juice for a couple hours, too cheap to get a second drink, I didn't want just to look like a normal person." I think there are a lot of punks over 30 that can relate to this, although his incessant admissions border the pathological.

He'll spend every chance he gets reflecting (well the whole thing is one big reflection actually) on how his peers are getting younger and younger than he is. On being dumb and broke, as he puts it, still. His concern of being too old to sleep on couches and floors comes to a head when his host in Bandung, Malaysia is eighteen or nineteen and he lives with his mom and brother. "At what point am I no longer the older punk staying true to the DIY ethos but the weird old man sleeping on the couch? My big fear is that I'll be on tour and spend the night at a punk house only to wake up to hear some kid pointing at me and whispering, 'Did someone's dad get foreclosed on?'"

The most absorbing parts come in the second half, when he has to consider his privilege, as an American in a developing country. His anxiety shifts away from his age issues and rests solidly in the "what am I even doing here" feelings of being a foreigner. He wonders if he can let his new friend pay for his lunch, when his friend is middle class, and he isn't middle class back home but still has more money than he does. He's so used to being penniless compared with the rest of America, but here he's the richest person around, and is regularly approached by people offering services; he even agrees to pay for a ride on the back of someone's motorcycle because he really doesn't have a choice about it! He notes, too, that in Singapore all publications are subject to government approval, so technically making zines is against the law. He feels a rare moment of vindication here, "It's good to be reminded that we can still pose a threat, that the politics of living our lives the way we want can still make people nervous."

When he's usually so stressed out about still being a punk, it's beautiful that he can find solace in sharing something global, especially where, "in Banda Aceh a bunch of kids were rounded up by police for being a threat to Islamic values". When he realizes that deciding to use the daily prayer call as an opportunity to think about how lucky he is to be wherever he is, and loved ones back home, he finally seems to accept his place in both punk and the rest of the "world": it's his first participation in organized religion since adolescence, and he's defined it his own way. Whether it's because of his comfort in question, or because he's learning to just accept his life, he becomes more observant about things outside *himself*…and for me at least, this is where he shines.

—Julia Booz



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MOVIES

BRING ME THE HEAD OF GENE SISKEL

CAROLYN KEDDY

The Punk Singer is the title of a documentary about Kathleen Hanna singer for Bikini Kill and Le Tigre. Because I wonder about such things, I am curious about the use of "The" in the title. Is Hanna *the* punk singer? No. The filmmaker Sini Anderson should have probably used "A". Maybe to Anderson Hanna is The Punk Singer. Whatever article is chosen to represent the subject it does all come down to whether the subject warrants a documentary. Hanna does and watching her musical career and personal life portrayed on the screen is interesting.

Hanna began as a spoken word performer. **The Punk Singer** opens with Hanna performing in a small space closely surrounded by a captivated audience. Writer Kathy Acker wisely advised Hanna that no one goes to spoken word shows, so she should form a band. Hanna listened. Also at this time Hanna was attending Evergreen State College in Olympia studying photography. When her student art exhibit was censored, Hanna did what any other punk would. She joined up with a couple of friends and opened their own art gallery.

This DIY attitude is the most inspiring aspect of Hanna's story. When Bikini Kill started, none of the band members knew how to play any instruments. Although that isn't an uncommon thing in the punk scene, it is uncommon for punks who achieve notoriety to maintain this DIY lifestyle. My favorite part of Bikini Kill shows was the insistence that girls get to come up to the front of the stage and boys should stay in the back. When I was a young punk, I always wanted to be at the front during shows. So I was. I never let the constant kicking, pushing and grabbing stop me, but I could see how women who are a bit more delicate than myself might not want to deal with it, so I appreciate the gesture.

Bikini Kill moves on to greater public awareness when the band moves to Washington DC and gets involved with Riot Grrrl. This experience of dealing with a dishonest mainstream press and other kinds of unwanted attention, such as death threats and verbal and physical abuse at shows, makes the need for outspoken feminists in the punk scene all the more important. But you can also understand why being the target of this type of hatred can wear a person out. Bikini Kill breaks up. Hanna starts to record more personal songs as Julie Ruin, then later forms the dance band Le Tigre.

The Punk Singer then gets more personal focusing on Hanna's post band life. Hanna gets sick and is unable to perform. Doctors were unable to diagnose what was wrong with her until recently; when she found out she has Lyme disease. She kept her health problems quiet for a while. She was figuring out how to deal with it. This film somewhat serves as an announcement.

I thought it was cool that almost all of the interviewees in **The Punk Singer** are women. The only male is Hanna's husband Adam Horovitz. It was great not to see the usual group of punk documentary male talking heads. (You know who I am talking about.) Of course, that exclusion could be said to bias the story. Everyone interviewed comes across as respecting and admiring Hanna. Yet, it is also appropriate. Let's hear what women have to say about punk for a change. (thepunksinger.com)

Of course, *MRR* readers know women have been punks since the beginning. **Punk Cocktail: Zurich Scene 1976-80** features a few great female bands of punk's first wave as well as some male ones. **Punk Cocktail: Zurich Scene 1976-80** is not specifically a documentary on the Swiss punk scene. It is a document of it. This is a collection of Super 8 films shot by René Uhlmann. Uhlmann filmed punk bands performing live as well as hanging out on the streets of Zurich. He recently added music to these films and in some cases added animation to the music.

Some of the bands featured in **Punk Cocktail: Zurich Scene 1976-80** are Kleenex, TNT, Glueams, Nasal Boys, Jack and the Rippers, Dogbodys, Mother's Ruin. The film's website describes Uhlmann filming technique, "Even though the exponents of Zurich's Punk, New Wave and Art-Scene operated in the poorly-lit underground, René Uhlmann rejected the use of spotlights. Instead, he filmed with an open shutter and only a few pictures a second. This form of time-lapse provided sufficient exposure. During play-back, the intentionally slowed-down projection generated 'juddering' image sequences and dynamic blurring effects." It is a very cool effect that goes well with the great music. Uhlmann told the audience at the screening I attended that he would play these films on the walls at parties creating a punk version of what he imagined a '60s liquid light show was like. (punkcocktail.ch)

Where does the line between author and subject separate? That is the interesting take the documentary **Salinger** has on the life and writing of author Jerome David (aka J. D.) Salinger. I have a tendency to wonder about the connection between the work and the personal life of the producer, especially in films. The writer's or director's personality and knowledge goes in the work no matter how hard she/he tries to keep it out. I couldn't have written *Catcher in the Rye*, but Salinger did. Does that mean he has the answers? According to **Salinger** he doesn't.

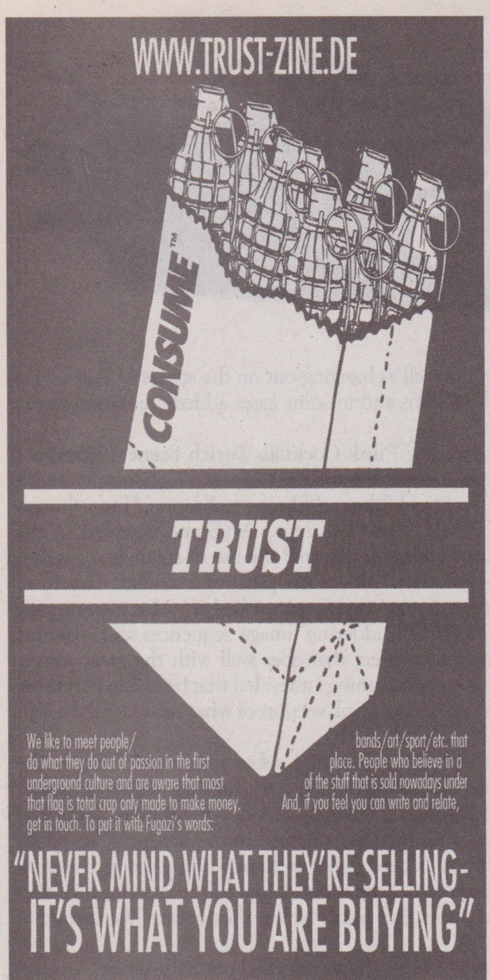
Salinger speaks with a few fans who have searched out Salinger in Cornish, NH the town where he lived from 1953 until his death in 2010. One man describes his experience speaking with Salinger, who frustratingly gets annoyed when the man begins to explain his troubles. People hang out in Cornish hoping for a glimpse of Salinger picking up his mail at the post office. One photographer manages to get what would be the final few photographs of the author before he dies.

Salinger grew up in Manhattan. He attended military academy for high school, but did not make it through college. He wrote short stories with the hope of having them published in *The New Yorker*. Salinger joined the army and was in combat during World War II for 299 consecutive days from D-Day to VE Day. During this time he was also writing *Catcher in the Rye*. He witnessed the aftermath of a concentration camp and spent some time in the hospital to deal with combat stress. His war experiences are assumed to have had an influence on his writing.

Salinger also focuses on the love life of Salinger. This is where things get a bit creepy. Salinger has a succession of relationships with younger women. He meets one on a vacation in Florida. Others he meets through writing them letters. One woman Joyce Maynard, is a teenage magazine writer when she receives a letter from Salinger. She moves in with him and later writes a memoir about their time together. She is interviewed discussing their meeting and his writing habits of locking himself in his "bunker" for days. These personal revelations verge on seeming more like an invasion of privacy than a mere look at an artist's lifestyle. Perhaps more so because the author was known for defending his privacy. However nothing is a secret anymore. It is also a bit too disturbing, so maybe I would rather not know about it. To the fan looking for the answers it probably seems more significant.

The best revelation in **Salinger** is that even in death the author somehow managed to arrange that *Catcher in the Rye* would never be made into a movie. How that will exactly work I am not sure, but I hope it does. Salinger also set a release schedule for the books he had been working on for the last few decades to be released, starting in 2015, including a sequel of sorts to *Catcher in the Rye*. I hope I will be able to read them without letting too much of this newly acquired personal history get in the way. (salingerfilm.com)

I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, send a copy to Carolyn Keddy, % Maximum Rocknroll, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760. If your film is playing in the San Francisco Bay Area let me know at carolyn@maximumrocknroll.com. I will go see it. No guest list necessary. www.carolynkeddy.com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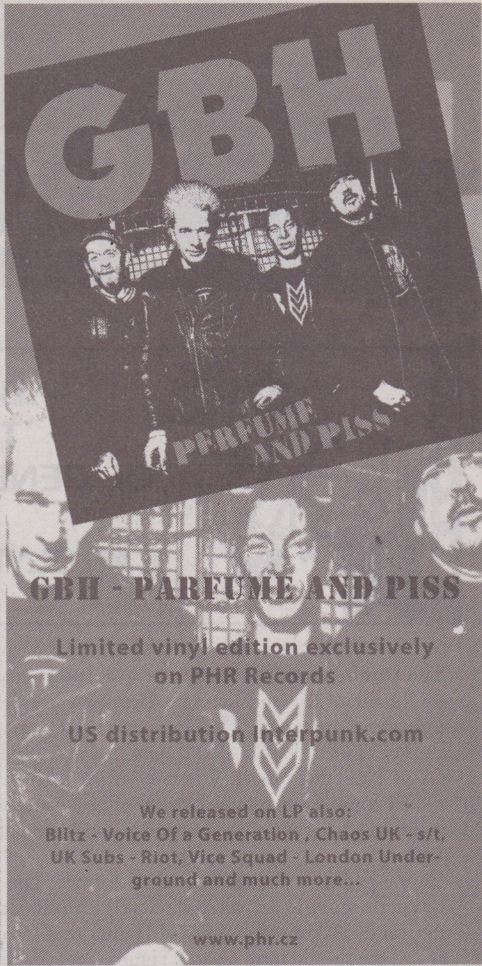
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RECORDS

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We will review everything that falls within our area of coverage: punk, garage, hardcore, etc.—no major labels or labels distributed by major-affiliated distros. Please include postpaid price and contact information. Let us know where your band is from! *No reviews of test pressings or promo CDs without final artwork.*

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(AE) Amelia Eakins
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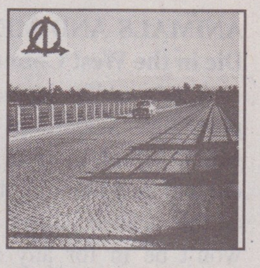
ABJECT OBJECT – "Romance" LP
ABJECT OBJECT start out with some straight up early '80s southern California style skate hardcore jams, but to simply chalk their songs up to that would be oh so wrong. These Frenchmen ultimately manage to bring together touches, tinges and allusions to ANGRY SAMOANS, HOT SNAKES, XAXAXA, and fellow countrymen BATON ROUGE. The mixture is ultimately refreshing, injecting the energy of early-1980s-California-by-way-of-early-2000s-France hardcore in a well-crafted balance with catchy melodies, apt tempo changes, and a vocalist who kind of sounds like Mac from SUPERCHUNK. He even croons on a few songs. Strong songwriting combined with a real sense of command and playfulness allow ABJECT OBJECT to really build off of their influences instead of merely imitating them or being mired in debt to them. Highly recommended. (LP)
(Corn Dog / Echo Canyon / Flower of Carnage / Protagonist)

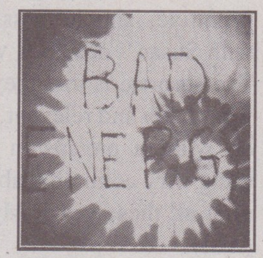
AFTER LAUGHTER – "Said and Done" CD
A pop punk band with a little bit of melodic hardcore from Poland here. This has a lot of those emocore riffs in the mix à la FACE TO FACE and SAMIAM. At first I thought this was pretty weak but when I saw these guys were from Poland I was a little more understanding. Maybe the vocals being in English hold back the fluidness of the vocals. The chops are interesting but not top notch. This is decent but probably best for locals to get excited about. (RL)
(Pasażer)

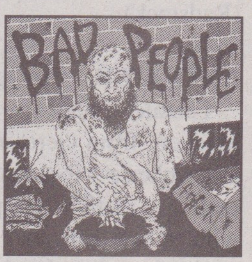
AGOWILT – "Clocks Made of Their Own Bones" LP
I don't really like to separate politics from music but I will make an exception for this. Anti-Civ hardcore band from SoCal, who thank John Zerzan and Ted Kazinski in their liner notes. This record starts off with about three minutes of drone, probably leftover from the first incarnation of this band, AGOWILT O' ANABIOSIS, which was the guitarist's ambient noise project. This gets sludgy at times, and doomy with a tinge of the "pretty" which probably has more influence from ASH BORER or CREATION IS CRUCIFIXION. A one sided LP? Seriously guys, next time I expect your release to be put out on a vase: archeoaccoustics style. I love it a lot, but can do without the privileged ideology. (AP)
(Human Resources, no info / Replenish)

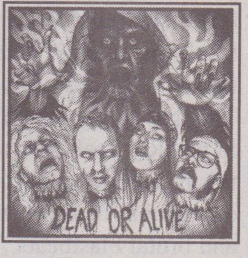
ALEA IACTA EST / CONTROLLED EXISTENCE – split EP
Oh damn! Dropped the needle and got punched in the gut. Two grind bands with a heavy dose of hardcore. CONTROLLED EXISTENCE (Czech Republic) is honestly one of the best new bands I've heard. They have a huge sound that is at the same time hardcore and grind. It's raw and dare I say sloppy. What happens in their songs is you get this sense of a big sloppy hardcore and then when they blast away the impact is big. Sounds like female vocals but hard to tell. Reminds me of early LYCANTHROPY. ALEA IACTA EST (Slovakia) is also a grindcore band but with added noise and crusty parts. They have an upgraded old school grind sound somewhat like INSECT WARFARE. And they do a cover of INSECT WARFARE'S "Human Trafficking" on this. While CONTROLLED EXISTENCE changes pace a good bit ALEA IACT EST all-go speed. Great 7". (MH)
(NHDIYSTREC / Sekac)

ALERT! ALERT! – "Zemsta" EP
A-Side is decent and reminiscent of INVASION and KROSSA. The B-Side is not memorable and very '90s Swedish crust. There is a lot of reverb on both sides for the vocals, which is great, but would be more interesting if this was not in English. Why doesn't this band sing in Polish? It would add soul to









this release and would change the sound of the band from reproduced to unique. This release leaves me cold as it's just a repro; nothing you haven't heard. It's like WAR-CRY but without soul. (AE)
(Extinction / No Sanctuary / Yama Arashi)

ANCIENT SLANG – "Fake Future" EP
This is cool. It's catchy and ranges from mid-tempo to up-tempo, but it's got a ton of nervous energy to it, which makes it a little uncomfortable, but pretty awesome. My technical term for this sort of sound is "herky-jerky". It's also, at its very base, sort of eerie. (KK)
(Glory Hole)

ANIMALS AND MEN – "To Live and Die in the West Country" 10"
A new self-released 10" from eternal post-punk underdogs ANIMALS AND MEN. I think the four tracks are a mix of old and new material, but it was all recorded this year. If you've heard the band, you won't be in for any surprises musically: primitive, simple bass-driven post punk with Susan's detached vocals over the top. The surprise is that they still sound somewhat fresh and relevant. They do what they do without pretension and there's something very admirable about that, especially after all these years. My hat is off to 'em. (AM)
(Radstock)

ANTEATER – "Oxygen" 12"
Female fronted screamo/emotional post-hardcore from Germany. Giving me some atmospheric vibes as well as the usual melodic math-y tempo changes, mixed with upbeat riffs that will probably cause you to bop your head a bit. Melodramatic lyrics sung and vocals that can be almost black metal-ish in some songs, which distracts me from wholly enjoying the music. This has got some CIRCLE TAKES THE SQUARE stank with a metal influence (but this is definitely not metalcore) with breakdowns that incorporate both pretty guitars and brutal blastbeats. These kids are doing it right, taking back screamo from the flat-ironed hair posers. (AP)
(Farblos / Phobiac)

BAD ENERGY / BAD SIDE – split EP
This 7" is compiled of two demos from two newer Philadelphia bands that my lame ass never asked to do "New Blood." I suck. This record does not. I love weirdo punk and rigid ass hardcore, and this pretty much has it all: mosh, pogo and the lure of obscurity. BAD SIDE have these subtle female back-up vocals that channel Winnie from AGENT ORANGE, and have an overall similar intensity to that band as well, with a nice underlying Midwest feel. Keeping with that Midwest vibe, BAD ENERGY slather a few thick layers of fucked up and weirdness on top of the drony, catchy thing they've got going. So fucking good. Wish there was an insert or some band info though. Killer release. (KR)
(Badmaster)

ALLEYWAY – "No Last Call" LP
This is totally a band I would have been into many years ago. Songs about alcohol, speed and getting fucked up in alleyways. Life story and makes for good song subject matter. I don't recall too many rough alleys the last time I was in Oshkosh, WI but I was a young pup. All I remember is the big air show I went to with my uncle a couple times, the giant pair of overalls, and being able to buy underage beers getting me and my poor younger cousin stupid. Ah. Alcoholism. They most closely resemble COC-KNOOSE to me for their monotone gruff shouted vocal style but there're elements of the HOOKERS and JACK SAINTS there as well. Good to know there's good rock'n'roll coming from the land of my kin. (RO)
(self-released)

BAD PEOPLE – "Pearls Before Swine" EP
This band could be considered a successor to BROWN SUGAR, not just because they share members, but also because they switch styles like crazy and come up with great sounds no matter what they're doing (and while BROWN SUGAR were great, at their best, BAD PEOPLE are even better). When they speed up, the result is manic hardcore that makes me think of NINE SHOCKS TERROR meets the Clean Tone Revolution of 2005: breakneck vocals and drumming over huge three-chord riffs, contrasted by note-heavy breakdown riffs, with instrument tones that don't have a ton of distortion but somehow sound incredible dirty, and snotty, unintelligible vocals that sound like they're wielding a knife. The mid-pacers on here are my favorites: one being the opener that's catchy as hell and has all the exhilaration of basement pop punk, the other being a organ-driven number with a ton of swagger but still beats you over the head with attitude. I'm not as into the record's slower song, and it kinda kills the momentum of the first song by following it, but it's the sole dud on this great EP. (DG)
(Feeble Minds / Feral Kid / UT)

BEAST – "Dead or Alive" CD
Super clean NWOBHM influenced punk from Sweden. I would take ICON GALLERY over this, but it's in the same vein. It gets pretty jammy and I don't really know where this fits into punk, but it's good for what it is—well executed and precise in delivery, but it's just not really dirty enough to keep my attention. The vocalist's range is awesome. This could easily be heard on the radio and you can probably win tickets to a show where BEAST is opening up for the newest incarnation of MÖTLEY CRÜE. (MB)
(Graphals)

BEAVER – LP
Talk about flying under the radar. I dunno how I managed to live in Washington DC for 28 years without ever hearing this band, but having spun this more than a few times now, I owe Dr. Strange eternal gratitude for rescuing this material from the fodder bin. As it turns out, BEAVER was Tom Lyle of GOVERNMENT ISSUE's first recorded band and this here contains the self-titled 7" from 1981 plus unreleased demos. The A-side's ten EP tracks contain a bit of the *Flex Your Head* sound in terms of speed and intensity (see the opening track "Georgetown Sucks" for a primitive TEEN IDLES-like blast), but their willingness to break from the dominant hardcore mould—particularly the wild guitar and bass lines that characterize the majority of songs—place them equally outside of that camp. Interestingly, the demos side manages to up the hardcore ante, bringing to mind old Scandinavian bands pushing the sounds of their American and English contemporaries past their logical boundaries. It's that cool; and at roughly seven minutes on each side, it's a fucking winner no matter how you cut it. Oh, and in case you were wondering, Georgetown still sucks. (JH)
(Dr. Strange)

BL'AST – "Blood!" CD

Sometimes romance and reality intersect and you get stories like this. The lost master tapes of a pivotal hardcore record surface two-and-a-half decades after it was created. This, involving a short-lived line up that captured the soul of their introspective and aggressive style of hardcore. For freaks of surf rat USHC, this band holds more intrigue and interest than nearly any that came before or after. Helping to develop a technical style of punk, seen in contemporaries like BLACK FLAG and outliers such as RORSCHACH, BL'AST! not only reinforced an identity in punk because of who they were and where they came from, but pushed the limits of what could happen in underground music. Incorporating elements of early punk aggression while drawing heavily from the late '80s SST catalog they were helping shape, this inspired incarnation of the band, recorded with second guitarist Kip DuVall from NEON CHRIST, released *It's in My Blood* in 1987. For numerous reasons, including DuVall's brief stay in the band, his tracks were not initially included in the mix of the album. But upon the discovery of the original tapes, DuVall's contributions were ultimately mixed in to fill out the sound and under the guidance of Southern Lord records, mixed and re-mastered to include the second guitar and eliminate some of the dull production the original released held. From this refinement *Blood!* lifts that veil of underappreciated notoriety that has clouded the band and clearly states their overall significance to the development of hardcore. This album will put any reservations of their impact to rest, as hearing this record in such proper form not only elevates the power of this classic album, but it gives us who missed them a glance at the complexity and energy they executed their music with. (RM)
(Southern Lord)

BOILERMAN – "Loss Leaders" 12"

This is, for the most part, aggressive, up-tempo, gruff vocal, pop-punk in the style that is most associated with the likes of No Idea Records. There is lots of DILLINGER FOUR-ish stuff going on but some of the mid-tempo songs have more of a CRIMPSHRINE feel. It's all done pretty well but the song "Dew the Dü" kind of blows the rest of the record away. It's a hardcore song but it still has a certain catchy element to it, like there's a hint of Revolution Summer in there. There is also an M BLANKET cover, weird. (PA)
(Hip Kid)

BORN WRONG – "Holding Cell" EP

Second EP from this powerful Canadian outfit, and it's just as gripping as their first slab, which also blended late '90s hardcore with rock'n'roll and D-beat tendencies. The best thing about BORN WRONG is their emphasis on songwriting; the riffs and lyrics work in tandem to create tracks so smooth that they're almost too subtle, but luckily the singer's manic, throaty vocals, and the abrupt breaks permeating the five cuts on this album, ensure that one's attention remains focused on the core of the songs. Highlights include the slow burn of "Holding Cell" and the sarcastic rager "True Patriot Love." Definitely pick this one up. (KM)
(Schizophrenic)

BRIEF LIVES – "Whistleblower" EP

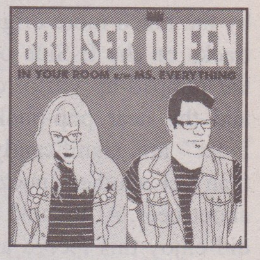
Hmmmm. Didn't see this coming. This is a throwback to my younger years of the early '90s. Back when the kids dressed like dirty nursing home residents and yearned to hold their elbows and rock back and forth to that emo almost math rock groove. JAWBREAKER and JAWBOX and QUICKSAND were getting signed to majors, but there were still emo kids "keeping it real." These guys have a press release where they name drop some of those bands, but thankfully this isn't total bland pro-tools dross. It's more at the lo-fi end of the spectrum, this reminds me more of those few nuggs I still go back to on rare occasion… FRANKLIN, NUZZLE, almost HOOVER-esque. (GB)
(Beartrap)

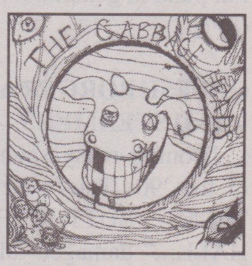
BRUISER QUEEN – "In Your Room/Ms. Everything"

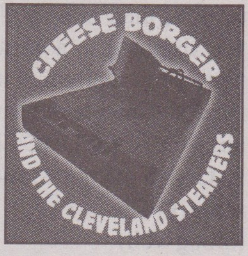
Fuzzy modern garage rock from this St. Louis duo. The vocals are amazing. They are strong and delicate while also projecting an odd-ish quality to keep it interesting. Part '60s girl group, part SIOUXSIE SIOUX. Unfortunately it means the music takes a backseat. The songs are catchy and simple, but exist to back up the vocals. Not that that is necessarily a bad thing. I like this a lot. (CK)
(Certified PR)

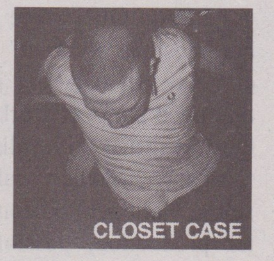
THE CABBAGE HEADS – "Expose" EP

This record inspired many more mixed emotions in me than a fun, jokey noize core record should probably have. For one thing, I'm beginning to wonder if this modern noize core thing has become at bit of an ouroboros, a cycle of bands referencing bands who were referencing bands ad infinitum until it becomes impossible to tell what is sincere and what is parody. I mean, this gang bangs out an excellent PARTISANS cover, so they obviously dig the UK82 thing, but at first listen I'm more convinced that their immediate influences are bands like KAMIKAZE NOISE and CHAOS DESTROY rather than CHAOTIC DISCORD or GAI. Is that a bad thing? I can't answer that question and I wouldn't expect you the reader to answer it either, but it does muddy the critical waters a bit. Of course, it's no crime to be influenced by your friends anyway, and at the end of the day any critical misgivings I had were swept away









by the much more original and interesting tracks on the B-Side of this record. Both the ramped-up vitriol of "Street Cleaner" and the near pop-punk cheer of "Beach Punx" are significantly more interesting than yet another snoozy one-two plodder about beer. At the end of the day, I really did enjoy this record and I'd happily recommend it to genre fans and fans of sloppy fun punk in general. (AU)
(SPHC)

CHEESE BORGER AND THE CLEVELAND STEAMERS – "Terminal" CD
Droning noisy sounds that remind me of the '90s Trance Records world. PAIN TEENS, BUTTHOLE SURFERS, ED HALL… damaged bluesy swamp rock dredged through psychedelia and pharmaceuticals. I confess that I was turned off at first, then simply dumbfounded that I was listening to a current band—and then I started to really like it. Dreary and calculated, the internet tells me this band is made up of ex-ELECTRIC EELS, CRAMPS and PAGANS members, and that makes perfect sense. (WN)
(Smog Veil)

CLEAN GIRLS – "Last House" 12"
CLEAN GIRLS are all over the place, but most at home in the transient state of noisy yet coherent jam-core. It seems that once they get worked up, the melody they've flirted with falls prey to pedal effects and shrieked vocals. They have a big sound that could be complimented by better production, possibly shedding some light on the potential and promise these four songs show. (RM)
(self-released)

CLOSET CASE – "It Doesn't Get Better" EP
Dark, raw hardcore with a great solid-state buzzsaw guitar tone, my favorite kind of abrasive high-pitched vocals, and a claustrophobic vibe that sets the mood perfectly. But the songs and riffs don't really grab me, and despite dialing into a great vocal sound, the delivery seems to lack a certain amount of confidence that would really put it over the top. Up the ante on the songwriting, and the next record will be a rager. (DG)
(Going Underground)

THE COLTRANES – "Never Sleep Again" LP
While this is presented as two EPs on one record (each side recorded by different people at different times), it's more of one record in two parts, as side one flows pretty well into side two. A warning: this description may make the record sound disjointed and confusing but it surprisingly works really well and is totally coherent. Musically, there is a heaviness that flows through the record. On the first side the songs are mostly very driving rock in an almost garage/punk sort of style but way heavier. All that can quickly change into an almost metal break down, a punky mosh section or a catchy little pop hook. Vocally, it's just as much all over the place. Sometimes the guy sounds like a fucked up, overly reverbed JELLO but the next line could be a high-pitched scream or a deep growl. The second side moves away from the rock a bit and leans more on the mid-tempo metal aspects of the band but without straying too far from what was set up by the first side. (PA)
(Hip Kid)

COSMIC PSYCHOS – LP
From my former quasi-youth to my current quasi-middle age, CPs has been a constant go-to in (all-too-rare) moments of off-the-charts machismo. In particular, this self-titled LP from 1987 has historically been a frequent soundtrack to me punching holes in apartment walls, showing my massive balls to very intimidated passers-by and generally drinking myself into hopeless oblivion. Their brand of rock'n'roll is the perfect marriage of immediately catchy three-chord punk rock and menacing Stoogoid throb. It's knuckle-dragging, exceedingly tough stuff, but it's also serious rock'n'roll delivered with more than its fair share of wit and humor. Total package! See "Rambo," "David Lee Roth" or the absolute perfection that is "Going Down" for a taste of the PSYCHOS at their peak. This is one of three COSMIC PSYCHOS reissues launched at us by Aarght and Goner, and they couldn't come at a better time, I say. An excellent reminder of what rock'n'roll oughta fuckin' sound like. (MC)
(Aarght / Goner)

COSMIC PSYCHOS – "Down on the Farm" 12"
Reissue of COSMIC PSYCHOS' 1985 debut EP originally released on Mr. Spaceman Records. Five songs of ultra lo-fi, heavy sounding rock. The lyrics are about everyday things, but have this mysterious quality to them. The EP was recorded on a two-track by guys who live in the middle of nowhere Australia. You won't be getting this kind of sound from anywhere else. "Remastered with extra beef, booze and topsoil" as noted on the sticker on this LP. (CK)
(Goner)

COSMIC PSYCHOS – "Go the Hack" LP
OK, I will be honest, I had to wince past the other two COSMIC PSYCHOS reissues in the *MRR* new arrivals to find this, the third of 'em and I was hella bummed. That first EP is a fucking monster, all you need to do is find some *MRR* back issues from the '80s and '90s; shit was the measuring stick for balls to the wall punk rock'n'roll for a cool decade. Nowadays most people don't know fuckall bout 'em, though I'm sure anyone who grew up in the prison colony down under prob'ly knows 'em as much as SILVERCHAIR. Well, I dunno, this record is downright excessive. It has its moments, but it's like wanting to hear STIFF LITTLE FINGERS and only being able to track down a copy of *Go for It*. (GB)
(Aarght / Goner)

CRAZY SQUEEZE – "Younger Girl/ Terminal Love"
This is the kind of thing that feels like it was written just for me. It's catchy and mid-tempo and melodic. It's got guitar and drums and bass. It's not at all super-aggressive, but it's not wimpy either. Some people use the terms "power pop" and "pop punk" interchangeably. If you're unsure of the distinction, I would tell you that this is 100% power pop and 0% pop punk. Power pop is catchy pop music that has some guts. Most pop punk is just watered down punk that is meant to appeal to the masses. And what about this one? Well, I find this one good, if not great. I get a feeling it will grow on me, but I think it's missing greatness. These guys should move to Oakland, which is a real hotbed for this sort of thing. (KK)
(No Front Teeth / Rapid Pulse)

LOS CULITOS – "Estoy Aqui Por Error" EP
Holy shit. Sit down before you put this one on. You won't be able to stay down, but best to start that way. They'll pick you up,

throw you to the ground and then pick you up again, so get ready. Seriously, this is catchy as hell garage punk belted out at a pretty good clip and delivered with some awesome female vocals. You know I'm a sucker for female vocalists. When she can roll her R's, it only makes it more irresistible. By why is a band from Finland singing in Spanish? I can't have all the answers. (KK)
(self-released)

DALAPLAN – CD

This is a Swedish rock'n'roll meets New Wave band. Vocals are in Swedish. They kind of have the fun party feel of a garage band too. Maybe it's the organ in the background or the gal background vocals. I don't love this but there is a lot on energy and passion and they seem like they would be a fun band to see on a Friday night. Who knows, they could become the GOGOL BORDELLO of Sweden. (RL)
(Gaphals)

THE DESTRUCTORS – "The Sublime, the Perverse, the Ridiculous" CD

The DESTRUCTORS were a classic (second division) "UK82" band. They broke up in '83, leaving a full length and several 7"s in their wake. Probably best known for their guitarist, Gizz, who is a bit of a dab hand on the six strings, and took the ENGLISH DOGS into the metal crossover heaven, and then was the main man behind PRODIGY. The singer reformed the band back in 2005 (originally as the DESTRUCTORS 666, though I guess the devilish bit has now been jettisoned again), playing a more scuzzy rock'n'roll sound. What you have here is a rerecording of 22 DESTRUCTORS tracks from back in the day (with the current line-up), which the only remaining original claims would have been their second LP had they made it to 1983. Contains several re-recordings of various singles, and posthumous releases, which stand the test of time remarkably well. It always strikes me odd as how second tier bands from back then sound vibrant and rocking today. Is that 'cause I'm perpetually stuck in the past, or most modern punk/hardcore just sucks? (RK)
(Rowdy Farrago)

DIPLOID – "Human" EP

This is an Australian outfit that incorporates blast-beats with pretty to haunting melodies, giving a not so annoying screamo vibe with a good dissonant result and no whining—all pretty or all power. I venture to say that these dudes/ladies are more experimental in their approach that the aforementioned styles. Good haunting melodic parts with some throaty, screamed and aggressive vocals on top. Not a total win for me, but I am sure this delivers live. The recording could have used some better mastering, but what the hell… Good artwork with a seemingly cohesive approach to this project as fully art rather than solely a band. Also, the guitar player/vocalist shares my name. Sweet. (MB)
(Red Panda)

DISKELMÄ – "Fuck Everything" 12"

Galloping Scandinavian D-beat rock'n'roll with stripped down thrash metal delivery and screaming power metal leads. It's an odd combo, but if yer fist ain't bangin' by the third song then you might want to get your rotator cuff looked at. Nothing new here at all, but this is an excellent party record. (WN)
(Kämäset Levyt)

DIVINE RIGHT – LP

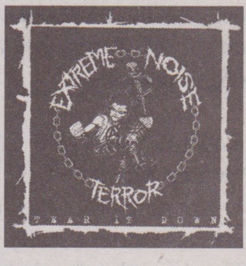
Fuck. Goddamnit. This LP is a contender for my upcoming year-end top ten, and upon just now learning of DIVINE RIGHT's existence, I also learned that this record is posthumous, and am bummed I'll never get to see them. Their brand of hardcore, despite being rooted in USHC, could go up against the best D-beat in terms of unusually hard-hitting drumming for this style, along with fist-clenching riffs that are deceptively simple yet powerful enough to carry the weight of the songs alone. But they take it even further: writing riffs that aren't recycled, taking the songs in interesting directions, employing mangled, tortured vocals that are set back in the sound, and while much of the material is fast, some of the record's best moments are when they take it down to a dirgy pummel (the final song is so good that I was bummed that they didn't outdo themselves with how they ended it, but it's a minor complaint). They've also got a nice, powerful recording to boost the music, and while there's a bit of comparative sandwich meat at the beginning of the B-Side, you could also think of it as breathing room, because everything else nails it. (DG)
(Deranged)

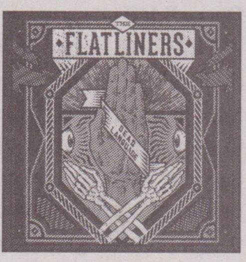
DRUG LUST – "Dusted" EP

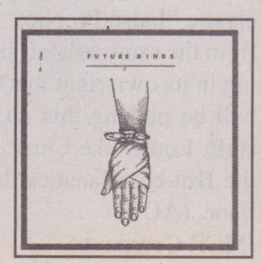
The four tracks on this EP try, rather unconvincingly, to sound scary and dangerous, no doubt a result of recent trends in hardcore boys' listening habits. It's all pretty mediocre and unremarkable. Therefore, in lieu of a well-constructed analysis, I will offer the following conclusions: 1) Pixelated art is never a good thing, and 2) if you've ever thought the Ray Cappo animal growl has truly reached its ridiculous conclusion, I urge you to give this thing a spin. (JH)
(Cruel Noise)

DYSMORFIC / REPULSIONE – split EP

DYSMORFIC and REPULSIONE are both Italian grindcore bands. DYSMORFIC give us two tracks of raw grindcore with slight death metal leanings. The tracks have an uncomfortable feeling to them. The guitar often stays with a slow grinding chug







but the drums blast away. I liked the lyrics and their raw grind sound. REPULSIONE seems to have made a concept record with their side of the 7". Four tracks that have a running theme/story. 1. Justice 2. Strength 3. Temperance 4. Wisdom. The lyrics come across as poems and almost prayers to life. The sound would never give you an indication of this. Blurry, noisy, guitars that are playing closer to noise than normal guitar sounds combined with inhumanly fast drums. All done fairly lo-fi. (MH)
(Agromosh)

EASTHAMPTON SAVINGS BAND – "Kunst Master" CD

Not sure what the fuck this band name means. Doesn't really roll off the tongue. They're going for that spooky bluesy voodoo rock sound complete with CRAMPS and GUN CLUB covers. The lady singing has a strong soulful voice that I totally can't stand. They try to use a wide variety of instruments that end up sounding like a jumbled mess. This kind of music needs more sweat and grit and less studio noodling. Reeks of a half empty bad rock club. (RO)
(self-released)

EXTREME NOISE TERROR – "Tear it Down" EP

Holy shit, what an artifact! The A-Side of this EP contains two previously unreleased tracks from the short-lived lineup that existed between the CHAOS UK split and the *Holocaust in Your Head* LP that included Mick Harris on drums. These are rough recordings to put it mildly, with a lot of bad tunings and weird levels despite attempts to re-master them for release, but that should hardly matter to any E.N.T. fan faced with the opportunity to hear "What A State" which is apparently, according to Dean Jones, the very first recorded instance of E.N.T. using a blastbeat in a song! The title track is probably not one worth revisiting frequently, but fuck, "What A State" is a stone killer that could easily have appeared on one of the band's classic records. The B-Side is a rough and dirty performance of the classic "False Prophet" that is presumably from the same session and well worth hearing in its own right, but of course everyone will be picking this up for the unreleased stuff. Looks like Christmas came early for the Brit-core fanatics this year. R.I.P. Phil Vane. (AU)
(MCR Company)

FIRE EXIT – "Time Wall/Talkin' About Myself"

Yet another Last Laugh reissue. This time Scotland's FIRE EXIT get the treatment. The A-Side is pretty typical 1978 power-pop/punk (albeit with sci-fi inspired lyrics) while the flip is a little more psychedelic and interesting. Pretty amazing that this is pretty much the only thing the band did until releasing a CD album in 2012, despite periodic gigging over the duration. This record is a Kilt By Death rarity that can now be had for the bumper price of $7. You have to ask yourself when the reissue stocks will dry up. Clearly, there are still great records out there to be unearthed and introduced to a whole new audience, but it can't be long before labels like Last Laugh and Sing Sing are scraping the bottom of the barrel. (AM)
(Last Laugh)

FIRE RETARDED – "High Horse" EP

Debut single of stoned garage throb outta Wisconsin. Featuring the gent from the HUSSY, FIRE RETARDED's attack is varied, but successful on all fronts. Fuzz is the key here, but they can move from a rough tune to a catchy borderline rave-up without causing skitzo double-takes. Enthusiasm is spilling outta this one. (MC)
(Glory Hole)

THE FLATLINERS – "Dead Language" CD

I think this quartet might be Canadian. That's OK. Many of the best bands are. I think this might also be their fourth full-length release, in the last eight years or so. That's OK too. Indeed, this one is more than OK. They manage to combine the driving melodic hardcore swagger of HOT WATER MUSIC, with snatches of dynamic bombastic rock, and come out rocking all the better for it. Engaged, and assured, with a poise and confidence few can match. The FALCON spring to mind. Can't say better than that. (RK)
(Fat Wreck Chords)

FOTTUTISSIMA PELLICCERIA ELSA – LP

If the TAMPAX/HITLER SS split functions as your guide to life, here is another path to a similar sort of enlightenment. Some of the most amazing, falling apart, destruction created in the name of hardcore punk in the history of mankind. The liner notes detail what little is know about this band; after reading a review of their tape in *MRR* in 1984 that read "If the MEAT PUPPETS met MDC in a Chilean secret police chamber the result might sound like this." Scott Soriano sent off for the tape and twenty-five years later attempted to find the band to organize a reissue. The reissue is here; the band is nowhere to be found (but if they are reading this, contact SS Records). It's as dysfunctional as TAMPAX but this is *hardcore*, it's just fifty thousand degrees from the concentrated fury of shit like the FIX, it's almost like listening to a band who've had the concept of hardcore explained to them but have actually never heard any... Each song has five totally separate parts, goes on for far too long, is as convoluted and demented as it can be, and yet somehow as a whole it is totally compelling. Doesn't lose the energy or power or charisma. It's got sort of a speed freak, dusted/manic quality to it that makes me think (somehow) of both RUDIMENTARY PENI and UNITED MUTATION. Bands that create total universes. This is totally blown out insanity, like listening to MANISCH DEPRESSIV try and play RAPPRESAGLIA, drugged out rudimentary music can be lunk headed and dull but this is fucking essential. If you are a fan of inept genius you need this! (LG)
(SS)

FREEDOM ASSAULT — "Ecocide" CD

This Tuscon band is making me nostalgic for the grimy Arizona bands from ten years ago. The music is somewhat similar to other Tuscon projects like the KNOCKOUT PILLS or ZERO TOLERANCE TASK FORCE, ungainly mid-tempo hardcore punk with a dirty rock'n'roll vibe, but more polished. Kind of like the FUCK YOU UPS from Phoenix when their guitar player wasn't falling over drunk. They have songs about the environment, religion and DIY so the punk rock bases are covered and the dude singing is all raspy-voiced and sounds pissed and earnest. Desert punk rides again. (BL)
(Resisting Arrest)

FRUSTRATION – "Disintegrate" EP

Tenth installment of the Profane Existence singles serious. These two tracks are galloping melodic hardcore punk with gravelly vocals like a mix between FORWARD and LEATHERFACE. The music

ain't too far off from those too bands either, but leaning more on the Japanese hardcore side than the dirty melodic punk side. The B-Side makes a stronger impression with thick driving bass chords carrying most of the weight. Lyrics are poetic and personal. Decent single. (MA)
(Profane Existence)

FRUSTROS – "A L'attaque du Rien" EP

Four songs of mid-temp muddiness. For the most part, it's a little bland, a little dark, a little heavy but mostly simple punkish, indie-ish, rockish songs. The vocals are sung over simple, sloppy guitar chords and single note "lead" parts. The general feel is one of songs that are not too well thought out (no real hooks) and not played too well either. On the other hand there are some bright spots. "Fête et Mepris" has a sort of droning feel to the verse but a pretty catchy chorus that is worked into the song just right. It's a little more indie rockesque and maybe a little more along the lines of where the band should be headed. (PA)
(Mutant)

FUTURE BINDS – "Notion" EP

Wow a fucking scooorching release from these young and hyper punks from Raleigh, NC. They burn through just enough songs to keep the interest dial completely peaked and execute in absolutely perfect fashion. These guys are able to hold on to what works without conceding to old punk trappings. FUTURE BINDS have that unique intensity that transcends typical, drab, dated pretexts. The ANTIDOTE influence filtered through STRUNG UP gives the listener a point of reference but FUTURE BINDS are on their own tier all together. Considering this was their demo pressed to vinyl, I cannot wait to hear what they do next! (RM)
(Deranged)

THE GAGGERS – "Rip You Off" LP

Although I've seen their singles littering bins for a few years now, I've never bothered to investigate any of the GAGGERS' offerings. Conveniently enough, *Rip You Off* is a beefy collection of their various singles, most of which were released in relatively small batches. Now I'm a GAGGERS expert! Anyway, as suspected, what you see is basically what you get: catchy '77-influenced punk, colorful, spastic and snotty. Though the recordings collected here span a few years, the band has a consistent knack for coming off pretty flashing considering the buzzy mid-fi production they employ. If you're a fan of the Rip Off, Modern Action or Vinyl Dog imprints, this has your name written all over it. (MC)
(Wanda)

THE GAGGERS / THE STITCHES – split EP

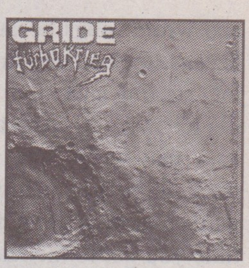
It catches me off guard when an unreleased song from the STITCHES gets dug up. It seemed like those guys were re-releasing the same songs for years so I stopped paying attention. "Without You" was recorded in 2001 and according to the cover "made up on the spot in the studio after too many beers." While you could draw your own conclusions from that comment, in the case of the STITCHES it is appropriate. This song features snarling, slurred vocals with fast garage punk backing them up. The GAGGERS do a more evil and messy sounding version of their record mates. The lyrics are eye-rolling male fantasy crap and the vocals sound nasty. The music buzzes on with the guitarist seemingly soloing the entire song. It sounds cool, but the words are just too dumb. (CK)
(Rapid Pulse)

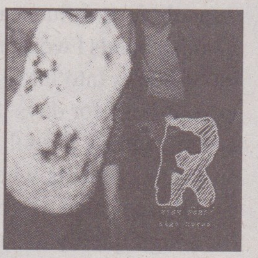
GALACTIC CANNIBAL – "We're Fucked" 12"

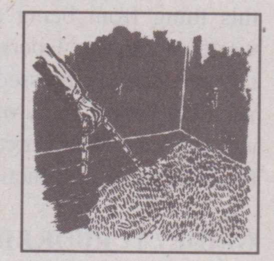
As a rule, I generally hate it when bands tell me what other bands they sound like. Almost immediately, I'm most likely going to count all the ways you don't sound anything like any of the bands you said you did. These guys mentioned several times that they sound like MISFITS meet MAN IS THE BASTARD, and I just don't get it. It's super catchy in a DILLINGER FOUR vein, with kind of one of them "heartfelt tough guys" growling some awesome world-hate, then he throws me off by saying, "Ride the mountain fucking weakling." The super poppy back-up vox and guitar solos are so sparse that I don't mind them at all, and I think it's pretty cool. I'll play this again, and I'll even sing some of their not so tough guy songs next time. (MD)
(Encapsulated / Lost Cat / Underground Communique)

GENERACION SUICIDA – "Con la Muerte a tu Lado" 12"

For me, this is a band whose ambition has always exceeded their execution. At times, while listening to their prior efforts, or enjoying their live shows, I've wished that their ideas were presented forth by more skilled musicians, because the impact might be amplified ten-fold. But, I may be missing the point. GENERACION SUICIDA is a melodic punk band from Los Angeles. They do an admirable job of blending first-wave Spanish punk with modern Swedish post-pop. They are basically a poor man's version of MASSHYSTERI, and this fact makes me conflicted. On one hand, the hooks and chord progressions on this LP are nothing short of hauntingly beautiful. They are definitely the type of band who can give you chills with a simple turn of phrase in a language that you don't fully understand. On the other hand, their delivery is so bare bones that it can become distracting to the more musically inclined listeners. But, make no mistake about it, this is a great *punk* band. This album plays like the cumulative effort of four people who picked up instruments







and wrote songs because they *had* to, not because their friends drunkenly duped them into starting a band, or because they're trying to "make it." And at the end of the day, isn't that what punk is all about? Every track on here is memorable and brimming with passion, and if it doesn't hit you by the time you get to the last two songs, "Aburrimiento" and "Mil Amores," you're probably dead inside. (KM)
(Going Underground)

GENERACION SUICIDA – "Demo" 12"

I've seen and heard this band a number of times and despite all the praises they seem to receive, GENERACION SUICIDA has never really grabbed my attention. So this is a good opportunity for me to sit down and pay attention. I've got two main gripes and two main praises, and I'm gonna alternate them to keep things balanced. Firstly, in my opinion, there are just too many dang short 12" records being released these days. They're fucking expensive, so that shit better be amazing and of the highest quality! I'm of the belief that the 7" EP is the superior punk format, and the three-four best songs from here could have made a great 7". Now, despite some very obvious influences from Swedish and Spanish bands I won't name, they do plant a lot of hooks into these songs that will stick in your head for days. Second gripe—there is some gnarly digital mastering shit going on in the cymbals when you flip it over to side B (see gripe #1 about my expectations for a high quality 12"). To end with praise, the off-key singing and somewhat sloppy bits actually come off charming and save this thing from being an over-calculated waste of money. I personally don't think this needed to be pressed onto a 12" slab of wax, but surely many of you will disagree and nab it at whatever cost. (MA)
(Symphony of Destruction)

GRIDE / TURBOKRIEG – split EP

Czech Republic hardcore/powerviolence/grind split with Texas grindcore. On paper it's listed as a 6" but the record is slightly smaller than 6". These are some excellent tracks from both bands. GRIDE tracks are less grindcore than usual. Now with more heavy hardcore but also a guitar solo and more metal sounding. They cover a track by German band Y. TURBOKRIEG are pretty much heads down, no frills, grindcore and they do it well. The members are either current or former members of NIBIRU, P.L.F., HATRED SURGE, WAR MASTER and INSECT WARFARE, which I think gives a great idea of where they are coming from. (MH)
(Torture Garden Pictures)

HAISTELIJAT / TII NAKUJALKA – split EP

A tag team release from two Finnish acts. HAISTELIJAT has a heavy rock'n'roll blend to their hardcore that triggered a series of big yawns. Not a fan of the rock'n'core that is produced here. The playing is tight and well executed, it is just not my thing. The TII NAKUJALKA side has a bit more of an experimental sound, à la Revolution Summer. I actually found myself listening to this side more than once. This band left me curious enough to want to hear more. (MS)
(Arska Porista)

H.D.Q. – "Lost in Translation" CD

These guys were great in the late-'80s and this reunited combo sounds pretty damn good now. This British combo features guitar player Dickie Hammond who went on to join LEATHERFACE during their hey day of *Mush* and *Minx*. In fact the early line up of these guys made up the bulk of LEATHERFACE. The singing on this is more much melodic and tuneful than Frankie Stubbs. I was a big fan of this British punk genre that featured MEGA CITY FOUR and SENSELESS THINGS as well, so it's good to see one of the early bands back and sounding good. (RL)
(Boss Tuneage)

HELLTARD / THE TRUTH – split 10"

Two Serbian bands with very different sounds. Honestly I don't know what to make of HELLTARD. Speedy, political hardcore/thrash bordering on powerviolence but there is something about it I can't place. Maybe the guitar tone and playing in places lifts some early METALLICA or a speed metal band while still remaining hardcore? The breakdown riff in "Fukusima" for example? I just can't place it. Yet "Kosmar" has a surf punk/rave-up-rock'n'roll sound and is still fast. The TRUTH has a much simpler punk hardcore sound with a taste of street punk. Very nice of them to include English translations of their lyrics, as there seems to be a good bit of effort put into them. They even took the topic of scene police and made it interesting. Punk to sing along to. Their cover actually works to shock. A zombie soccer player in red, white and blue, with socks that have Nazi symbols on them makes for a fairly shocking cover. Not bad stuff from either band. (MH)
(DHPAK47 / Fucking Kill! / Rauha Turva / Septic Star, no info / You Are Not Normal, no info)

HUNGER – "Dying is Ordinary" EP

A record that answers the question, "What would HOAX sound like if they stole CONFUSE's noisy guitar tone?" Most of the tracks start with ignorant, mid-paced riffs, all of which are enjoyable… for about eight bars or so, but goddamn are these guys intent on beating 'em into the ground. Gradually the songs speed up, and the dual vocals are definitely intense, but then they'll usually return to the same riff they already exhausted in the first half of the song and I lose interest. With more focus, these songs could be an interesting take on modern slowcore, but as it stands, this record is a sincere and interesting but utterly flawed take on the style of hardcore that is all the rage these days. (KM)
(Muscle Horse)

HYSTERIA WARD – "From Breakfast to Madness" LP

Previously hard to find, this is the remastered vinyl release of HYSTERIA WARD's '87 tape on All the Madmen records, label of the MOB. Thank you Thomas of General Speech! This record is filled with female fronted melodic and melancholy, infectious goth punk songs (played by peace punks!). They are danceable, infused with emotion with greatly sung vocals—pretty and sad with a haunting sound. The singer, Lou, had been dealing with mental illness for a large part of her life. After playing in several bands, she was institutionalized and heavily medicated. Her friend Mark Edmonson managed to convince the authorities and Lou's parents to leave her in his charge. Shortly thereafter, HYSTERIA WARD was formed lasting until '87 (being a time when extremes in punk seem to be favored over the dark goth punk that HYSTERIA WARD was playing). The history is intriguing and intertwined with punk narratives that may already be common knowledge. This is a band that resulted from

a need to play music, not just the desire—and the sounds are found here. Accurately labeled, "For fans of the MOB, PART 1, UK DECAY, BLOOD AND ROSES." So good. (MB)
(General Speech)

IDIOT TALK – 12"

Fast high-energy jangly-guitar garage-y '77-style snotty hardcore... blah, blah, blah... from France. It's that same sound that made a comeback around six years ago. I saw something comparing them to the BRUTAL KNIGHTS, which could be said. You could also throw the CARBONAS and the VICIOUS in there maybe if you're looking for something to stick to the wall. Blatant Raymond Pettibon rip off artwork. A cover of the KIDS that's just what it is. It's not a bad record. The singer sings snottily in the same exact tone and pitch on every song, which is really fucking boring. Probably putting on a great live show in a far away country I wish I was in. (RO)
(Build Me A Bomb)

INNOXIA CORPORA / TELEFON – split LP

Czech's INNOXIA CORPORA are flawless. Abrasive but infectious, they had me hooked when I first heard them more than ten years ago, and I dare say that each of their releases is an improvement. Their approach is simple, and they still aren't trying anything fancy—just mid-tempo punk with upfront guitars and mesmerizing rough vocals. TELEFON's *Háková Panenka* LP was one of my favorite acquisitions the first time I went to Europe. One 12" on Malarie, then years of silence until a superb record in 2011… and now this. Absolutely genius punk, well versed in '80s European sounds (from catchy Dutch post punk to driving Polish/Czech anthems) and UK anarcho (SUBHUMANS, FLUX) but sounding completely original. Cannot endorse either band strongly enough. (WN)
(self-released)

JIFFY MARKER – "Winston" 12"

These guys are some Canadian punkers who slip between pop punk and garage. They of course adhere to the frequently (and overly) used formula of attempted humor by way of borderline offensive lyrics. Granted, they don't try to be funny in every song (thank gawd) but enough to warrant an eye-roll or two. For example their songs "Thank God for Abortions" and "Do You Wanna Go Halfers on A Girlfriend," these guys are able to fail at comedy while also demonstrating their dim-wittedness. When they do their garage songs, they sound like a REIGNING SOUND band. And when they do pop punk, its sounds like the RAMONES except for the song "Heartbreaker" which is actually the DILLINGER FOUR song "Americaisapremierefaithbasedinitiative." Of course D4 did it better. Not that this album is a complete waste. There are a handful of supper good songs like "Txt Me Back" (although the song name certainly does it no favors). (FS)
(self-released)

JUNIPER RISING – "Days of Heaven/Cowgirl Canyon"

Americana VIVIAN GIRLS. You would think this was recorded in like Oklahoma in '68, but this band is actually from Brooklyn. "Days of Heaven" kind of ends too short for my tastes but it's a ride into the sunset that continues on into space, with vocal harmonies that feel like they are floating through the breeze. "Cowgirl Canyon" harkens to *Girls in the Garage*-esque country but then picks up really fast with layered punk riffs over a lap-steel. It's definitely pretty, definitely dreamy and something that needs to be on your turntable. (AP)
(307 Knox)

KNOW SECRETS – LP

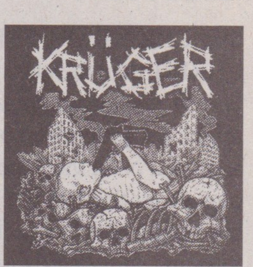
KNOW SECRETS from SF give us polished rock songs that lean toward anthem rock at times, thanks to their drumbeats. The band describes its sound as hardcore / desert rock, but I would say they're just a straight up rock band. The standout track for me was "See You Go" because of its bright sound and harmonies on the vocals. But unfortunately I imagined the type of people who would be into this and it bummed me out. Think clean looking alternative types who spend lots of money at American Apparel and go to lots of bar shows over the punks who make shitty, awesome music and play in basements. (VX)
(301 Collective)

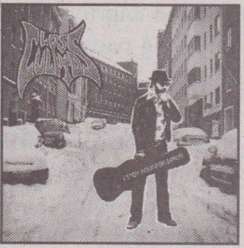
KOBANES / THE PROZACS – split EP

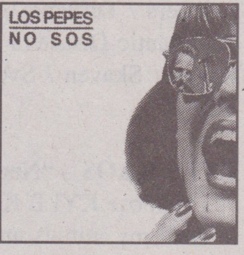
The artwork alone for the KOBANES side of this EP tipped me off pretty quickly as to what I was getting into. Caricatures of the band members all wearing black lettermen's jackets, black high tops, beer bottles and porn flying out of their tour van. On the inside, I notice that their logo is a take on the RAMONES eagle, but this one has hamburgers in its claws. Before any of the music begins, there's a scream of "You fuckin' retard!" Pretty terrible, overproduced RAMONES worship, with tips of the hat venturing into blatant rip-off territory. The PROZACS side is a little better, a little more energetic, but still pop-punk-by-numbers. I bet I could find a song of theirs to put on a mix tape, but I don't think I could handle more than their side of this EP. (MD)
(self-released)

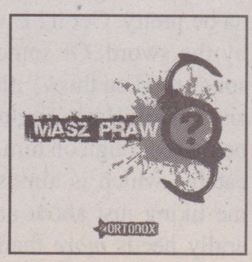
KOLA – "When A Nightmare Comes True" CD

This Japanese band definitely breaks the mold of what one usually associates with "Japanese hardcore," bringing a slightly off-kilter attack that is much more reminiscent of '90s Bay Area powerhouses









like CHRIST ON PARADE or ECONOCHRIST than the classic Japanese bands of yore. I get the impression that these guys might not get booked on the coolest shows, and for a band that's been around for seven plus years they've got a pretty low profile, but tracks like "Price for Shit Life in Shit System" and "Get Off the Gloom" demonstrate a fine songwriting sensibility that joins driving straightforward hardcore and unpredictable tempo and riff changes in a totally organic way. I am certainly left with the impression that these guys could come to the US or Europe and totally blow some minds and make some fans with their unpredictable approach. If you are a fan of the aforementioned bands or other outside-the-box Japanese bands like DUDMAN or TOMORROW you would be well served to write these guys and see if you could pick up a copy of this CD. (AU)
(self-released)

KRUGER – "Kto ti Podá Ruku?" EP

Completely solid and unadulterated D-beat out of Prague. It sounds like at the first band meeting this outfit decided to take the established crust formula and do that, but do it well, honestly, and tear shit up in the process. Dueling female/male vocals are growled angrily and the guitars keep up a galloping pace throughout the record. The effect is a simple, straightforward sound that is constantly on the attack. Cool crust art with lots of cartoon skulls and a baby sucking on a pistol, this record hits all the bases except maybe having a picture of a wolf wearing a bullet belt. You will not be disappointed. (BL)
(Anarchist Black Cross / Break the Silence / Cheers / Different / Nuclear Madness / Rawmantic Disasters / Raw Zine / Rotten Raven / Skaven / Svoboda / Wolfdrunk / Veva)

KYLE KAOS – "Negi Zonin'" EP

I suppose KYLE KAOS thinks it's cool to steal my initials and my last name and start a band. I got news for you, KYLE. This shit better be good or this review ain't gonna be pretty. Get it? Live by the sword, die by the sword. Or something like that. Six songs total on this 7" disc; I'm two songs in and I think I'm going to have a tough time being too rough on him. It's mid-tempo and catchy, which is almost a prerequisite for me liking just about anything. But it generally needs *more* than that. And this one has that something else. It's a real lo-fi sort of thing and the vocals have a certain Kepi Ghoulie / NOBUNNY quality to them. I've moved on to side two and things are still going strong, though he seems to have attention deficit issues. It wouldn't surprise me to learn that KYLE KAOS has a loyal following. I think we should call him by his punk name. (KK)
(self-released)

THE LAST – "Danger" CD

These guys have been around since the early LA punk days. They are well spoken of in the new DESCENDENTS documentary of being a major influence for that band. In fact this release's rhythm section are Bill Stevenson and Karl Alvarez of the DESCENDENTS. But these guys used to be a jangly pop band in those days with the likes of the BANGLES and the THREE O'CLOCK. They were always too '60s for me in those days, as the previously mentioned bands had an element of New Wave at least. So the LAST have been around off and on since then but I haven't followed them. This is their first album in seventeen years though. So this release is more power pop and garage pop, almost punk at times. The punky stuff almost reminds of the early beach punk band the CROWD. This is a really good release with some muscle in the mix. (RL)
(End Sounds)

MELT-BANANA – "Fetch" CD

The MELT-BANANA of my affections is rooted in the '90s, when it seemed like they were playing as fast as possible and then thought "we should play faster" and every second was coated in a thick film of anxiety. When they were the most alien grind you could imagine and the guitar would bounce from chords to blips to chainsaws to zippers to a cat to whatever and the singing sounded way angry. This newest album gives us a MELT-BANANA that sounds like it's been watching MTV and going to ambient raves. Yasuko sounds chirpy and cute. Ichirou's guitar sounds like the riffs of emo pop. Overall it just sounds fucking happy. I got about half way through and went and put on *Scratch or Stitch*. (MM)
(A-ZAP)

MIESHA AND THE SPANKS – "Girls, Like Wolves" CD

A glammy rock record from this Canadian two-piece. Singer Miesha holed herself up in the woods to let out some demons and put them on record. This is part RUNAWAYS, part Riot Grrrl, but the vocals are way too polished. If they had some grit they would probably have a better effect on me. (CK)
(Saved by Vinyl)

MISCONDUCT – "Blood on You Hands" CD

So this Swedish band has been around since 1995. But only the singer/guitarist is left from the original line up. I know the name but I have never really heard these guys. From the looks of the cover and the label name Strength, I was hoping for some raging Youth Crew. Instead I got well played and produced PENNYWISE meets all those bands who play Warped that sound the same. BAD RELIGION and a touch of TAKING BACK SUNDAY here too. Nothing on this grabbed me and the material isn't good enough to stand out in this over populated genre, even if they do date back to the '90s. (RL)
(Strength)

MØRKT KAPITTEL – "Gro Igjen" 12"

This is crusty emotional hardcore from Norway. The band will start out doing mid-tempo to faster D-beat-ish or old-school hardcore riffs that get progressively more melodic or gain flowery leads and often break down into a slower part with the guitars doing that discordant, noisy picking that emo bands do. It's good, and I can tell you as someone who doesn't particularly like the sub-genre, it's listenable and even enjoyable. The band doesn't try to mix in atmospheric black metal or any other ill-advised shit like that and the result is a solid genre record. The packaging is cool too, the songs are on the one side of a 12" with an etching on the back, and the back cover is probably my favorite thing about the record beside the huge bass tone. (BL)
(self-released)

MULTICULT – "Jaws/Luxury"

Heavy, rumbling noise rock for fans of anything Albini-related. In fact, the A-Side, "Jaws," is very much like SHELLAC in tone and structure: repetitive, building, with shards of guitar and buried, staccato vocals. "Luxury," on the flip, has more in common with JESUS LIZARD. This type of stuff is often guitar-led, and the guitar

here has some interesting parts, but these bands fail or succeed on the strength of the rhythm section, and MULTICULT are not wanting in this regard: bass and drums rumble along in tight interplay. This record faithfully recreates past sounds; it'll be interesting to see what happens when MULTICULT rise past (or reinvent) their chosen genre. (AM)
(Reptilian)

NO BRAINER – "Hollow Veins" 10"

The guitar style in a grind band is usually heavily influenced by either metal or hardcore but there is something going on with this record that is a little off. It's almost as if their riffs are derived from pop punk more than anything. The band is mixing D-beat into grindcore, but it doesn't really sound brutal and with song titles like "That's So Raven" and self-referential lyrics I'm kind of wondering how much these dudes are joking. Static-scream vocals over melodic grindcore from Milwaukee with members of ABBADON, ENABLER and SHORT WALK. (BL)
(Endnote)

THEE NODES – "All Day Every Day!" EP

I was prepared to hate this EP based on the band name and stereotypically colorful and juvenile garage rock cover art, but holy shit is this record good. Hailing from Canada, THEE NODES play the only kind of garage punk I can tolerate, the snotty and trashy variety. This sounds like some straight up '77 punk mixed with early '90s Midwestern gunk, and the songs are fucking great. The singer sneers and jeers his way through all six tunes with a swagger and over the top nasally confidence that makes me think how much cooler GEZA X would've sounded if he was more nihilistic. The lyrics are fucking stupid, in the best possible way. The opening track, "Hate the Hip," which could easily be mistaken for a cut off an early *KBD* comp, is basically a perfect punk song that gloriously lampoons norms. On the flip, "Lifestyle Lie" absolutely smokes and the guitarist gets all noodly and rips a couple solos that are killer and not wanky at all. Fuck all that sugary Burger Records bullshit, this is what garage bands should sound like, unhinged and teeming with sardonic aggression. Long live the freak punks! (KM)
(Swollen City)

NUMBER NINE HARD / ONE-EYED MUSKRAT – split EP

Well, it happened. I got my first ska punk record for review. Considering some of the dubious stuff that rolls through here each month, I suppose I oughta be thankful I lasted this long, and yet somehow that doesn't soften the blow of having to take this in. The three cheeseball anthems here on the ONE-EYE MUSKRAT side are so atrocious I'd be embarrassed to play them for my thirteen-year-old cousin. The ska-less NUMBER NINE HARD side, on the other hand, is a surprisingly fun ride, with three noisy and hard-nosed punk tracks that, compared to the muskrats at least, blaze by gloriously. A real mixed bag of a record and a prime example of why one should always avoid collaborating with "friend bands." (JH)
(Jerkoff / S.B.S.)

ORTODOX – "Masz Prawo?" CD

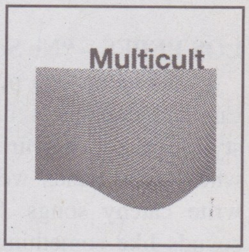
Being the long time Polish punk enthusiast that I am, this one feels pretty comfy just a couple songs in. ORTODOX deliver driving punk with some melodies and lots of huge gang choruses consistently throughout this CD. My biggest issue here is with this totally sterile studio production. It's *sooo* clean and precise; I wish I could rub some sandpaper on the CD to make it rawer! They also borrowed music from ANTI FLAG and BAD RELIGION for two tracks, but put their own lyrics to 'em. But that should give you more of an idea of where ORTODOX is coming from. Overall some well-crafted and solid contemporary Polish punk. (MA)
(Pasażer)

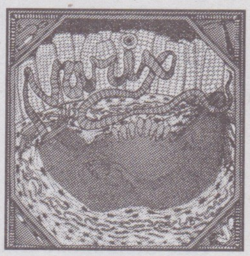
PALEFACE DESTROYERS – CD

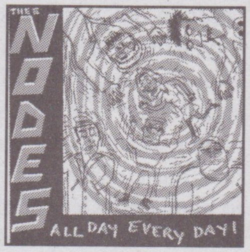
This duo from Ohio creates a noisy racket. What you get is spastic drumming, some power electronics, other keyboard sounds, maybe a guitar (I can't tell) and a lot of screaming. Most of the tracks are less than a minute long as you get eleven tracks in just under eleven minutes. PALEFACE DESTROYERS do a good job of one minute sounding menacing and scary and the next minute sounding goofy and weird. "Weather Explosions in Xenia Ohio" is a crazy mix of power electronics interspersed with short bursts of drums and odd vocals that somehow works in a wonderfully annoying way. "Burn the Banks" is one of the most song-sounding tracks and reminds me of the POLKADOT CADAVER and even has some creepy sounding melody. "I Don't Vote" is a nice 28-second mathy hardcore track, which has what sounds like noodly guitar that could be played by MICK BARR. I'm not sure it's not a keyboard. "Buried Alive" is discordant and has some similarities to HELLA. "Phase People" is a 23-second onslaught of creepy hardcore noise. "Do You Even Try" must have a guitar or bass, and when it speeds up there is a noise that could be a sax. "Charge the Grounds in Ohio" is full of noisy bursts and is wonderfully ugly. "Paralyzed" is the longest track at over three minutes, almost sounds live. It has some ominous keyboard/guitar sounds. In the end I liked this CD. (MH)
(F.M.)

PASSING PHASES – "Give Me Rhythm/Take Me Apart"

Over in Berkeley, CA there's a pub called The Starry Plough. Lots of jam bands play to a roomful







of college kids, older folks and degenerates wanting to drink a beer while they wait for the bus. PASSING PHASES reminds me of a band I would see playing on stage at that establishment. Their music has hints of pop punk, but mostly this two song EP left me feeling unenthused. Find their Bandcamp or Facebook to see if they're your jam. (VX)
(Cricket Cemetery)

LOS PEPES – "No Sos" EP
LOS PEPES is a power-pop band from England that has a nice '70s rock'n'roll style. It's got that first wave punk sound when some bands were trying to simply write catchy songs. Side A's "No Sos" sounds like something Sing Sing records might have dug up to reissue. The two songs on side B are a bit heavier with more attitude, but also have that feel. Although it may sound like a reissue this was recorded in 2013. That's nice. (CK)
(Wanda)

THE PINK NOISE – "Greedy Heart" LP
This Canadian outfit impressed a buncha folks (myself included) early in their existence, having released a whole slew of records in quick succession earlier this century. After a brief hibernation, they're back with *Greedy Heart*, a LP boasting a bigger sound than any of its predecessors. The band's synth-heavy basis is still firmly in tact, but *Greedy Heart* features clear nods to glam (ROXY school) that weren't a part of their arsenal in early releases. It works extremely well in their favor, recalling an itchier, brighter NOTHING PEOPLE. Consider my interest in this band reinvigorated. Worth a look. (MC)
(Skrot Up)

PLAGUE – "Crime Doesn't Pay" EP
Six tracks of blown out bombastic HC/crust. Metallic riffing and a raw as fukk delivery, vocals are as harsh as the music, and when they slow it down near the end of "Criticism" the shit gets terrifyingly heavy. Is it weird that I like the second side so much more than the first? (WN)
(Uneasy Listening)

PROPAGANDHI – "How to Clean Everything" CD
A twentieth anniversary of this seminal record. So much to say about this, but I'll try and keep it somewhat brief. I believe this was the 2nd or third release on the then fledgling Fat Wreck Chords, and it (along with NOFX and LAGWAGON) was one of the defining records of that "SoCal" melodic hardcore sound (which of course, built upon the reverberations of the release of BAD RELIGION's *Suffer*. Moreover, while musically both defining and pushing the boundaries of this fledgling genre, PROPAGANDHI added heaps of (anarchist) politics and snotty in your face attitude. We're here, we're queer (friendly), vegan, feminist anarchists and we really don't give a fuck if you don't like us. Indeed, we're here to antagonize you conformist, patriarchal fucks, *and* you can stick your flag up your ass etc etc. Not since CRASS had a band been so overt and in your face with their politics, all loaded down with acerbic wit which managed to transcend the juvenile. Fucking brilliant, groundbreaking, and totally wonderful all round. This new edition has been re-mastered (no shame in that), and has an additional four demo tracks (earlier recordings of songs that would appear on the album), and three tracks that were nixed by producer/label honcho Fat Mike at the recording stage. I have to say, this shows both Mike's excellent producer skills, and what a superb production/recording adds to songs. The originally deleted tracks are far inferior, as are the demo versions. So much so, that in some sense, they almost detract from the utter perfection of the original disc. But that is, indeed, a minor quibble. A historical oddity if you like. Musically, lyrically, and attitude wise, PROPAGANDHI turned it up to eleven, and really, other than their perhaps-even-better second full length, there's been nothing like it, before, or (lamentably) since. (RK)
(Fat Wreck Chords)

PSYCHIC LIMB – "Jamaica" LP
Jamaica is sexy. *Jamaica* is intimidating. *Jamaica* blows the doors off of every preconception you have about New York punk rock. This is a thousand miles away from HANK WOOD, GOOOSEBUMPS, PERDITION or CREEM but shares the same zip code. Using technical precision normally found in old stalwarts like LACK OF INTEREST or NO COMMENT and coupling that with their hometown's traditional hardcore approach, PSYCHIC LIMB have created a new modern standard. The heavy handling of a band like NAILS rings through parts of their second record, but is countered by an almost playful arrogance in delivery and confidence that every part of this group is functioning and succeeding independent of what else is happening. This record is totally puzzling and amazing, not unlike the cover art, a complete fucking winner. (RM)
(Clairvoyant)

PUOLAN LAKOT – "Mäntyharju" EP
Unbeknownst to me, this band was originally in existence in 1980. It featured members of several "legendary Finnish bands" STALIN and NUKKETEATTERI They reformed in 2012 and have been releasing material since then. It is pretty cool hardcore/punk with a clean production. If this would have been released in 1980 I can assure you it would be a four hundred dollar single and on every collector's list out there, but it is current. If this sounds like your thing, go for it. (MS)
(Step Backward)

RADIATOR HOSPITAL – "Can You Feel My Heart Beating?" EP
The first of these five tracks is an absolute pop-punk gem. It's a short one, musically in the vein of the BANANAS with a lazy vocal delivery that is sort of DANIEL JOHNSTON, sort of the guy from the WEAKERTHANS. The rest of the record isn't bad but just can't live up to the opener. The second track sounds like it is actually just a pop punk version of "King of Carrot Flowers Pts. 2 & 3" by NEUTRAL MILK HOTEL. The B-Side has some more mid-tempo stuff, a '60s high school dance type track and another up-beat, bouncy one. As annoying as cheesy love songs can be, just try to play that first song and not pick the needle up to put it back at the beginning. (PA)
(Prtyngg!)

RADIATOR HOSPITAL – "Something Wild" LP
Do you ever wonder what NEUTRAL MILK HOTEL would sound like if Jeff Mangum got really into DISCOUNT right before he recorded *In the Aeroplane Over the Sea*? Well ladies and germs, I present to you RADIATOR HOSPITAL! The majority of this album features soft acoustic numbers about love, kissing, heartbreak and crying. But, interwoven are these pop

punk numbers that are pretty descent, and kind of remind me of SOURPATCH. The acoustic songs ain't bad either (with the exception of "Cryin Kind" ....ack!). If you got a soft heart and thought Plan-it-X was setting the world on fire in 2003, this is your album. "Just how soft-hearted?" do you ask? Well, the back cover claims: "This Album is Dedicated to the Dreamers," so you get the idea. (FS)
(Salinas)

RAVAGE FIX – "Disorder" EP

Heavy, raging hardcore from Germany, a potent mix of grooving tempos and high-energy delivery making for a raucous result! The vocals echo, spit and growl, the constant drum-pounding runs deep and the bass fuzzes so much at times I can hear the amps crackle—neat! The guitars are sharp and thick (like a rusty chainsaw), the gang vocals come and go (sing along fucker!) and with these four tracks ranging from mid-tempo to melody, then from solo to D-beat, this is mixed up enough to satisfy both plodders and spinners in the pit, with tracks "Disorder" and "Dark Grey" standing out for their hustling urgency and lyrical vomitus. Fans of old school Skandi/Japanese hardcore, the blown out DESTINO FINAL-influenced sound and the recent wave of rowdy USHC bands might like this. Standard but solid. (LA)
(Rinderherz)

THE RAYDIOS – "No Expectation" EP

Sammy and Fink from TEENGENERATE are back with a new EP. Well the RAYDIOS have been around so long that I don't really need to mention their former band anymore. Strictly for the uninitiated. You know to expect lots of tight black pants, leather and shades. This is a shit load better than their last record. They started off playing fast power pop and they haven't totally strayed away from that. They just beefed up the guitars and went more rock. "No Expectation" starts off with an almost RADIO BIRDMAN punch in the face and is the winner on this slab. "School Trash" has a stompin' "I Just Want to Have Something to Do" riff to get your studded fists in the air. The chorus is well thought out pop and rocks. Surprisingly "Faster" is neither fast nor good. Trying way to hard to be an anthem. Overall a good record and you'll be smashing sake bottles all night long. (RO)
(Secret Mission)

REDNECKS – "Keepsake" EP

Needle drops right onto some no nonsense hardcore. This band has no time to fuck around; they get you right from the go. Aggressive minus the tired blown-out style that too many bands copied in recent years. REDNECKS do a great job at pounding our faces in with this little record. (MS)
(Hardcore Survives)

ROTTIES – "Pacific North Waste" LP

Guzzle elements of X, BLATZ, the GR'UPS and BIKINI KILL with a shot of doom laden stoner rock and you'll piss out the ROTTIES. It's an interesting combination for sure and works for some of this. The dueling female vocals are nice and some of the riffs will have the T-top of your Trans Am flying away into the summer sun. It's like combining some serious feminist angry rock with dude heavy jamming. Maybe if BABES IN TOYLAND had long haired dudes in the band or what 7 YEAR BITCH were like anyway. Some songs just really draaaag on though. Top notch packaging with a lyric booklet and a jumbo poster of the cover that I didn't like. (RO)
(self-released)

R.T.S. – "File Under Punk" EP

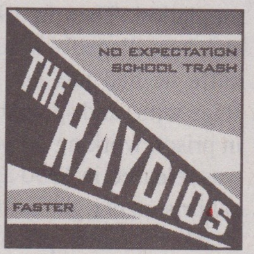
A 23-song EP from Sweden recorded in 1984 and released in 2013 by Really Fast. That should be all that you need, right? There was a reason so many of us bought EPs based solely on how many song titles were on the back, and the reason was records like this. There's one absolutely flawless Swedish HC track on the second side, while much of the record leans towards spastic and irreverent bursts... and all of it is great. Simple, fast, primitive Scandinavian hardcore that is refreshing in its simplicity and clearly advanced in its vision. (WN)
(Really Fast)

SACRIDOSE — "Anxiety Tremors" EP

Ooof I just got pummeled and it was definitely a hit and run. Ugly and rude grindcore/powerviolence with members of CELLGRAFT and CROW'S FOOT from Florida, where there is probably a lot to be legitimately pissed about. The vocals are so brutal it seems like this girl could bust a lung, but it's totally worth it. The guitars cut into your soul; with hella crucial riffs that make you want to punch the floor in scorn and contempt till your knuckles are raw, but don't worry there are breakdowns that last long enough to nurse your wounds. Props to SACRIDOSE for making a RUDIMENTARY PENI song moshable. Fear is the mind killer indeed. (AP)
(Financial Ruin)

SAFEWORDS – LP

Don't be deceived by the mysterious guy packaging and name. This record is some smart as fuck post-punk. There is never a minute where my attention isn't drifting away to the million things I am always thinking about. "Your Life: What's In It?" is a hook laden march into distortion and it definitely reels me in for the rest of the album. Taking cues from RED



LORRY YELLOW LORRY and injecting a guitar-driven urgency with their endless cutting riffs, heart-pounding drums, commanding vocals and echoing yelps. They really raise the bar with a genuine feel; this definitely isn't a trend jumping record. As for the rest us, we can be real goths now about this shit and mourn at their grave, 'cause this is a post-mortem release. (AP)
(Deranged)

SATAN PANONSKI – "Hard Blood Shock" LP

Here's one from left field—more specifically, northern Croatia. SATAN PANONSKI, previously Ivica Culjak, was apparently one of the most famous punk icons all across former Yugoslavia. He has a hell of a story, which is told in the informative booklet accompanying this LP. In short, Ivica became a punk after being shipped off to a German boarding school in 1978, returned to his small town of Slavonia and joined the first Croatian punk band as their vocalist, and made a shocking first impression by promptly breaking a bottle over his head and getting thrown off the stage. He proceeded to shock spectators with provocative and offensive lyrics and violent stage antics including lots of self-mutilation. Then in 1981 he murdered an attacker, allegedly in self-defense (with the knife he had just cut himself up with on stage with) and spent the next several years in prison working on poetry and music. He was released in 1990 amongst many political prisoners right before the Serbian army attacked Croatia, prompting him to take up arms and become a Croatian nationalist. There are several theories about his disappearance the following year, but I don't wanna give away the whole story! Anyway, this LP features a collection of selected works from the three albums he released between '89-'92, and it is some disturbing, abrasive, and *weeeird* experimental punk. Also featured inside are drawings, lyrics translated to English and photos to paint the chaotic and bizarre story of SATAN PANONSKI. Totally fascinating. (MA)
(SS)

SETE STAR SEPT – "Visceral Tavern" LP

The Japanese duo returns with this month's new release, I think their fifteenth or so release this year. SETE STAR SEPT never rests on a single idea very long. Which means a lot of their releases sound different. From what I hear, they practice, play and record all the time. And despite being recorded in one day, what they have done on *Visceral Tavern* is release two different records together. Side A, I think contains eighteen tracks of grindcore and noisecore. Some of SETE STAR SEPT's chaotic sound is here but there is more noise and less of the high screeched vocals. Side B is a completely different animal. It has one track (or is it two or three?) and sounds like just drums and vocals. Free jazz drums and mostly laughter as vocals. Yes, you read that correctly. The drumming is very free and sounds improvised and the vocals are a lot of laughter and vocal noises from Kae. Experimental/avant-garde for sure. There are a couple moments when Kiyasu blasts and Kae growls but most of the track is free jazz-like drumming and vocal experiments. And I enjoyed it. It's as if Han Bennink and Maja Ratkje got together to make an experimental-vocal-jazz-hardcore record with just drums and vocals. (MH)
(7s7)

THE SHANGRI BLAHS – "Trouble on the Line" EP

If you're a fan of straightforward pop and rock'n'roll music that is played with energy and sincerity, then we have something in common. This one's got a catchy and positive spin going for it. I think that might be the saxophone. I always enjoy it when I find a record that is rock'n'roll first and punk second. This is what's going on in Helsinki, Finland, kids. Dig it. (KK)
(self-released)

THE SHIRKS – "Action Men" EP

At this point, the listener knows what they're gonna get when throwing on a SHIRKS single: high-quality, buzzy, sneering punk rock. There are absolutely no frills here and plenty of fuckin' people like it that way. Personally, I don't think they've made a wrong move yet. (MC)
(Cricket Cemetery)

SHORT DAYS – "Endless Winter/Pigs in Blue"

Ah yes, that great gloomy sound…you know the one. It's viciously cold outside, you're walking home alone with a bottle of booze, you're feeling dejected and the doomtown in your head is nothing but a maze of dead-end streets. Sad enough to match your blues but aggressive enough to ease your frustration—"it's an endless winter that don't seem to fade and everyday is like yesterday." The vocals alternate between sorrowful melody and wit's end yelling, with an appropriately dark but tight rhythm section. Then the flip comes like a slap that jolts you out of your misery. "Pigs in Blue" is a perfect sample of infectious angst, with plodding drumming and pissed off vocals, tight bass and melodic/agro guitars, and a killer solo! If you've heard any SHORT DAYS demo tracks (they're really good!), this faster, more hostile sound of the B-Side will probably ring more familiar. Sure, they evoke all the older bands we already love, like the WIPERS, OBSERVERS and NHFTK, but they're as fresh, frustrated and relevant as their contemporaries the RED DONS and fellow Frenchmen the YOUTH AVOIDERS, so if that's your jam, you should pick this up: alone-time glum jammer by way of punk party pogo rager! Props to Daniel Husayn for working with/mastering some great bands! Into this! (LA)
(Build Me A Bomb / Single Round)

SHORT DAYS – "Life of the Living Dead" EP

Another band who, like BLANK PAGES and YOUTH AVOIDERS, falls into the category of "modern European post-punk." These guys, and the two aforementioned groups, owe a lot to the Portland-spawned sounds of the WIPERS and more recently, the OBSERVERS/RED DONS. The song structures and chorus-pedal-laden guitar tones are quite similar; luckily, France's SHORT DAYS hit the mark on a couple of these tracks. "Childhood Room" is delightfully melodic, reminiscence of lost innocence and ambition, with hooks peering out from all corners of the track. "It's Done" is a more plodding tune that relies on instrumental repetition to accentuate vocal hooks, but it works. The other two songs on this record aren't as enthralling, but I love this style of punk, so I'll definitely be keeping tabs on this band. (KM)
(Build Me A Bomb)

SICK/TIRED – "Manufractured" EP

I was surprised to read this band has only one vocalist, it sure sounds like two folks here—the standard unintelligible growl contrasted with the standard shrieking. For my tastes, this EP is heavy on the orthodox

grind (which veers too close to monotonous metal) and too far from catchy, hyperfast hardcore. The deepest bellow, aka "Cookie Monster vocals," has never worked for me, making tracks like "Omerta" a tough listen. They lose me with their most extreme blasting, as whatever hooks are buried under the avalanche of bass and drums. The breakdown on the title track is my favorite part of the record. For those with better taste than me, though, these kids (from DeKalb, IL) sure have a great guitar tone, totally thick low-end, and tight songs. The lyrics touch on social and personal issues in an appropriate manner. The overall effect is brutal and ugly, unfit for civilized humans, but fine for fans of the genre. (JM)
(Profane Existence)

SIRS – "Miserable" EP

Okay, I know what you're thinking. You're sitting on your toilet or in prison (the two most common places to read *MRR*) and you're saying to yourself: "Man, I just really like emotional hardcore, but most of it just isn't poppy enough for me". I know! We have *all* had this problem. Well, here comes the SIRS to bail you out of punk rock wasteland. They give you the hardcore song structure and emotional/poetic lyrics *you need*. While also delivering all the harmonies and pick slides *you want*. Okay, close your eyes and imagine your favorite East Coast emo hardcore band (wait, why did I even bother saying East Coast, they're all from the East Coast), and now pretend those guys are actually GREEN DAY. Now snap your fingers… Volìa, you have the SIRS. (FS)
(Psychic Volt)

SKULL DRUG – CD

Decent collection of metallic, driving punk, à la mid-period GBH. Usual lyrical concerns (girlfriend left me, I drink too much, I like sleeping in as opposed to working). Some excellent guitar-ing too. Could do a lot worse. (RK)
(self-released)

SNAKE CHARMER – "Self Immolate" EP

Crammed into some dark crevice between noise rock, powerviolence (primarily through the CROSSED OUT-ish vox) and weirdo hardcore, SNAKE CHARMER lay out nine tracks of extremely damaged blown-out noise that should appeal to fans of au-currant hardcore à la HOAX. While this is hardly my usual cup of tea, it does have the great virtues of never sounding terribly contrived and also giving the impression that this band would be something to see live. (AU)
(Schizophrenic)

SOCIETY'S ILLS – "Adversity" CD

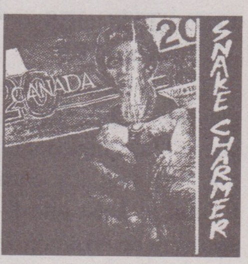
This would appear to be this quartet's second full length. (By using my Sherlockian sleuthing powers, I deduced that thanking college radio stations for playing the debut would, ergo, make this their second longish one). This here magazine also has the cover art dedicated to it. Said cover art would appear to be the four horsemen of the apocalypse reinked as comely young maidens (albeit with skulls for faces). Not sure if I'm missing the hip irony here in the dedication, but maybe it's just my age. Must be the same advancing years that struggle to see the humor in the bands monikers—Brentover and Skid Marc. Fuck, I'm getting old. Musically, our ever so mature quartet actually turns in a rather excellent thirteen tracks. Lots of metallic raging hardcore, along the lines (skid marks?) of STRUNG OUT, or FACE TO FACE with lots of gang choruses. Lyrically, it would appear to be the usual "thoughtful" emo type fare. Music makes up for it all, for sure. (RK)
(self-released)

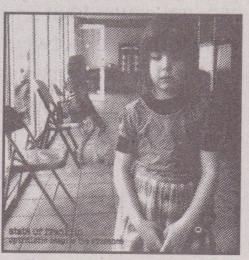
STATE OF FRANKLIN – "Optimistic Despite the Evidence" CD

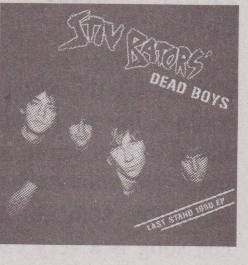
A DIY effort reminiscent in style (if not exactly musical content) of the lo-fi efforts of British home-studio recordings from the late-'70s, such as SIX MINUTE WAR (anyone remember them!?) or early SWELL MAPS. Two chaps play all of the instruments (guitar, bass, drums, vocals), and it's all mid-tempo stuff. Plodding, even, in comparison to your typical punk/hardcore. Lots of spirit and lots of heart. And with snippets of lyrics like "I hate the rich" these guys sound more than alright to me. No idea how they'd pull this off live, but don't let that put you off! (RK)
(Girth)

STILLSUIT – LP

In an ocean of post-punk darkwave repression, this is a glass to the face. Aggro girls out for blood, *SCUM Manifeso* No Wavers who do it hardcore, guitar shards in your neck and no sympathy for your good intentions. Chanted and snarled vocals terrify and mock, intone and incant over guitar shreddage and drum beatings. It's a gnarled and shining sound, hardcore for the hardcore. A call to arms if I ever heard one—envision SCISSOR GIRLS playing VOID whilst watching Lizzie Borden movies. I wish all the choads in shitty pigfuck revival bands that are attempting to revive the corpse of Amphetamine Reptile could be trapped in a room with this record for 48 hours for instruction and vitality purposes. As life affirming as listening to early BABES IN TOYLAND or HARRY PUSSY, talk about *Blood*







and Guts in High-School. I know several people who assert this is the best band in the Bay Area, and Tobi Vail says STILL-SUIT are the best in America. It's muscular and exciting like rock music, a repulsive and dead form, yet fractured and disorientating like no wave or noise, two museum genres. Buy or die creep. (LG)
(self-released)

THE STITCHES – "Unzip My Baby... All 7 Inches" LP

This is a compilation of the various singles the STITCHES have put out over the years, featuring cuts from nine records. I'm not sure that it's complete. For example, I think at least one B-Side ("In Heaven") seems to be missing. The bottom line is that I think I found every one of these 7" records worthwhile when they came out. That you can get seventeen cuts from records that were released between 1994 and 2010 all on one LP is pretty astounding. If you're a fan of the band, you need to get this. If you don't know the band, you really need to get this. If you're not a fan of the band, I can't help you. (KK)
(Wanda)

STIV BATORS AND DAVID QUINTRON – "Make Up Your Mind/Make Up Your Mind"

STIV BATORS of DEAD BOYS and DAVID QUINTRON of the MODS each perform the song "Make Up Your Mind" that Quintron wrote for Bators' 1980 solo album *Disconnected*. QUINTRON also recorded the song for his 1981 solo album. The song is a very catchy power pop one. Hearing both back to back might make you want to choose who does it better. I'll resist that urge and simply tell you both versions are great. The 7" includes QUINTRON's recollections of meeting Bators, joining his post-DEAD BOYS band, hanging out in LA, going back to Toronto when the whole thing destructed and recording his solo album. Interesting stuff and a great song. (CK)
(Ugly Pop)

STIV BATORS' DEAD BOYS – "Last Stand 1980" EP

Ha ha, this sounds exactly like the kind of barrel scrapings we call music in 2013. Jesus. These are live soundboard recordings of DEAD BOYS from what I'm guessing is the end of the road tour circa 1980. It is crazy how little I have listened to DEAD BOYS of late, since in high school I had basically committed the first album to memory. His whiny misogynist schtick was hella embarrassing even then, but the songs are so fucking undeniable. Uggh. And "Son of Sam" (featured here along with "All This and More" and "Third Generation Nation") was always my secret fave. The vocals here are, umm, "present," which takes a bit of getting used to, but I am hella stoked to have an opportunity to revisit this dirty, dirty rock'n'roll music, gotta go dig out those albums while I'm at it. (GB)
(Ugly Pop)

STÖLEN GIRLS – "Going Away" EP

This is thrashy garage punk with a hint of country. It's fast and stompy. It's noisy and distorted. The singer sounds like he's losing his breath on every line. I like it. (CK)
(Chickpea)

STOLEN KIDNEYS – "Our Heritage" EP

Ebullient, flowing blasts of saucer eyed growls and heavy hitting guitar tones crescendo track after track into barely tamed rage. This is a short but intense record. These Finnish brutes started back in 2009 as a sludgy project but after three releases found themselves just slightly on the heavier end of the DIY hardcore community. Incorporating weightier elements from bands like TAKARU or TRAINWRECK while having some melodic nuisances similar to LOMA PRIETA or FUNERAL DINER (without the emo trappings), STOLEN KIDNEYS have produced a solid individual effort as they continue to carve out their identity. (RM)
(self-released)

STRIKE TO SURVIVE – "Yesterdays News" LP

Released on their own Don't Look Down Records, *Yesterdays News* is an impressive package. It's well produced, has a beautiful sleeve and artwork and is supported by talented, intense musicians ripping through eleven tracks. The record is notable in its seamless and stylized continuity, by charging from one electric anthem to the next, but a bit disappointing in its overall paint-by-the-numbers delivery. When drawing from bands like COMADRE and using production professionals like Jack Shirley, one could only hope for some variation from the obvious. But this young and eager band is bound to progress and hopefully surprise us with something outside the modern/post hardcore appeal of Bridge Nine, Epitaph, punknews.com they are exploring now. (RM)
(Don't Look Down)

TERRIBLE FEELINGS – "Backwoods" EP

Across their previous releases, TERRIBLE FEELINGS established an icy little niche within the conventional Malmö sound. Whilst their contemporaries and predecessors (VÅNNA INGET, MASSHYSTERI, the VICIOUS, NO MORE ART, basically the most notable non-hardcore punk exports from Sweden in recent memory) stuck to rock'n'roll-y snap and punk sneer, TERR FEELS were writing gloomy lyrics and twangy guitar parts. Well, nothing has changed here, except for everything getting more country. Woodblock on the drumkit and a snare heavy country style, as well as a totally "Ghost Riders in the Sky" guitar solo on the B-Side number, "Black Winter Night" Unfortunately, there isn't enough Fred Cole/DEAD MOON/RANGE RATS style country croon, and so these baby steps leave the songs mired in the same boredom I ended up feeling about their LP. "Black Winter Night" also has a distinct ECHO AND THE BUNNYMEN feel to the heavily flanged verse, but not even that further nod to past icons of mope really makes this stand out. If you have everything else and just need more, get this seven-inch, it delivers. If you wanted to see where this band was going next, the answer unfortunately seems to be not far from where they've been. But, if this means that soon they'll be done with rock'n'roll and will soon be writing goth country songs, I am pretty stoked. (LP)
(Deranged)

TERVEET KÄDET – "Piinaavanautinto" EP

Back again with another rager, Finnish legends TERVEET KÄDET never seem to miss a D-beat with their ferocious riffage and intense delivery. This EP is fast as fuck, and multiple plays are in order to obtain maximum absorbency. It's essential for your current hardcore collection and Finnish hardcore collection. I wish I could comment on their performance at Chaos in Tejas but was unable to watch any of their sets. My loss. (KR)
(SPHC)

THISCLOSE – "Thisclose Self Titled Ten Inch" 10"

Christ, it is nearly impossible to write about this band without getting deep into issues of meta-textuality and postmodernism, but the short story about this band for those who don't know is this: THISCLOSE have set out to take their inspiration from one of the most critically and culturally despised creative endeavors in the history of hardcore punk, DISCHARGE's *Grave New World* and subsequent releases. Ipso facto, THISCLOSE traffic in mid-tempo metal riffs, flashy solos, D-beats and (most strikingly) piercing falsetto '80s metal vocals. From the art to the lyrics to the onstage presentation to the recent *MRR* interview, this crew maintain the façade of both respectful imitation and (per Cal and the gang's own pretensions) the absolute faith that mining this particular vein of sound will inevitably lead to fame and fortune. All of this schtick is entertaining in its own right but the amazing thing is that, falsetto and all, this is actually some of the most interesting D-beat punk to come along in ages. Sure the vocals take some getting used to, but the songwriting is excellent (the saving grace is that in all circumstances they err on the side of punk instead of metal), the chops are most definitely there and the fucking thing is just a blast to listen to. At the end of the day, it's not necessary to unravel the Gordian knot of context this band has tied around itself to enjoy a recording that is pretty fucking good on its own merits alone. (AU)
(Antisociety)

TOTÄLICKERS – "Cementri" LP

Although the name leaves the impression of hearing something similar to the two bands that come to mind, the sound this band delivers is a lot more updated than Scandinavian noisy hardcore. I am reminded a lot of KONTATTO when listening to this band, whom I love. When TOTÄLICKERS came out in the mid-2000s there weren't many D-beat bands coming out of Spain, and they have been a strong presence ever since. This fits right in with the rest of their material; snare-heavy D-beats with tough, yet melodic leads and prominent vocals. Recommended. (KR)
(Grita o Muere)

TREMBLING HANDS / WITS END – split EP

And here you were claiming "there hadn't been a good screamo band since HOT CROSS broke up". Well sure, if you're only looking in Long Island and Southern California. You've got to go out to Norway and Sweden to get the good stuff these days. The Oslo emo punks of WITS END pound out two tracks of mid-tempo post-punk. While TREMBLING HANDS devastate your brain canals with one epic chaotic, noisy screamo jam. Ride the snake! (FS)
(Lilla Himmel)

TROUBLE MAKER – "Made in Oakland" CD

Ah, yes, good ole street punk, my favorite subgenre. TROUBLE MAKER plays boiler-plate boot boy anthems covering all the essential aging skinhead topics including having hometown pride, having no regrets, never quitting and being a total alcoholic. Pretty grim stuff, though if you're a sucker for songs rhyming "tonight" with "alright," I suppose you could do worse. (JH)
(self-released)

TV GHOST – "The Amputee/The Mold"

The Savage Young Television Ghost! The two tunes collected on this single make up TV GHOST's inaugural recordings, predating their In the Red and Die Stasi days by a good chunk of time. While they've worked a considerable amount of moodiness and finesse into their more recent recordings, these early efforts don't allow much breathing room for the timid. To put it simply, this is incredibly tense, hyper-aggressive no-wave punk, delivered genuinely and impressively. The level of booming, antisocial ugliness found across these two short burners beats what most ear-splitters manage to cram on a double LP. While I've been consistently impressed by this band, hearing them at this early, violent stage has me doubly stoked. Recommended! (MC)
(Kind Turkey)

VARIX – "I Can't Get Out!" EP

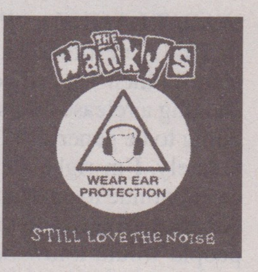
This record fucking smokes. These ladies have been kicking around and playing for a while now with some comp tracks and a release under their belts, but this record is their best yet. Holy shit. This is mean, blown-out, fast to mid-tempo punk, slightly fuzzed guitars with catchy, menacing chord-age, pummeling bass with a perfect tone and drums that sound like they are being destroyed. The vocals are higher pitched throaty yells that fuck with the timing of the well-metered songs. The lyrics are personal without crying, but also topical without being generic. Totally into this. Great screened artwork on the cover and the insert. So good, must get. Don't be a moron, grab this. (MB)
(Fashionable Idiots)

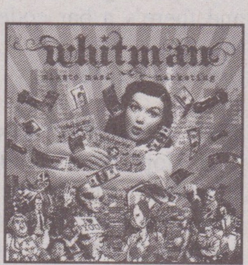
VEKTOR – "Collage Edition" CD

Indie punk, meet J-Pop. Syrupy sweet and dreamy, with lilting vocals and clean melodic guitars. The rare moments where they beef it up are the moments when they sound more like a commercial alt/rock band, but it's all done with enough deft to result in an extremely pleasant experience. Easy to imagine this being the guilty pleasure on the radio… provided your radio station is in Japan. (WN)
(MCR Company)

THE WANKYS – "Still Love the Noise" EP

More WANKYS perfection. If you like previous WANKYS, you'll love this just as much. Same meat, different gravy—wait, same gravy. Same everything. They take a good piss out of crusties with their "Please for Fuck Me," but I doubt baldy gets laid more than dread mullet. "Crusty is all alone wanking in his pit, thinking of a clean girl with a nice pair of tits." Cute! True noise punk vulgarity! WANKYS lyrics #1! Please for fuck me!!! Please





for fuck me??? Anyway, in all seriousness the Facebook URLs need to go and why list your equipment used on this release? Everyone knows noise punks use shitty amps and crappy pedals. Whatever, this is top notch and I'm almost certain that the barcode on the back is fake as no one buys noise trash. This record is unlistenable in the best way—still love the noise. <3 (AE)
(RTP)

WAR//PLAGUE – "Primal" EP

This is a Profane Existence's seventh release in their limited edition singles series. Judging a release by its cover, I think this is going to be generic "neo crust." And unfortunately, I'm right. Only garbage like this can continue to exist and flourish in Middle America. You would think with the internet people would know better and that a lack of touring bands wouldn't cause this much havoc. Releases like this should encourage people to tour the neglected states—look at it like a public punk service. Show people that Rodent Popsicle-esque releases and washed up '90s repos don't have to happen. Profane Existence, where has your self-respect gone? The '90s may be dead, but you're nailing your own coffin here. This is low-punk. And low-punk as in no style and no soul. This 7" is just stupid basic hooks ensuring boring oogles fraternize in disgusting basements somewhere. Oh, and there's a bar code on the back. Fuck this. (AE)
(Profane Existence)

THE WEDGE – "Always Hate You" LP

If Hopeless Records had a "hardcore" subsidiary, this is the kind of band that would be on it: it's melodic, mostly mid-paced hardcore that's definitely angry and uses lots of gloomy riffs, but is too clean, poppy, and nondescript for me to really enjoy. That said, I could see it being a decent gateway record for some misfit teenager who discovered this record after their prior listening habits didn't really hit them. (DG)
(Backwash / Crapoulet / Dingleberry / Dirty Guys Rock Stupid Kids)

THE WIFE BEATERS – "The Beat Goes on!" CD

Ah, so much to say about this. But I'll try and be brief. Firstly, what's with the obsession of all things American/Americana. So far as I can tell, this quartet is from the UK, but come replete with old '50s American car, cowboy hats, and er, the undergarments from whence (presumably) they've taken their name from. And er, what a stupendously shit name it is too. Fuck knows where calling the vest that one would put under one's shirt a wifebeater came from, but, y'know, it's not funny, it's not clever, and alas, domestic assault is not an exclusively American malaise. As you can probably imagine, these milky bar lads play a sub-par brand of grubby rock'n'roll. It's actually almost decent musically, but if you can get past the name/gimmick, the out of town vocals will turn you off sharpish. Bunch of sad cunts, as the Brits would have it. (RK)
(self-released)

WHITE FINGER – "P.A.P. Fats" EP

This seven inch packs to sludgey, slogging mid-paced numbers, sounding essentially like a much punker version of something that would have been on Amphetamine Reptile, like a HAMMERHEAD or a VERTIGO. Particularly, the vocalist sounds as if he's attempting a David Yow type of "unhinged yelping," but without really using much glossalia or slurring or really seeming like he's trying to mangle every word and sound that comes out of his mouth. Whether or not this is a bad thing, he ends up sounding a little bit more like Rob Tyner of MC5 on a bad day. The rhythm section is super straight forward, pounding and slogging. The lead guitar really shines on the A-Side, where the guitarist plays some LINK WRAY style leads, but on the B-Side falls in line with the MC5 comparison. Some of the more appealing sludge-rawk punk I've heard in a while, perhaps because of the vocals with all of their reverb and the lead with it's interesting ideas, but perhaps more so because of the actual grossness of the swagger on this recording. (LP)
(Finger)

WHITMAN – "Miasto Masa Marketing" CD

Eleven tracks (if you include the "hidden" track at the end) of charged political hardcore from this Polish quartet. Actually, they could all be songs about girls (my Polish extends to recognizing the odd city and their web suffix) for all I know, but the artwork is all detourned corporate logos (McShit etc etc) and the like, and would be at home on any self-respecting UK political punk record two decades ago. Musically, it's definitely 21st century melodic hardcore, with the added benefit of being sung in the native tongue. Definitely much more (early) PROPGAGANDHI than AUS ROTTEN, and all the better for it. (RK)
(Pasażer)

WHO NEEDS YOU – "With Friends Like These" EP

The artwork is really cool on this 7". Some creepy creepsters with wild-ass giant masks all trying to hand some little nerd booze and money, and I thought it was going to rule, but it's pretty generic. A few moments are pretty… emotionally fuelled, and were hard for me to handle. I think these guys listen to early SOCIAL DISTORTION, SCREECHING WEASEL, and are gonna be real butt-hurt when they don't get asked to play with the QUEERS. Man, I really like the cover artwork, though. (MD)
(Drink or Die)

V/A – "Dangerhouse Complete Singles Collected 1977-1979" CD

I feel like this is a pretty straightforward thing, do you like Dangerhouse? BAGS? BLACK RANDY? WEIRDOS? AVENGERS? X? The DILS? This is exactly what it's called, a complete collection of the singles put out by Dangerhouse between 1977-1979. A very fine documentation of the beginnings of Southern California punk, the freaks abound. It includes two booklets, one of pictures and band descriptions and the story of Dangerhouse, the other of all the seven inch covers. It's like if you're a fan then duh, right? (MM)
(Munster)

V/A – "Hardcore '013" 2xLP

Too many bands for me to list, but this is a superb document of the current Finnish hardcore scene. VIVISECTIO, YDINPERHE, PORCO DIO, VALIUM KIHARAT join forces with better known bands like TERVEET KÄDET, FORCA MACABRE, VIIMEINEN KOLONNA for an absolute powerhouse compilation. An in-depth review would take pages, as this thing is jammed and the quality level is exceptionally high throughout. Absolutely killer, WHITE TEARS closes the record…and steals it. (WN)
(Kämäset Levyt / Roku)

V/A – "Without Kibou There is Nothing Volume One" EP

Okay, imagine the last time you walked out of a gig because the opening band was so fucking bad you were actively embarrassed for them and couldn't stand to be in the room any more. Now imagine that last eight times that happened. *Now* imagine all of those embarrassingly awful bands' worst signature tunes crammed onto one wretched 7" record. If there's a diamond in this toilet bowl, it's JUST ADD MONSTERS, who contribute a decent '90s-style emotional hardcore track à la MAN AFRAID. Otherwise, the only justification for this record to exist is as a tax write-off à la "Springtime for Hitler" in *The Producers*. (AU)
(Kibou)

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Muscle Horse: www.wearemusclehorse.com
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DEMOS

Send demos and CD-Rs to: MRR attn: Demos, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please provide a postpaid price and a mailing address with your demo! Reviews by Vanessa Asswipe, Matt Badenhop, Robert Collins, Amelia Eakins, Layla Gibbon, Greg Harvester.

AVICHINES – *Nada Que Hacer* – Oh man, get out your nice stationary and write Rafael a friendly letter with some well-concealed cash because he is releasing some fine punk tapes! AVICHINES are from Mexico City and play raw and fun upbeat punk that's simple enough for any dumb punk to dance to, but clever enough to hook the snobs! Lots of great ideas on here at a charging pace and with a variety of vocal styles, including talking à la the STALIN. Not an ounce of pretension—just 110 percent enjoyable punk listening. (Matt) (7-song cassette, no lyrics, Rafael M., 1184 E 13th Ave., Vancouver, BC V5T 2MI, Canada)

BAD IDEA – Floored from the first burst of filthy Boston hardcore that struggles and fights and surges with a power impossible to fake. The intensity is in the delivery as much as the songs themselves; fronted by a vocalist rich with intensity. For stylistic references, the ghosts of their city are prominent, but there's an honesty here that transcends any perceived emulation—BAD IDEA are real as shit. There is anger here, but it's channeled into positivity determination. "Nothing" on its own is worth the entire demo; this is pure. (Robert) (5-song demo, lyrics included, 8 Ashley St. #2, Boston, MA 02130, badideaboston@gmail.com)

BLACK PANTIES – *Dead and Gone* – Spite-filled nihilistic Midwestern hardcore. A murky recording (or reproduction?) cannot hide the power of these riffs, nor can it mask the unbridled contempt from the singer. I can assure you that BLACK PANTIES hate you, and I bet they wreck shit live. Interesting that although the songs here are straight up killers, I take more from the negative vibe than I do from the music, which might be the point. If it's a schtick then it's a really good one, but if the hatred is not contrived then BLACK PANTIES are a terrifying force. "Yeah So What" right into "Shrink Ray" shits all over the '80s USHC rehash wave(s), this shit is on point. (Robert) (10-song cassette, lyrics included, Luc St. Louis, 3881A ALberta, St. Louis, MO 63116, lucstlouis@gmail.com)

BLACK SISTER – *Power From Unicum* – Speed metal played flawlessly by punks. Nothing really to say beyond that, except that this tape has seven stellar studio tracks and five live bangers that harness the band's raw energy. If this sounds like something you might dig, then you probably would, because BLACK SISTER are very good at it. (12-song cassette, lyrics not included, x4298x@gmail.com)

THE BONEYARD MAFIA – *Palates of the Perverse* – Somewhere between shit-fi grind, lo-fi garage and *Confederacy of Scum*, allow me to introduce your new favorite "meth death metal" band from Alabama. Personally, I think they should call themselves "Meth Metal," but I don't want to fukk up their vision. And that vision is obviously one of pure genius, with tracks like "I Saw My Mom in A Porno and Masturbated Anyway," "Queef Jerky," "Ballsack Speedbag" and "Nursing Home Whorehouse." I grew up in the South too, it's tough. (Robert) (26-song CD-R, lyrics *[thankfully]* not included, "look us up on Facebook")

BOX HUNDREDS – Psych rock mixed with the *Billy Jack* soundtrack mixed with JESUS AND MARY CHAIN. This is a little art school and totally '90s indie with a super ethereal vibe due to pretty female vocals. Total MY BLOODY VALENTINE lust and '60s acid guitar. Not my thing but not bad. Your guitarist is amazing! (Amelia) (5-song cassette, lyrics not included, no other information)

BRAIN SLUG – Lose your minds hardcore fans—here is the real deal! BRAIN SLUG is everything you want out of a modern day hardcore band. Nasty and tough with desperate lyrics that crave relief while painting an accurate portrait of modern day depravity. They sound like a cross between YOUTH OF TODAY and POISON IDEA with a mix of all your favorite influences from early New York, Massachusetts, and Connecticut hardcore from the streets. No filler on this tape—it's all legit. If you want no nonsense hardcore in 2013 you'll find it with BRAIN SLUG. Period. (Amelia) (3-song cassette, lyrics included, Bleeding Edges Records, bleedingedges.bigcartel.com)

BRICKS – BRICKS, from Nova Scotia play fuckin' tough guy hardcore and have absolutely no breaks between their songs on this tape. Their singer sounds like a rabid pitbull and the band has a lot of breakdowns in their songs. My friend, Mike, says it sounds like "someone punching a bee's nest." Everything on here is slightly out of tune, which is cool. Perfect for slow circle pits and angry glares. (Greg) (7-song cassette, lyrics not included, cody_cross@hotmail.com)

BURN THE CROSS – A hoarse frenzy of apocalyptic crust presented with none of the hooks or huge production. Just a relentless whirlwind of harsh hardcore, the kind of shit that I had a seemingly limitless appetite for in the '90s (and now find myself looking back to). They hold nothing back, and the singer is constantly on the very edge of collapse—just raw and brutal hardcore. (Robert) (8-song cassette, lyrics included, dementia13@02.pl, burnthecross.bandcamp.com)

THE COLORPLATES – *Agony and Ecstasy* – An unfortunate of *MRR*'s review policies is that releases like this one are relegated to the demo section…but it's a fukkn CD-R so you get what you get and weirdos scouring this section will be justly rewarded. This Seattle outfit was active from '79-'82 and are a perfect example of the glory that can come from a life lived without rules. Equal parts SWELL MAPS, PERE UBU, free jazz and no wave, the COLORPLATES (alternately know as the ADULTS and the PIGMENTS) never made it to wax but instead left a legacy of studio, rehearsal and live recordings—meandering, angular jams that are fukkn *out there*, screaming psych freakouts on some tracks ("Ornette," "Okay," "New Shoes") while others are primitive proto punk burners ("Macho Woman," "Leave Me Alone," "My Little Red Book"), but everything here demands a listen. An excellent document and a compelling, arguably superb, release worth your time for the HENDRIX cover alone—shit is bonkers. Highly recommended (the digital version is available for free, if you are curious but cheap). (Robert) (21-song CD-R, lyrics not included, www.greenmonkeyrecords.com)

CRUOR – Where did this band come from? I haven't come across a modern raw band like this on the West Coast with this type of pogoability since BOG PEOPLE or VERRÄTERISCH! Catchy and punk like DISORDER with a definite 1980s Finnish punk undertone. The guitar is done perfectly and comes through clear without being pretentious—just punk. The drums have a Scandi feel and the whole sound of the band is done very well. The vocals are like a toned down KROSSA where they sound like they're drowning against a wall of reverb but not overdone. I really hoped I'd get to watch this presumably studded madness live sometime, as they reign locally in California but they broke up. (Amelia) (5-song cassette, lyrics not included, FYBS Records, fybsrecords.blogspot.com)

DERAS KRIG – These Oakland boys love SHITLICKERS and DISCARD as much as you do. For a modern day comparison, they'd be perfect on a line-up with PISSHEADS. If you missed their recent Western US tour, this is their tour tape full of deafening D-beat destruction.

Bands like DERAS KRIG keep this genre alive and are why raw punk still thrives. This tape is really good and recorded in the rawest way; how punk tapes sound best. Get this and play loud! (Amelia) (4-song cassette, lyrics not included, Shithammer Records, deraskrig.bandcamp.com)

DILDOZER – DILZDOZER plays fairly standard '90s style pop punk, but the lyrics are actually kind of funny…not hokey…Okay, they're a little hokey and flat at times, but I think they're on point for the most part. My friend Jacob says, "This music is definitely not timeless" because the lyrics reference Instagram, the internet, cellphones, the word "totes" and other stuff like that. If you like pop punk, you'll probably be into this. (Greg) (7-song cassette, lyrics included, dildozerfl.bandcamp.com)

CRETINS – New raw and ripping hardcore from Richmond, VA. Some memorable riffing in the classic USHC vein with a touch of a Japanese HC pulse at times. Very powerful recording with the guitars right up front. The vocalist has a harsh bark that stays mostly flat the whole tape, making me wish for more variety. Overall a really good first effort. (Matt) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, $4 ppd, PO Box 25045, Richmond, VA 23260, feelitrecords.gmail.com)

DENIZENZ – While I don't understand why you would record a full length and then send it in to *MRR* with no artwork or info other than a note that you are "looking for someone to press it to vinyl," I confess that I'm glad this ended up in my hands (and ears). Forceful and insistent punk, DENIZENZ are packed with hooks and harness the same kind of refreshing reinterpretation of proven jams that make fellow Portlanders RED DONS so damned good. Guitars are huge and clean, the vocals are snarky and confident, and if you aren't dancing (at least in your mind) by "Sticks and Stones" then you should have your pulse checked—and "Death Marchers" is even better. This stuff is not typically my jam, but good is good…and this is very good. Now press the damn record yourselves, kids. (Robert) (13-song CD-R, lyrics not included, 2825 SE Washington St., Portland, OR 97214, denizenz.bandcamp.com)

DISTRESS – *Life, Death…Rebirth* – It seems that this Russian crust band has been around for ten years now, and this is their seventh (including splits) full length. Stylistically it's fast and pulsing crust with huge vocals, bringing to mind TRAGEDY and WOLFBRIGADE. Melody and metal both have strong roles in their sound as well, and though I don't typically go for this stuff, I can't deny that this is great stuff. (Matt) (12-song cassette, lyrics included, destroysounds@hotmails.com, lutralutrarec@gmail.com)

EEKUM SEEKUM – *Glitter Bomb* – Gruff and jerky queer hardcore form Nova Scotia. The songs are catchy as hell, with the melodies brilliantly masked by subtle frustrations and raspy vocals. Lyrics are determined and defiant, which suits the vibe of the band perfectly. A long way from polished, but I'll take honest over slick any day. (Robert) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, 2477 Agricola St., Halifax, NS B3K 4C5, Canada, eekumseekum.bandcamp.com)

EEL – *Dead in Cleveland* – This was recorded really badly and I do not say that lightly. Punk tapes are meant to be recorded and dubbed grossly on cheap, broken equipment. That is punk and this tape is how punk is done. This way, it maintains and ensures the authenticity of a punk band's lack of integrity while maintaining the raw, bloody sound that punx of this vein crave and reproduce. EEL vocals have the energy and spastic nature of GAUZE, the drums are fast and punk, and the rest is distorted and a mess of hell noise. I got #69/100 but they were probably all made that way, you know like how all our EBT pin numbers are 1982. This is pure propaganda. (Amelia) (?-song cassette, lyrics not included, up yours, 3030 Paulowna Street Pitsburgh, PA 15219)

ESCALOFRIO – Tight and ferocious hardcore with regular blast-beats from Chicago. The drums are ultra-punchy and the pace is relentless. There's a dual male/female vocal attack here that actually works in their favor, and some great sound clips tying the songs together. Plenty of tempo changes and hooks to keep your attention. Nice unique little fold-out insert too! A high-quality demo from a very competent new band. (Matt) (8-song cassette, lyrics included, escalofrio.bandcamp.com)

EXTERMINACION – *Demo 11'* – Sounds like raw hardcore punk is alive and well in Medellin. Shredding guitar distortion, throttling bass lines, thrashing drumbeats, and intense-maniac hollering make this sound like EXTERMINACION; could have fit right smack in the middle of the *La Ciudad Podrida* LP comp. A comparison to classic Finnish HC is due as well, mostly because of the rapid bass-picking and the TAMPERE SS cover. An onslaught on the ears that's just catchy enough to grab ahold the rest of the punx! Fucking awesome! (Matt) (8-song cassette, lyrics included, Rafael M., 1184 E 13th Ave., Vancouver, BC V5T 2MI, Canada)

FRAU – Sick rowdy punk from London, featuring members of GOOD THROB, LAS TIMIDAS and WOOLF, all bands clear representation of the evil geniuses at work in the girl/underground right now. This tape providing yet more evidence that in most cases it's the same five/ten people in all the good bands in each town/scene etc., etc.. It's sort of chaotic, furious bass lines, rolling relentless drums over which shards of guitar and venomous vocals take out what remains of your nerves. It's rambunctious like the best of SWELL MAPS, that sort of rowdy quality that somehow puts across the feeling of being on a bus with a million teenage girls all talking about their favorite movies at once, but then it's also as furious as RUTTO somehow! Chaotic discordants who love Crass Records shit as much as UK DIY and noise should send off for this shit ASAP. (Layla) (8-song cassette, lyrics included, £3, riotsnotdiets.bandcamp.com)

FULL ON – *The Stinkeye Sessions* – Pretty generic punk'n'roll. The mix is warm, the guitars shred a lot and are gritty and bluesy sounding, but the vocalist sounds awkward and there's not really anything memorable going on here. (Matt) (11-song cassette, lyrics not included, no contact info)

GRAN MAL – My introduction to this demo would have been interesting to document: It looks like crap so I was predisposed to not enjoy it at all *(shallow? maybe, but fact nonetheless)*, then it wouldn't play in my digital music playing device (one of the multitude of reasons that I hate CD-Rs), so I searched them on the internets *(a useful but still inexplicably frustrating alternate)* and found their demo in streaming 21st Century form. I clicked *(as opposed to "pressed") play* and the ramshackle sounds of this Missouri outfit flowed from my computer, a sterile and soulless experience…and I felt my evening slipping away whilst I searched for words that would convey both feigned empathy and ambivalence. And then something clicked—and I love GRAN MAL. It's the same energy that made NEON PISS instantly appealing; it's the embodiment of that French term that means GRAN MAL just have something that makes them work. It's melodic sometimes, but it's also abrasive and raw, and the vocals are sharp and delivered with purpose. The guitar leads are piercing and sound like they are coming through an amp pieced together from scrapyard remnants *(and the East Bay Ray quality is undeniable)*. The sounds are harsh, but the writing is well advanced and the result is not unlike a drunken lurch home after a questionable evening—dangerous yet comfortable. Sold. (Robert) (7-song CD-R, lyrics included, 301 N. 5th Street, Columbia, MO 65201, taskforce1.bandcamp.com/album/gran-mal)

GUIDELINE D.A. – *No Fun!* Germany's GUIDELINE D.A. leans towards anthemic street punk while managing to cling to a hint of an edge. It's all very straightforward and safe, the kind of thing that fades in and out of conscious listening, but every time it fades back in you're like "this ain't half bad" and then you get lost thinking about something else or dicking around on the internet. I'm not suggesting that happened to me, but let's just say it's a potential hazard when your music is made to be played on a computer and not on a boombox. (6-song CD-R, lyrics not included, $4ppd, guideline-d-a@gmx.de)

HOT DOG – *Top Ten* – Painfully simple punk with vocals as the focal point. The music is kinda cartoonish but really subdued, lots of single note meandering on the guitar, rudimentary at best. The vocals are the focal point, like DICKIES but without the charisma (or the vocal chops). There's a charm that I can't quite describe, but I don't think I can listen to the whole thing in one sitting. (Robert) (10-song CD-R, lyrics not included, josmox@googlemail.com)

HYDE – Rabid and snarling one-man-band hardcore from a member of NYC's BRAIN SLUG. Pretty straightforward with mean riffs and drumming topped off by a vocalist akin to LIFE'S BLOOD. Two thumbs up for sound and delivery, but lacking the magic needed to leave a lasting impression. (Matt) (7-song cassette, lyrics included, Just A Audial, 3076 35th St. Apt 4A, Astoria, NY 11103)

ISKALLT REGN – *Demo '13* – Thrashing hardcore from Houston, TX, with a Swedish name. The power and the riffs are there, but there's not much originality to keep my interest on here. Sort of reminds me of a less exciting and less harsh EXTREME NOISE TERROR at times. Decent (presumed) first effort. (Matt) (5-song cassette, no lyrics, Torture Garden Picture Company, 217 Marshall St. #B, Houston, TX 77006)

JAPANESE FURNACE – HC from upstate NY that has a very post BORN AGAINST almost CITIZENS ARREST '90s hardcore feel, discordant, flailing rage that will please fans of that era of New York hardcore. It's fucked up aggro noise, but a different direction to most purveyors of USHC nowadays. They don't seem throwback style, definitely in the eternal sound of disgust and discouragement, just less of a knuckle draggin' take on things than is the current trend. Came with a cool note about the Syracuse HC continuum. (Layla) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, $4, primeeggsamplerecords.bandcamp.com/album/japanese-furnace-demo-I, T Clement, 184 Fellows Ave, Syracuse NY 13210)

KAREN – If the DEAD MILKMEN tried to be CHROME, you would get KAREN. This is spastic noise punk that can't decide if it wants to be experimental or have structure. It's goofy, but serious. Either way, there's a certain nervousness about their music that gives their sound some urgency. This demo is good, but seeing KAREN live is much better. They're from Oakland, CA. (Vanessa) (17-song CD-R, lyrics not included, karensmells.bandcamp.com)

LIGHTNING FLASH – The first song reminded me of NASTY FACTS' "Drive My Car." Insanely catchy punk/pop with female vocals... the tape varies but for the most part is goofy upbeat punk with some bite, fans of THIS IS MY FIST or even SHOPPERS apply immediately! Definitely veers more to the pop punk side of the playing field, with very earnest, self-consciously smart and very ridiculous lyrics, the lo-fi quality of the recording gives it a power it definitely wouldn't have if Salinas or Don Giovanni released this however. Basement punk power?! Maryn has a cool voice. (Layla) (11-song cassette, lyrics included, ryanj@monsterhousepress.com)

MAKESHIFT/GARBAGE DAY – *split* – Two trios that share two members offer two songs each. GARBAGE DAY play adult bar punk with a vaguely '70s rock bent, MAKESHIFT play adult bar punk with a vaguely '70s rock bent. That is not a typo. (Robert) (4-song cassette, lyrics not included, UT Records, PO Box 467, Amherst, NY 14226)

THE MANUAL AND THE MACHINE – *Criminal Justice/Population Bottleneck* – More chaotic than their previous releases, San Francisco duo the MANUAL AND THE MACHINE are creating their own subgenre of noisy avant hardcore with drone and electronics and no wave by way of powerviolence. Sometimes bands make you rock out, sometimes bands make you sing along, but this band makes you think about punk. About what it is, about how it is created and about what it is for. These are thinking people's sounds: powerful, psychedelic, honest. Cannot recommend this enough. (Robert) (14-song cassette, lyrics included, www.musicforheadphones.com)

THE MANUAL AND THE MACHINE – This is some pretty whacked out stuff from the Bay Area. A guitar and drum attack where it sometimes feels as if the two players and performing completely separate of one another. The recording quality makes the drums sound distant and alone. The music is sometimes noisy, but sometimes the guitarist is playing standard riffs. My friend Mike said it sounds like "blues-based noise." The songs on this tape don't do much for me, but I've heard great things from this band on their other efforts. (Greg) (14-song cassette, lyrics included, musicforheadphones.com)

MEMBRANE – A truly raw-recorded demo! Mostly rooted in US hardcore, MEMBRANE comes off more abrasive due to scratchy doubled vocals and a pummeling snare ringing through the chaos. There's a layer of filth coating this sound that definitely puts them in line with other praised NYC punk bands—probably sharing members with them. But hey, maybe not—I don't really know any of those folks. On a different day I would maybe prefer a slightly clearer recording, but today this sounds amazing. (Matt) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, insaneinthemembrane.bandcamp.com)

MERCENARY – It's nice when the reviews start out like this. It's probably not nice for the poor band I'm gonna listen to after MERCENARY, but for me? It's fantastic. Full on hardcore pushed to the absolute limit, desperate and *definitely* serious. Vocals are strained and pleading, and the riffs borrow from Sweden and Japan without ever aping or coming off as generic. My first inclination was to compare them to DEATHREAT, and after listening all the way through I have decided that such praise is not even slightly unwarranted. The bar has been set extremely high this month. (Robert) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, mar9091@hotmail.com)

NECTARINE PIE – *Dragged Out in Drug City* – Laid back power pop à la BIG STAR, but with equal parts '80s alternative (I'm thinking OCEAN BLUE here) and modern drugged out garage leanings. A couple of jams on this tape are certified hits, and the psychedelic leanings are addictive for sure...these positives (and the fact the "White Fuzz" is an absolute killer) outweigh any negative comments I could make (like that it's kinda dull, monopaced and uninspired). (Robert) (10-song cassette, lyrics not included, welcomeintheshitrecords@gmail.com, antoniomasci@live.it)

NERV – *3* – It's hard to describe the unquantifiable quality that NERV has. That quality is not what makes them awesome, their rapid fire USHC hardcore takes care of that handily, but the *thing* that they do that I can't describe is what makes them essential. It's as if they are playing hardcore because they simply don't have a choice, and as a result they are very, very good at it. Iowa City Hardcore Punk indeed, seriously. (Robert) (7-song cassette, lyrics not included, J. Milzk, 109 N. Dodge Street, Iowa City, IA 52245, nerv.bandcamp.com)

NERVE BEATS / PALABRA – *split* – PALABRA play bursts of Latin/pop that is probably not really *MRR*-able, but if you dig experimental aggressive pop music that sort of makes me think of Fort Thunder-era sounds but with a backyard Cumbia attack you might dig this... NERVE BEATS is from Hawaii and has a rad EMBARRASSMENT style, the vocals made me think DEVO or almost BIG BOYS, but it's definitely got that college bands circa 1981 attack on punk rock, so all you art student insurrectionaries grab this OK? (Layla) (10-song cassette, lyrics not included, nervebeatshawaii@gmail.com)

NO CODE – Post-punk from Pensacola that's urgent and despondent but not in a of the moment darkwave manner; it's somewhere between MISSION OF BURMA with more of a bashed out current Australian take on old UK DIY tapes. If that even makes sense. I mean this is good! It's minimalist, and the songs are nervous/smart. Definitely a keeper. (Layla) (6-song cassette, lyrics not included, itsonlynoise@hotmail.com)

OFFICER GOTCHA – *Towards Cuckooland* – Melodic and mostly mid-paced punk with metallic sounding guitars that play pop punk solos, anthemic choruses and vocals that drip with Fat Mike's sneer. These bands were a dime a dozen in 1994, but I haven't heard this brand of punk in a while. This demo was recorded in 2011. (Robert) (14-song CD-R, no lyrics, officergotcha.bandcamp.com)

PANZRAM – *Judgment Night Soundtrack* – Obnoxious noise-rock-indie stuff drenched in guitar noise. Always clashing chords, whiny singer, slow loose drumming...very '90s. ORCHID/PG. 99 kinda stuff with. Nice looking layout, and it's clear that they put a lot of effort into their release, but still, yuck. (Matt) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, $5 ppd US / $6.50 ppd Can+Mex / $9 ppd world, hiszeroisgone@yahoo.com, PO Box 457, Ft. Myers, FL 33902)

PINKOS – Do I hear Ron from ACID REFLUX here? I think I do, and these freaks aren't too off from the aforementioned singer's previous band. PINKOS are fast, sassy, juvenile, and tone-deaf punk lashing out at nukes, "cool" kids, couples and urban life. Just the lyrics to "Mating Pairs" are enough of a reason to grab this tape! Thumbs up. (Matt) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, codyage@gmail.com)

PLATES – *Four Horsemen of Beauty* – A posthumous document from this excellent dark outfit from Buffalo. They can drench a guitar in reverb as well as any bunch of calculating bandwagon jumpers, but PLATES' aural aesthetic is *real*. The soaring power of songs like "To Pieces," deconstructing total simplicity and making each element mesmerizing and indispensable, this is what PLATES did best—on a casual listen, they are a pretty damn solid

mid-paced punk band with noisy guitars and an understated goth tinge. But dig deeper and you'll be rewarded with seriously powerful sounds. Tracks here from vinyl releases, a live radio show and two previously unreleased gems. It takes a strong punk to do this so well, sorry they have called it quits. (16-song cassette, some lyrics included, $5ppd, www.drugparty.org)

PLEASURE INDUSTRY – They call themselves "hardcore punk" with their polite handwritten note. It sounds more like noisy Brooklyn hipster stuff that probably falls into that message board scene. I wouldn't be surprised if one of these kids was repressed, privileged, angry, white and maybe living in a loft? That said, they're good but it's total message board hardcore. It's that modern take on hardcore that feels elite and contrived, not legit like early NYHC. These guys are "from Brooklyn" but probably not really from Brooklyn, you know? That said, if you mosh in the modern era, you'd probably mosh to this because it's still good even if it's just like every other hardcore band filled with "angry" nerds. (Amelia) (7-song cassette, lyrics included, Martin Hladik, 820 Myrtle Avenue, #2, Brooklyn, NY 11206)

THE PLODES – *A Foot Was as Long as…A Foot!* – Catchy bubblegum punk that leans towards coffee shop rock. Almost painfully upbeat, the PLODES come off like M.O.T.O. and LOVE SONGS, it's rock'n'roll, but it's syrupy sweet…and they are very good at all of it. The accordion is a nice touch, and the ditties rarely reach the 90 second mark. (Robert) (12-song cassette, lyrics not included, 1026 Clark Dr., Vancouver, BC V5L 2J9, Canada, theplodes.bandcamp.com)

PRIESTS – Best band! DCHC! Well actually this is more PINK SECTION than GI. The vocalist has this sick PENELOPE HOUSTON style tough/vulnerable intonation, the music is great insurgent punk that grabs you by the throat, so fucking catchy and smart and fuck you… Total power music, sound of a revolution. Their 7" was great, but this is incendiary. Can't wait to hear what they do next. (Layla) (7-song cassette, no lyrics, sisterpolygon@gmail.com, priests.bandcamp.com)

PRIMARY STRESS – Two-woman crust/black metal from Nova Scotia. One vocalist sings somewhere in a middle range and the other has a fairly high-pitched scream that feels out of place, which I think is pretty awesome. Even though there is no bass in the band, it feels like there is one at times. There's some pretty thick metal riffs punctuated by blastbeats and bleak shrieks. Solid tape! (Greg) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, 2477 Agricola St, Halifax, NS B3K 4C3, Canada, primarystress@gmail.com)

SNAKE HANDLER – The band themselves said that they are nothing special and they're right…but, sometimes having specialness isn't the important part. Sometimes, you just want ripping, blown out, fucked up, nasty hardcore to tear your face off while you slowly die in a crumbling warehouse. That's what this is. It's excellent. Get it, you fucking idiot. (Greg) (6-song cassette, lyrics not included, bagofcliches@gmail.com)

SPACE WOLVES – *III* – SPACE WOLVES play very upbeat, very positive sounding pop. It's so pop that I almost hesitate to refer to it as punk. There's an organ and glockenspiel on some songs. The band uses quite a few clichéd pop tricks, but many of the songs also benefit from being phenomenally short…like 12-45 seconds. The recording quality makes it sound like it was recorded off of an AM radio station, which is pretty great to me. (Greg) (12-song tape, lyrics not included, spacewolves.us)

SPARROW FALLS – *Maelstrom* – SPARROW FALLS from the Netherlands brought me back to middle school when I used to like THURSDAY and ALKALINE TRIO. Their sound is very screamo core minus the dramatic vocals. Checkout their bandcamp and see if you like this. (Vanessa) (6-song CD, lyrics not included, sparrow-falls.bandcamp.com)

THISCLOSE – My guess is that this band is a pisstake gone horribly right. Take *Grave New World* through *Massacre Divine*-era DISCHARGE, make the vocals even more comically falsetto (like the dude from AGONY COLUMN but even more comically falsetto) while making the music legitimately badass. It's a hard thing to imagine, but the result is fukkn killer. (Robert) (9-song cassette, lyrics included, x4298x@gmail.com)

LOS VALIENTES – This tape kicks off with some punk bass that speeds up and leads into ultra catchy punk rock. The guitar is fast and furious and the songs are the type that you sing along to with your fist in the air. This band is from Buenos Aires, Argentina and they sing in Spanish. They're super high energy and have multiple influences that come out in all their songs similar to BOOM BOOM KID—once you think you've labeled them, you hear a garage influence to hardcore to thrash. LOS VALIENTES means "the brave" for those of you who don't speak Spanish. (Amelia) (5-song cassette, lyrics not included, somoslosvalientes@hotmail.com, somoslosvalientes.bandcamp.com, www.crapoulet.fr, cool@crapoulet.fr)

LOS VERRUGAS – This band is snotty like the JONESES and sounds like MÉTAL URBAIN or HANKY PANKY or something out of the '80s French punk scene but they're from Peru and sing in Spanish. If upbeat punk that sounds very power pop mixed with the catchiness and vintage feel of *KBD* bands and borders on modern day garage is your fancy, LOS VERRUGAS is for you! This tape is good—it's pure classic punk rock. To reiterate in case this review wasn't clear—this tape is very, very good. My favorite Crapoulet Record release to date! (Amelia) (7-song cassette, lyrics included, losverrugas.blogspot.com, www.crapoulet.fr, cool@crapoulet.fr)

WEAK LINK – I first heard this band on a tape I scored in a free box, and that demo has gotten regular listens over the last two years… I'm happy to have more from this Newfoundland outfit. Songs from a forthcoming LP, this five track banger is flawless hardcore…NEGATIVE APPROACH by way of Boston perhaps, but there's a small town tweak that I'm going to assume is accidental and/or unavoidable. Sure, this is the kind of "old is new" shit that the kids go apeshit over, but sometimes the kids have good taste, you know? Extremely psyched to hear a full-length platter. (Robert) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, M. Phillips, 200B Pleasant St., St. John's, Newfoundland, A1E 1L8, Canada, xchildrenofthegravex@gmail.com)

V/A – *Bus Stop Press: MMXIII* – Label samplers are pretty awesome when presented as something between a mix tape for friends and a punk promotional tool. And when I'm not familiar with a single band before I start listening and the bands come from all over the place, then it's even better. Emotional punk, sometimes chaotic and sometimes melodic, killer snotty garage, a few folky things I could live without. Quality level is exceptionally high regardless of genre; favorite tracks are from COPY SCAMS, REMEK, CROSS DIVISION and the unfortunately named APPLE JUICE and CHASING PAPERBOY. (Robert) (16-song cassette, no lyrics, T. Ledry, 19 Montée du Caroubier, 06240 Beausoleil, France, busstoppress.weebly.com)

V/A – *FSDC 2* – Had to do a little interneting to find out what the fukk this was, but I was digging the shit out of the sounds the whole time I was searching, and I must admit I rather enjoyed the mystery. Flawless power pop, freaked out psychedelic punk, spaced out garage, lo-fi brilliance…this takes in the whole spectrum and vomits all over the coffee table without even messing up that line you were about to snort. BLCK NGHBRHD is the clear champion here, with a track of INTERPOL by way of REATARD demos, but the whole damn thing is excellent. HOLIDAY GIRLS, JORMA WHITTAKER and CREEPING PINK tracks stand out, and DMA. Actually, maybe that DMA track is the champion? Shit, good thing this isn't a contest. Apparently all of this shit is from Indiana… (Robert) (10-song cassette, lyrics not included, www.gloryholerecords.com)

V/A – *No Morir Si!: A Latino Punk-Hardcore Mixtape for My Friends* – The title speaks for itself. This nice fellow Rafael from Venezuela (you may have heard his bands FRACASO or PURE MANIA) made this tape for a friend in his new stomping grounds of Vancouver, and I guess he decided to make more copies to trade with other folks who are interested. Expect nothing but the best from Peru, Mexico, Colombia, Venezuela, Uruguay, Panama, Ecuador, Chile, Brazil and Paraguay, mostly from the '80s and '90s. It's really inspiring to see such a labor of love in mixtape form nowadays, and Rafael created just that with a foldout cover featuring photos and a long write-up with info/origin of all the bands. Lots of classic stuff you may already know such as ATAQUE FRONTAL, MASSACRE 68 and RATOS DE PORAO, but with a few new names on here, even to my international HC-punk-loving ass such as MUTANEX, EDR and LOS KK URBANA. Fucking brilliant. Also, "This tape is not for sale. Fuck money." (Matt) (32-song cassette, lyrics not included, for trade only, Rafael M., 1184 E 13th Ave, Vancouver, BC V5T 2MI, Canada)

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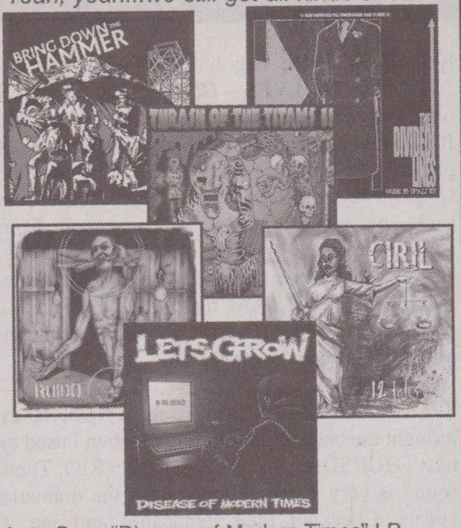

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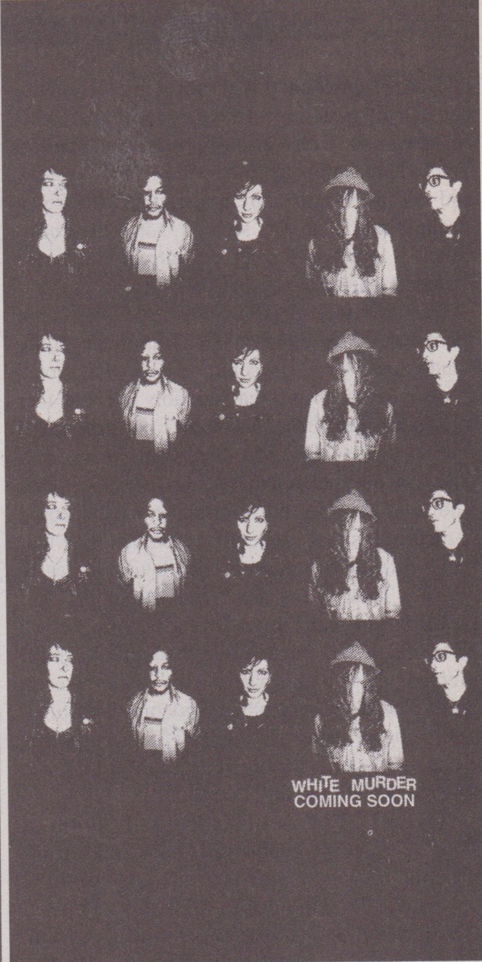

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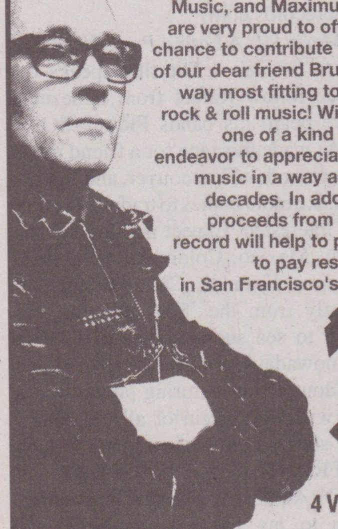

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ZINES

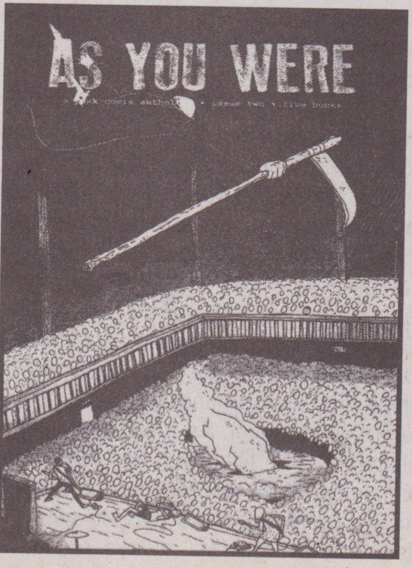
Send zines for review to: MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please include the following info on a separate piece of paper with your zine: postpaid price, international price, do you take trades?, size, copied or printed?, number of pages, language, mailing address, website address, email address.

Reviews by:
(AR) Arlian Amend-All
(VX) Vanessa Asswipe
(MA) Matt Badenhop
(MB) Mariam Bastani
(JB) Julia Booze
(EC) E. Conner
(FF) Francesca Foglia
(AG) Alison Gaye
(DG) Dan Goetz
(LG) Layla Gibbon
(DJ) Danny Gresham
(OG) Oscar Gutierrez
(MM) Marissa Magic
(KM) Kevin Manion
(JM) Jeff Mason
(AP) Ari Perezdiez
(LA) Lydia Phelps
(MP) Max Power

AMIGO BLAS Vol. 1, 2, 3 / 2 euros
11.75 x 4.5 – copied – 16 pgs – Spanish
Amigo Blas is a super nifty skinny comic zine, created by Hector from Toledo (you might recognize his work from that Sudor EP a few months ago). Hector definitely has a super strong, recognizable aesthetic, a cheeky sense of humour and a fun way of exaggerating. This simple sort of stick-figure comic usually features two characters having a surreal conversation and incorporates, among other things: meteorites and flying saucers, nuns and popes, crucifixes and nooses; big dicks, small dicks, bloody dicks and scruffy dicks; grinning amigos, guitar-playing chums, unibrowed fat bastards and grubby punks; dung-eating monkeys, dung-circling flies, pigs and donkeys, farts and vomit! A simple recipe really, yet highly effective, with lots of recognizable words, like mierda e maldito, culo e puta, escatologia e muerto—ideal for dumb punks like myself who can only barely read Spanish. These is so minimal and eye-catching that I would get more of them solely for the way they look (and so I can have something to chuckle at while I smoke weed on the shitter!) There seem to be *at least* eighteen of these (if not more by now), so grab a stack and a dictionary and get into it! (LA)
Hector Melchor / Apdo. 434 / CP 45080 / Toledo / Spain

ASSWIPE #4 / $2 or trade
8.5 x 11 – copied – 22 pgs
I always find it slightly surreal to read zines by people I don't know in places I've lived/live. It's like I'm reading about all these people and places I know but who the fuck is this person? I'm not sure if I care. I stay home most of the time. This is a pretty typical fanzine type thing, show reviews, tape reviews, diaries and rants. There's a weird erotic story about fucking on BART (these things happen, I have witnessed them). It's decent, it looks cool and it's not too obnoxious. Who is this person? They are probably 23 and I have probably rolled my eyes at them. (MM)
asswipemagazine@gmail.com

AS YOU WERE #2 / $5
8.5 x 11 – printed – 80 pgs
This issue of *As You Were* came with a little press letter that included an abridged quote of my review of last issue, which strikes me as pretty funny because I always wondered who those "James Johnson of the Ohio Sun"-style reviewers were always like "eight thumbs up" to *Air Bud 16*. My grandma always said I was gonna make it! But for real this zine is pretty awesome, even if it didn't get at me as much as the last one. Liz Prince's comics are fucking great as always, as are Steve Larder and Meg Has Issues. I didn't get into Mitch Clem's comic as much as the watercolor style shading courtesy of Nation of Amanda, but isn't that how comps and anthologies always are? For every bummer track or comic there is a gem like Kett Nerd's comic recreation of the "Step Down" video to make you run out and find more of what you like! (AG)
1057 Valencia St / San Francisco, CA 94110 / silversprocket.net



BAITLINE #46 / free or trade, please supply SASE
8.5 x 11 – copied – 8 pgs
Always the perfect amount of freaky and nasty, your local fuckup classifieds are waiting for your submission and answers to ads. The psychics support group caught my eye in particular. So did the herbal worms cure and the butthole drawing announcing the mission of this fine publication. Where else can "gay hippie jock babes" find each other? What do you have to lose? (JB)
Sy Wagon / 74A Coleridge St. / San Francisco, CA 94110

BRAN SCAM #2 / free
4 x 5.5 – printed – 12 pgs
I read this zine in about, five minutes? It was a super quick read. It basically highlighted some stories about womyn Bran Scam encountered during some traveling he did. This zine is a collaborative piece with his girlfriend Christina (no participation of Christina on this issue); it's a short zine with not much more to it. Not sure what other issues consist of, but definitely interested to see what other things these folks put out. Also, Scam is an artist and includes a small, yet visible image of a poster he recently made for Belgrado—sweet. (OG)
Bran Scam / Po Box 343 / Cameron, AZ 86020

THE DAILY COMPULSION #5 / $1
5 x 8.5 – copied – 14 pgs
This is a short comic documenting the author's struggle with alcoholism and their path to sobriety. It chronicles snippets of the last seven years of their life and also talks about their struggle with depression and relationships. I think it's really important that people share stories of their paths to sobriety because it offers support for others who are also struggling. It can also humanize people who are usually pushed out of communities and stigmatized due to their substance abuse. Maybe

with these stories we can create sustainable systems of care and support in our own communities. Overall this is a really humbling read, the art is pretty cool, basic comic style with a slight grey-wash in various tones and color sprinkled throughout. But I can do without the appropriation of insurrectionary anarchist imagery to promote hard line-esque beliefs and sexism sprinkled within this work. (AP)
bxtch37420@hotmail.com / www.thedailycompulsion.com

GAD #2 / free or trade
8.5 x 11 – copied – 20 pgs
A submission based music and culture zine from Gadsen, Alabama focusing on DIY punk in the Southeastern United States. Even though it has that heavy contrast, janky cut and paste style you would expect of late night scam sessions at Kinkos, this zine takes ads and has a staff. There isn't a specific categorization for anything and all the content is almost haphazardly placed along with ads, which at times can be mistaken for content. This issue has interviews with melodic hardcore band Latin for Truth, filmmaker Ben Farley and No Pants Productions along with small opinion pieces and reviews of bands and releases. Perfect reading for those who want to delve deep into small-town punk scenes. (AP)
PO Box 394 / Gadsen, AL 35902 / gadpunk@gmail.com

I WAS A TEENAGED SCUM-FUCK Vol. III / $?
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 32 pgs
People who complain about oogles categorically suck. Straight up, if you talk shit on the "privileges" of being a young, broke, dirty, drug addicted weirdo fuck you. Also, fuck people for homogenizing all homeless youth as "white" or "secretly rich" or "straight" or whatever the fuck. I'm not saying that kid at the show who keeps calling someone a fag or is trying to get their dog drunk isn't annoying, but you know what else is fucking annoying? Your nasty ass $50 haircut or your mortgage or your recent promotion to manager. This zine is a breath of fresh air. Billy gets it right on all counts. Interesting stories about living the life. White-knuckled hitchhiking through Florida (I was right there with you girl, about five years earlier) sleeping with gross dudes, cocaine in hotel rooms and ruining the bro pop punk party at Gainesville, Florida's notorious PBR sponsored Fest (also very fucking annoying by the way). Aiding along the story line are Billy's simple (sometimes crude) line drawings. This issue comes with an extra mini zine about Billy's personal religion "Yapphism" (happy backward is yapph). All's well that ends well but the story isn't over and I need a copy of volume 4 ASAP. (EC)
decidedlyso@aol.com

LIFE IS POSERS #1 / $5
5.5 x 8.5 – printed – 56 pgs
This punk comic zine looks really cool at first glance. The artist gives us great artwork with clean lines and is really good at drawing punks. I was enjoying this zine until he took the storyline to spring break. The rest of the comic is about scuzzy punx trying to get with girls at a house party and doing lots of drugs. It reminded me of *Family Guy*, which sucks. Mike is Posers does artwork for the Friday F**kin Funnies, so if you enjoy his stuff on the *MRR* website, definitely check this out, but be warned that the humor isn't for everyone. (VX)
lifeisposers@hotmail.com / lifeisposers.com

THE MATCH #112 / $3
8.5 x 7 – printed – 72 pgs
I haven't read *The Match* in probably eight years, so I was super excited to see what Fred has been up to. Man, he's even crankier than ever and I love it! For the seven people that don't know, Fred Woodworth has been putting out this anarchist zine since 1969 (!!!), does his own typesetting and printing, and uses no computers whatsoever. As always, a beautiful full color cover, filled with very well written disdain for cops, religion, media, authority, (most) technology and almost everything else in between. I've always really liked this guy. It's easy to get soft after more than forty years in print, but Fred and the gang are angrier than ever, and without sounding like blubbering wingnuts to boot. Highly recommended. Cash or stamps, only. No checks. He means it, folks. (MD)
PO Box 3012 / Tucson, AZ. 85702

NIGHT READER MORE THAN FIGHT #2 / donations in euros or trade
6 x 8.25 – copied – 48 pgs
Full disclosure: the maker of this zine has been a penpal of mine for about a year, so I'm already a fan of his. Anyone who likes to sit down and just gush about their favorite bands, records, zines, etc. will immediately appreciate and connect with Remi's enthusiasm for what he's currently enjoying these days. I love his ability to fluidly convey his own thoughts and perspectives through his reviews and extract others in his interviews. In this issue he lovingly interviews Venezuelan punks Fracaso and Brazilian noisecore veteran Leonardo Estevam, and thoroughly reviews records, tapes, zines and movies he's currently digging. The layout is simple but with a classic cut and paste aesthetic. The wit and charm in the writing is honest and humble and you'll wanna sit down with Remi and find some common punk interests (there's a wide variety represented here) and just nerd out and connect with him for hours. A great issue and a true gem! (MA)
Remi Dazet / Enautenia / 17 Avenue de la Gare / 69250 Cambo Les Bains / France / chupacabra.sucks@gmail.com

NO REST FOR THE WICKED #1 / **STUPID QUESTIONS** #4
5 x 7.5 – copied – 20 pgs
Split zine! *No Rest for the Wicked* is two pages of short blurbs about punks stealing stuff—food, money, construction equipment. An interesting concept, but the writing style seems extremely forced. It was hard to read through even though it was so short. *Stupid Questions* is considerably lengthier than the split side. This issue has a new more cut and paste layout than the previous issues, which is always better for a DIY zine. There is a column/rant about punk in general with some good, yet obvious observations, some not so great reviews, one question interviews with Terveet Kädet, Contort and Cydernide, a reprint from *MRR* of Amelia's guest column with tips for the sober punk and two interviews, one with Disguise and another with Krömosom. The interviews are the strongest part of the zine. They are entertaining and while the questions vary from great to silly, the overall result is a good

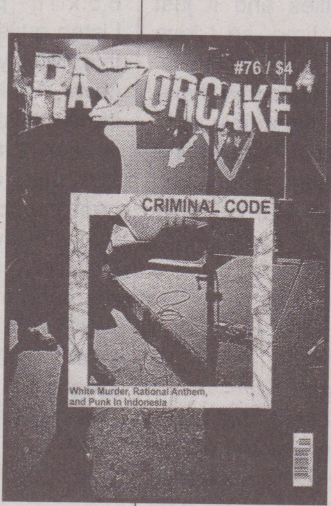
conversation among friends. What I appreciate most about *Stupid Questions* is the seemingly earnest and honest opinions of its author. Even if it's not all the most fun to read, the interviews are good and I hope that he keeps it going. (MB)
62 George Street / Millport / Isle of Cumbrae / KA28 OBJ / UK

OCCUPATIONAL HAZARDS / $4
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 67 pgs
I've said it before and I'll say it again: Baltimore is cooler than this. *Smile, Hon, You're in Baltimore* puts out these thematic anthology zines every so often. Full of poems, prose and real life stories, they give off very snooze button feelings. It doesn't matter that it's a collaborative exercise; that should mean that *something* in it is *good* or at least *interesting*. Laid out on computers with plenty of terrible fonts to keep you at least visually harassed. (EC)
W.P. Tandy c/o Eight Stone Press / PO Box 11064 / Baltimore, MD 21212 / wpt@eightstonepress.com

PILTDOWNLAD #6: Institutionalized / donation, trades or stamps
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 100 pgs
Let me start off by saying this zine was really thick. I usually steer away from zines that are so long, and think, "If you would have gone long enough, you could have written a book." Well, Kelly Desaint, the creator of this zine actually did write a book (which, I kind of want to read now). However, I am so happy I read the first two pages of this zine, because I was instantly hooked. *Institutionalized* gives the in-depth story of two brothers and their narrative of their father and the family friend Rick, who face a life sentence for child sexual abuse; one of the worst cases in decades. This very descriptive narrative takes us into the perspectives of all four participants. We get to learn about the journey of two brothers from home, to the hospital and finally to the mental hospital. This powerful zine demonstrates what it means to create space. The chilling records of the trial, which include newspaper clippings, song lyrics and photos, serve as proof of the lived realities with survivors of sexual trauma. I completely recommend this amazing zine because it is shape shifting and, at times, completely absurd. I would like to warn folks that there is content dealing with sexual abuse, violence, prison, abandonment and trauma and that folks that may be triggered by any of these subjects should stay away from this zine. Would really love it if that were clear on the next issue! This serves for everyone making zines! Let us watch out for one another. (OG)
PO Box 86714 / Los Angeles, CA 90086 / piltdownlad@gmail.com

PLASTIC BOMB #84 / 3,5 euros
8.5 x 11 – printed – 80 pgs – German
Imagine if *MRR* had color printing and came with 30-song comp CDs? I guess we'd have to start writing in German and covering more streetpunk and ska, but it's a cool thought, right? This German language zine doesn't really cover my tastes as much as *Trust*, but it's well printed and worth the 3,5 euro if you wanna read interviews with Stiff Little Fingers, Adelit@s, Trouble Orchestra, or AC4. As I write that I realize I would like to read those interviews. If you want my copy of the comp just send me a letter and I'll mail it to you with a picture of my feet. (AG)
Postfach 100205 / 47002 Duisburg / Germany

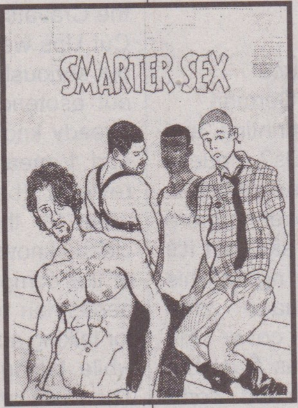
POSITIVE CREED #19 / £?
8.5 x 11 – printed – 22 pgs
One of my favorite current zines coming out of England right now (besides *More Noize*, RIP!) It's all here in true anarcho-vegetarian cut and paste style: zine reviews, music reviews, show reviews, an interview with the editor of *Ugly Love* zine and a spotlight on ukulele punks the Pukes. There are also excellent interviews with Ray Gange (the roadie and star of the Clash's film, *Rude Boy*), Duncan Reid (ex-Boys bassist and part of the '70s UK punk scene) and back from the dead punks Peter and the Test Tube Babies. Also the icing on the cake for this issue comes with a bonus CD-R sampler mix of songs from bands that were reviewed! Intriguing, though provoking and at times kitschy but always as preached: DIY 'til it dies! (DJ)
PO Box 777 / EX1 9TU / Exeter, England / positivecreed@gmail.com



POSITIVE CREED #20 / £1
8.5 x 11 – copied – 23 pgs
This zine looks a helluva lot like it could've come out of a small town in the late nineties, in terms of the layout probably being done on Microsoft Word, "rants" and that only one of the bands interviewed started before 1990. The interviews with the Cravats, UK Subs, Wildhearts and the Cut Ups were all probably done by email but seriously read like a geek fan seeking out esoteric knowledge about bands he already knows close to everything about; and I mean that in a good way. The reviews (band/zine/live sets) are also great for the most part and the author clearly knows a ton, to the point that some of the comparisons may be lost on more pedestrian readers, but also has a knack for talking about his subjects in great detail while taking up surprisingly little space. The rants are not nearly of the same caliber, especially "Ten Reasons Why You Should Avoid Starbucks," while being something I completely agree with, has too much of a dumbed down *Adbusters*/WTO protesting-era vibe and the grievances are not just limited to this chain. Otherwise this is a gem of a zine wrapped in a deceptive, unintentionally-throwback layout. (DG)
PO Box 777 / EX1 9TU / Exeter, England / positivecreed@gmail.com

PUNK ON THE INSIDE #4 / $?
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 24 pgs
The editor is "punk on the inside," as in, for life, but also "on the inside" as he has another year to do in the Federal Penitentiary System. He has to watch what he says in the zine, because he can get more or worse time if the authorities say so. Still, he and his comrades touch on radical (and practical—i.e. cooking and music) issues relating to incarceration, provide contact info for other publications and share their artwork. I'm pretty sure this issue is hand-colored. Scott's making plans for his projects in the outside world, so contact him for mutual support, now and in the future. Get out safe. (JM)
Scott Brigden / 10067-007 / USP Tucson / PO Box 24550 / Tucson, AZ 85734

RAZORCAKE #76 / $4
8.5 x 11 – printed – 111 pgs
Though it's not always a bad thing, you basically know what you're getting with *Razorcake*, with the band interviews and columns being a bit better or worse in a given month. It seems like there's not a lot of turnover in columnists, for better or worse, and I do like that some of them are straight up comics or otherwise incorporate graphics into their writing beyond just the headers. This issue you get a stellar, in-depth interview with Criminal Code, a great, conversation-like interview with White Murder, along with an interview with Rational Anthem and a recap of one traveler's trip to Indonesia. I don't think their record reviews are that good, or sometimes talk about the music enough, but the *Short Fast and Loud*-style top fives are cool. (DG)
PO Box 42129 / Los Angeles / CA 90042 / razorcake.com



THE REVERSE COUGAR YEARS #5 / $2 ppd or trade
4.25 x 5.5 – copied – 24 pgs
I will seemingly never tire of tales about punks on OkStupid. If you've ever fallen into the fucked headspace where you think resorting to online dating is a good idea, you might commiserate. I have made and deleted several profiles and it just punishes me more every time, so I love this zine for telling it just how it fuckin' is. Just some hastily (but poignantly) typewritten vignettes about the incredible awkwardness of meeting people through the internet whom you might want to fuck and some of the complications that arise. (JB)
Maxx / 443 Kent St. / Ottawa, ON K2P2B4 CANADA / arevolutionofwords@gmail.com

SHUT UP & LISTEN #2 / $1
3.75 x 5.5 – copied – 5 pgs
A brochure-sized and folded like such zine, that is the first ten entries of the author's list of top twenty five punk songs of all time. The list includes artists such as the Cramps, Nation of Ulysses, Crass, Fugazi, Adam and the Ants and others of those styles. It is heavy with uninteresting and unconvincing personal anecdotes more than why these songs are good. (DG)
killmarkpub@gmail.com

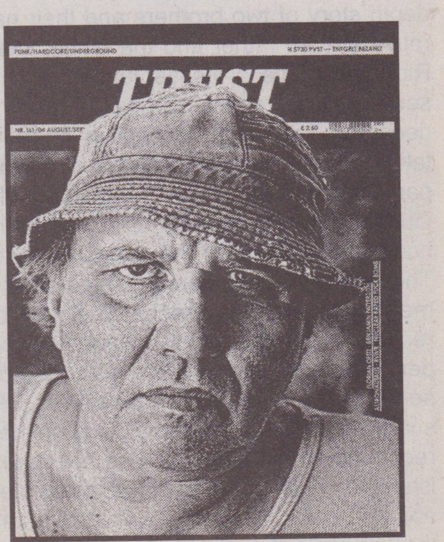
SMARTER SEX / $?
11 x 17 – copied – 36 pgs
I am sitting on my third connecting flight to New York, haggard as fuck and getting tons of shade from the Middle Americans next to me for reasons I can only guess, so now's about as good a time as any to open up an 11 x 17 "graphic" zine dedicated to preventative sex practices for gay men! Put together by the good folks at ACT UP New York, this tome is chock full of illustrated scenarios and realistic situations that you might find yourself in while hooking up, and does its best to offer practical options for preventing the exchange of the HIV virus and other common STDs, as well as alternative routes should you find yourself infected or suspecting. Aimed primarily (but not exclusively) at gay male-identified youth, what sets this apart from the many other sex ed comics and illustrated pamphlets is that it is clearly a community effort and not some outsourced illustration job by the LGBT center. You know the kind—dogmatic, cheezy, written by Captain Obvious. None of that here—*Smarter Sex* should definitely make its way to your queer or punk house bathroom! (FF)
ACT UP / LGBT Community Center / 208 W. 13th St. / New York, NY 10011

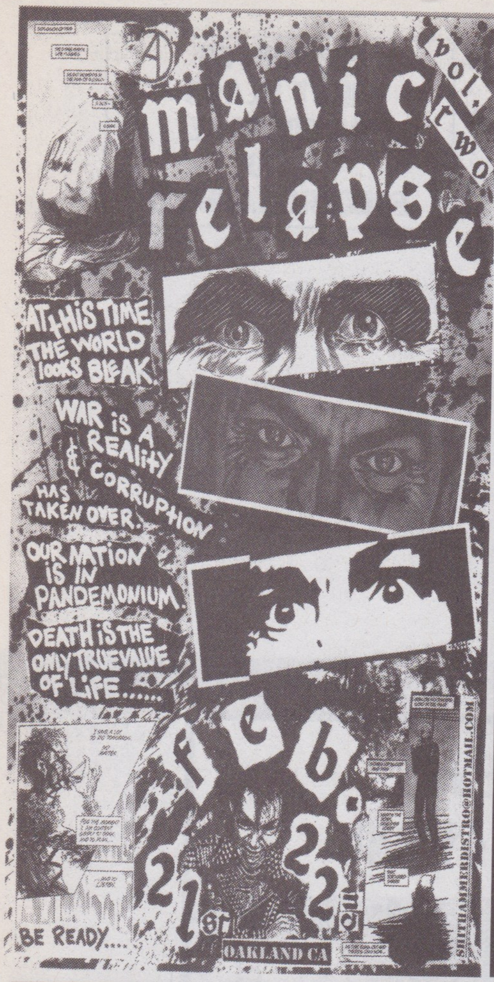
SPECIOUS SPECIES #6 / $8
8.5 x 11 – printed – 180 pgs
Listen guys, at first glance I kind of hated this. Mostly because of the boobs on the cover. Am I a prude? Nah. Angry man-hating feminist? Possibly. Then the first page is like "check it out Best of the Bay 2012!!!!!!," and I'm like, dudes that's so not cool, cool people don't do that. All of these things aside this is pretty good. Interviews. Histories. Rants. Variety! The writing is thorough and in depth. The interviews are worthwhile. The claimed theme is sex and death and it reaches everywhere from a biography of Rasputin to an essay about this guy hating his dad. I appreciate this. (MM)
3345 20th St / San Francisco, CA 94110

THROAT CULTURE #14 / $1 or trade
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 22 pgs
I love zines where the author is enthusiastic about the scene around them and *Throat Culture* from Chico, CA brings us glowing music and zine reviews on top of cool cut and paste layouts. The author's voice has a lot of personality and is kinda quirky, which made me smile. Definitely not suitable for the curmudgeonly, jaded punks. There's also an interview with the Trashies except the author couldn't go to their show so they ask their friend to pretend to be the Trashies. Break the rules!
c/o Gonk Publishing / 2700 White Ave #3 / Chico, CA 95973

THE TROUBLE WITH NORMAL #118 / #119 / $3.25
5.5 x 8.5 – printed – 60 pgs
This is the summer double issue of this long running zine. This issue is all about remembering summers past while diving headfirst into a brave new world. It includes the usual zine and album reviews, with anecdotes on the fleeting summertime and an amusing recollection of various past summer shows including Off! with the Spits and Weird Al Yankovic. There are a lot of pictures from live shows from various genres of punk bands including Coward, Jack Buck and the Dollyrots. (DJ)
PO Box 1444 / Columbia, MO 65205

TRUST #161 / 2,50 euros
8.25 x 11.75 – printed – 68 pgs – German
Trust is the second oldest running punk zine from Germany covering hardcore punk and underground culture. Here you will find the usual: tour dates, columns, news and a review section that is a little more lenient than our own. Interviews with Olympia's pop punk darlings RVIVR, Minneapolis hip-hop artist Astronautalis, filmmaker Florian Optiz, Neo-Dadaist and Fluxus movement co-founder Ben Patterson and electro punk band Nuclear Raped Fuck Bomb. (AP)
Postfach 11 07 62 / 28087 Bremen / Germany





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